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THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE READER MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

1904

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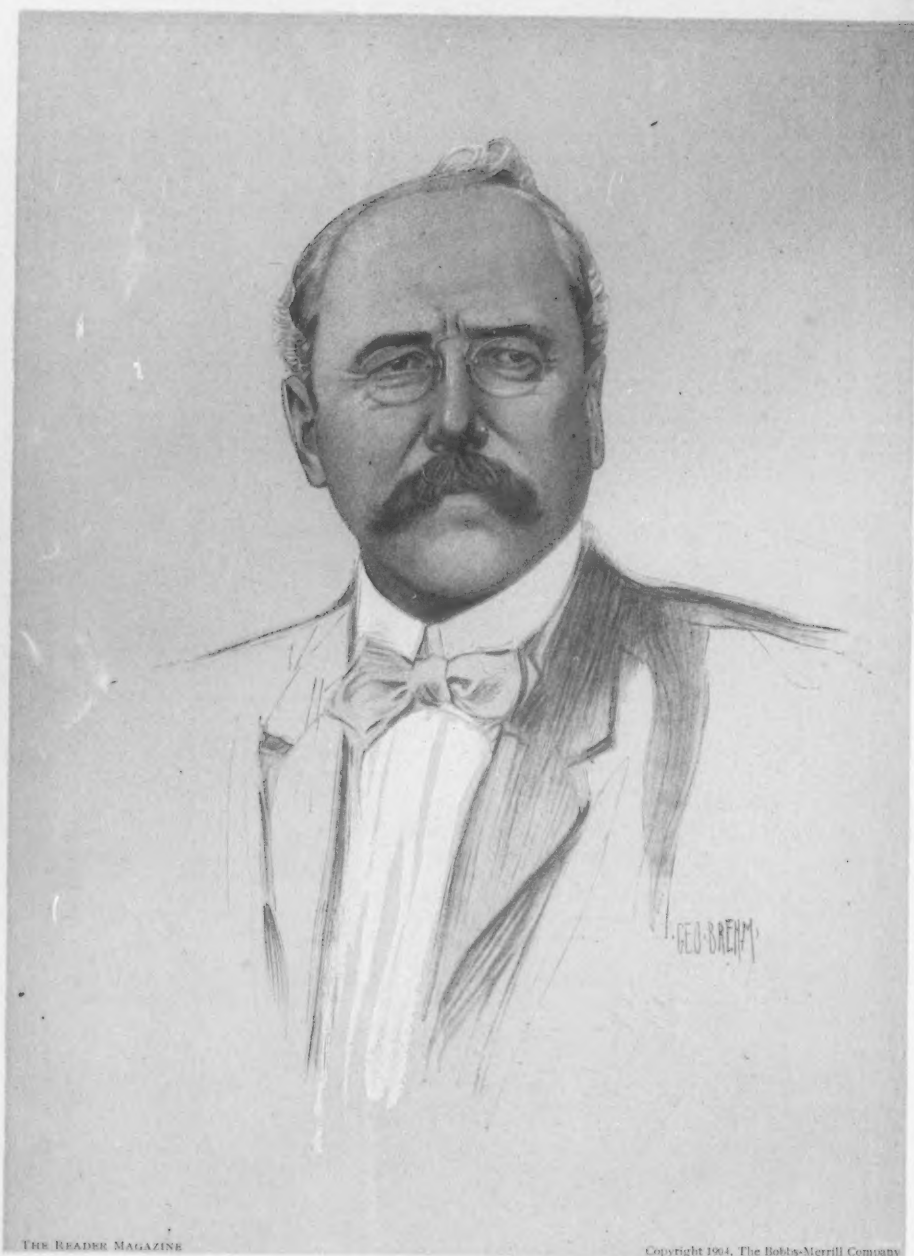
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ALTON BROOKS PARKER

THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV

OCTOBER, 1904

NUMBER 5

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

CANDOR—THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN—CAUTION

By Arthur I. Street

NOW that all the presidential candidates have been in the field some time—four of them lined against a so-called imperialism, one with at least the imputation of being directly supported by the interests which his platform opposes, a fifth standing alone in defense of an administration singularly candid and forceful—the American people are again face to face with a political contest which, though it recently seemed likely to be listless and without zest, promises to become only less strenuous and sensational than that of 1896.

Where, a few months ago, the man who had the courage to evoke the law against the allied forces of successful industry represented in the Northern Securities Company and to compel arbitration in the Anthracite Coal Strike, seemed to be the only possible figure for public admiration and honor, to-day, those whom this man challenged have found an apostle to oppose him, have gathered under their control the machinery of a national political party, and are leading a movement which has commanded instant and amazingly far-reaching support.

Eight years ago Bryan chose to denominate the contest "The First Battle." He was committed against concentration of wealth and its purported train of consequences. The silver cause which he so

passionately upheld was based upon the contention that the gold standard was the dishonest weapon whereby the Vested Interests concealed nefarious purposes and converted political independence into financial servitude. The anti-trust propaganda which he voiced with no less emotion and determination was an attack upon the institution which seemed the prison of individual opportunities, the enemy of the business success of those not fortunate enough to be allied with the capitalists.

Now, much of that which was against Bryan is against Roosevelt. Those who were most concerned in the maintenance of the gold standard seem to have been the first to rejoice at the post-nomination telegram of Parker. Those who were alarmed by the vigor and manifest popularity of the Bryan outcry against trusts are those who are most disturbed by the prosecutions of the anti-trust laws which Roosevelt has had the conscience to enforce. Those who sat in complacent satisfaction that the popular passion for new life and new territory could not be overcome by the anti-imperialistic fulminations of the minority party in 1900, and who held up the right hand of McKinley because he had the "statesmanship" to grasp the Philippines and to declare the American attitude in China, are become linked with those who cite the recognition

of the Panama republic as an evidence that Roosevelt is unsafe.

If there was an anti-radicalism lined against the Democrats in 1896 and 1900, there is at least something akin to it lined against Roosevelt in 1904. If Bryan was leading the "first battle" against Vested Interests, Roosevelt is standing as a public safeguard against too great encroachments of those same interests in directions which they claim as privileged. It may be the "second battle," with the popular adulation and hero-quest changed to a new leader.

Will the result be the same as it was in 1896? Will the popular passion, the protest, the demand for restraint, be defeated? Or will the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is within the party which hitherto has been the party of the Vested Interests and is, beyond question, its absolute and dominant master, achieve the result that could not be had without this shield and prestige?

It is not to be presumed that a public feeling which came so near electing a radically-minded president that the conservative forces of the country, as represented in the Republican party, put in a hurry call, a few days before the election, for five million dollars to avert a threatened landslide of voters, was a mere emotion of the moment—a sentiment, a protest flashing in the pan, lit by the magnetism of some one great speaker. The tremendous crowds that rallied to Bryan, the extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm that his speeches evoked, the unprecedented space given to his doings by the press, which is usually too skilled and shrewd in its judgment of hoaxes and sensations to give them disproportionate attention for so long a period as Bryan occupied the front pages of the principal journals of America, were not phenomena to be underrated or forgotten. Great and popular causes do not wane completely within the brief period of eight years, however badly they may be reversed, un-

less the elements which give rise to them have altered in the meanwhile. Either those who achieve victory over them amend their ways, or those who are made conquest of yield in a sullen, reluctant and insincere submission which, sooner or later, breaks into new action and finds new and intensified powers.

Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, of course, was an accident. It was born of spite, but matured in the grim depths of tragedy. That three years of its duration have so altered the political currents of a nation as to have driven to the opposite party the very factors who put Mr. Roosevelt's own party into power and to have drawn to Mr. Roosevelt's party those which so nearly put the opposite party into supremacy, argues profound and extraordinary association of political administration with social conditions and civic intentions and aspirations. The foreshadowing may be that of electoral defeat or it may only illustrate the probable truth that reforms, however ardently desired, are more frequently worked from within than from without.

Ten years ago, in the comparatively minor post of Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt was fighting for the principle of equal right for equal merit, and making himself conspicuous by the enforcement of a law which was more popular with the masses than with those who had the making and unmaking of political destinies such as his. It was the same principle that Mr. Bryan uttered in so many happy epigrams in the silver campaign and the same line of action whose proposal by Bryan during that campaign aroused such unlimited enthusiasm. A year later, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly acquired a striking national reputation by administering the affairs of the New York police department with the same sort of conscientious enforcement of statutes, the same defiance of "rings," corruption, "pull," and other kindred evils of municipal government that Mr. Bryan

promised for his administration of the nation, for his control of the trusts, and for his care of the country's economics.

When, three years ago, Mr. Roosevelt became president and at once made it clear to persons of influence, to the common citizen, to the politician, that his methods were to be as open in the White House as they had been in the Mulberry Street Station, that favors and privileges that could not be discussed above a whisper were not to be discussed at all, that those who could not accord with a law that inconvenienced them must accept the inconvenience or change the law, the effect of his attitude was almost electrical. The public responded with an approval as spontaneous, as outspoken, and as zealous as that with which Bryan had been greeted in his memorable tour upon the stump.

But the enthusiasm was also broader and of more immediate import than that which went to Bryan. Instead of being obliged to vent itself in pre-election demonstrations, the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was already in office and acting within the office as the voters wished that a president might do converted the enthusiasm into a remarkable practical form, such as has had no parallel in other periods of the American history, and, perhaps, none in the history of other countries. Following the president's example, and undoubtedly stimulated by his courage and resourcefulness, the entire country was swept, within three months after his accession, by a most astonishing reaction against star chamber proceedings of all sorts, even against business bargains made upon other principles than those that would withstand publicity, against municipal or state or federal administration that would not bear the test of the same moral obligations as are put upon the honor of an individual.

The record for the first six months of the Roosevelt administration shows corporation suits innumerable based upon

the uprising of the minority stockholder, the arraignment of corrupt officials in hundreds of places, such large and significant facts as the exposure of the bribery scandals in Minneapolis and St. Louis, to be followed later by those of Grand Rapids, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Detroit, Milwaukee, Omaha, and other cities, and finally by the Postal Scandals. Mr. Roosevelt was sworn into office in September; by December such was the alteration of public sentiment that the United States Steel Corporation, to preserve its integrity and to prove that the extreme syndication which it represented was not a mere device for the deceit of investors and the profit of a limited number of promoters, was compelled to issue to the press a complete statement of its financial affairs such as no corporation had hitherto published. Other corporations which could not or would not do the same thing fell under the ban even of the Wall Street speculators themselves.

President Roosevelt introduced into American life the principle of Absolute Candor. Candor carried with it the demand for truth, for honest dealing. The corollaries of these were the courage of the minority to require at least a complete exhibit of their interests and privileges, the reassertion of the principle of equal right for equal merit, the pervasion of the country with the feeling that at last access was to be had to the source of the ills which equivocation and the doubtful ethics of politics and of "business is business" had so long successfully covered. With the strong standards prevalent in the office of the nation's Chief Executive, with the knowledge afloat that, at least in the highest council chambers of the country, operations of whatsoever sort, whether corporate, administrative, or individual, could no longer find standing if cloaked and mystified in hidden intention, the influence filtered down and spread throughout the United States. It became more popular for a man to emu-

late the President than to mold himself after the manner of those who gained success by methods less honorable but hitherto justified. The buying of legislation encountered increasing opposition. Men like Mr. Folk, of Missouri, obtained popular recognition with comparative promptness. Vested Interests, who had dominated by the force of the great extent of their affairs, found themselves confronted by new requirements. When the Supreme Court declared the traffic pools illegal, they resorted to a new form of syndication, the merger, but that institution was no sooner framed than it was attacked with vigorous and determined hostility by the governors of three or four states. The so-called "beef trust" no sooner made advances in the price of their wares in accordance with what they declared to be the market conditions than a resonant outcry arose in all sections of the country, prosecutions were instituted in the federal courts, and the entire fabric of the trust was endangered. The President himself, observing what seemed to the financiers little concern for the critical nature of the organization by which syndicates and financial markets are sustained, assailed the legality of the Northern Securities merger without notice and precipitated a "professional" panic in investment circles. Presently when the Anthracite Coal Strike arose, and the corporate interests maintained that they were contending against an irritant, dangerous and uncontrollable proletariat of laborers, the President's demand for arbitration was found to be supported by a most wide-spread, concrete and decisive public opinion.

To speak in gambling terms, a showing of hands was called. The game was almost shifted from the close fist to "stud-horse," as the poker game is called in the mining regions when all the cards except one are face-up on the table. To the mind of the men whose success had been

built upon other methods, the change was, or threatened to assume the importance of, a revolution—peaceful, unheralded, unagitated at the polls as the Bryan revolution had been, but none the less real, none the less effective, none the less grave to the interests involved. Rightly or wrongly so far as the past was concerned, the business of the time had not been erected by such processes. To bring it face to face with them was to jeopardize its entire organization—an eventuality not lightly to be regarded by the general public any more than by the managers of the industries, themselves.

Whether they be iniquitous, or merely inevitable, the trusts, the syndications, the railroad combinations, the bank consolidations and their kindred are undoubtedly the natural and unavoidable outgrowths of a rapidly expanding nation and of conditions requiring heroic measures for their adequate control. Those who direct these institutions are themselves almost as much the creatures as they are the creators of them. Therefore anything in political life which tends to disturb the machinery, affects, at least in the minds of these directors, the full range of human welfare. Men ascend to power in business, as they do in politics, by virtue of a certain fitness. If, in the course of time, that fitness advances them to such positions as now are held by presidents and executive officers of great interstate corporations, and puts them where the affairs of legislatures are as important to them as the affairs of the wheat fields or the steel mills, the argument is that they are *ipso facto* of corresponding importance in the body politic. If they control extensive rosters of laborers, it is because they have shown that they know how to utilize that labor for its own advantage as well as for theirs. To take the power away from them, to shake in the least the delicate structure by which so many laborers are successfully taken care of, is,

to their mind, to threaten the overthrow of social well being.

It was President Roosevelt's misfortune—or fortune—through the quickness of his actions and through the equal quickness with which his conduct was emulated throughout the country, to cause the financial leaders to feel that he was bringing about exactly these unwelcome and precarious conditions. Whether he intended it so or not—and few allege that he did—he caused the Vested Interests to become as nervous over him and his policies as they had been nervous in apprehension over Bryan. If they stood out in active conflict against Bryan, if they gave of their wealth liberally and without stint to prevent Bryan's election, they must have equally effective resort to some method to prevent the further pervasion of the dangers of Rooseveltism.

Before the late Senator Hanna's death, there is no doubt that the Vested Interests sought their release through Hanna's nomination for the presidency in lieu of Roosevelt, provided that result could be achieved. Failing in this—and no one seriously disputes the following fact—they planned, were such a thing to become possible, to place at the head of the Democratic ticket some one behind whom they could place their resources and upon whose policies if elected president they could rely without fear of the risks of impetuosity. To this end they "tried out" Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York. What the commitment may have been between the original promoter of Mr. Parker, the financiers opposed to Roosevelt, and Mr. Parker himself, is a matter which will undoubtedly be sufficiently ventilated during the campaign. But with a rapidity amazing only to those who had not scrutinized the early facts of the case, Mr. Parker's nomination has been followed by a marshaling under the Democratic banner of hundreds of influential men who in 1896 and 1900

regarded association with that party as they would look upon contact with the plague, and a complete reshifting of political affiliations and political alignments seems to have begun throughout the country. A solidarity is manifest among the Vested Interests, a solidarity which declares that Business can not afford to face the jars and disturbances caused by a Chief Executive who proceeds without first consulting the directors of that Business, a solidarity which calls for a supreme governmental official who may be considered "sane and safe." The solidarity is with the Democratic party. It has withdrawn from the Republican party, with whom it stood in 1896 and 1900.

The extent of the change, the power of the shift of support will be disclosed at the November polls. Evidences of the present day are contradictory. Men in equally high places with those who have gone over to Parker from Roosevelt announce that they do not think that the making of common cause with a party whose record has been distasteful to them, even abhorrent, can result for the good of anybody. But, at the same time, the Republicans, who in the last two campaigns secured funds "as easy as finding them," have had difficulty in obtaining sufficient this year even for the modest purposes which Chairman Cortelyou announces. The Roosevelt campaign, apparently, is to be left to subsist, very much as the Bryan campaign had to do, upon the support of popular feeling, upon the vague and intangible resource of enthusiasm. There is to be back of Mr. Roosevelt the present state of the public mind. If his administration and his influence have been potent enough, the election will be his. If he has not yet weaned his constituents far enough away from the pap that campaign funds can feed out, or from submission to the inviolability of business privilege, or from conviction of the fact that business is in danger of be-

ing disturbed in ways that are themselves dangerous, the election will be against him.

The Candor which President Roosevelt has introduced is something new, not only in American, but also in world politics. It has had comparatively little while in which to thrive and to grow strong enough to endure independently and of its own impetus. Mr. Hay gave it some voice prior to Mr. Roosevelt's accession when he first declared the American attitude in China. It has always had some place in American dealings with foreign nations, but it did not become a real attribute of the nation, a characteristic of the United States in all their affairs at home and abroad until Mr. Roosevelt went into office. Consistently with his entire attitude in domestic matters, wherein he at no time withheld himself or his purposes from publication, Roosevelt manipulated his first great international question with clear and firm adherence to a policy of publicity. The question was the endeavor of Germany, France, England and Italy to collect their debts from Venezuela. Delicate as the whole situation was at times, the Washington administration never hesitated to disclose practically all negotiations to the press as fast as they arose. Approaches made to the United States under the supposed cover of diplomatic secrecy were retailed promptly and passed forth to public judgment. The equivocation, the delays, the uncertainties that hedged in the negotiations with Spain in regard to Cuba were foregone in every way.

Whether relishing the treatment or not, the European countries took up with the same method, were, indeed, forced to it in self-defense, Emperor William leading the way. And when President Roosevelt, in manner characteristic of his official career, insisted that, there being a Hague Tribunal for the adjustment of international disputes, the Hague Tribu-

nal should be used, the parties to the dispute had virtually no recourse but to accept the President's attitude.

Simultaneously with the Venezuelan controversy, the vexed and hitherto almost inextricable puzzle of the Balkans was before the foreign offices in Europe. Insinuations and recriminations as to the supposedly ulterior purposes of the various nations concerned passed back and forth with the customary facility of Continental gossip, until the press was resorted to and each nation began to defend its motives and to deny the implications of other intentions than those which were apparent upon the surface. Gradually the cross purposes wore out, the attrition of publicity simplified the hitherto most impossible phases of the dispute, and in the end a joint international action was effected which has since been sufficient to rid the world for one season, at least, of the Macedonian massacres and horrors.

Mr. Roosevelt's example may have had but little conscious influence in this matter, but the parallel of methods involved, and the fact that this was almost, if not quite, the first free use of Publicity in the diplomacies of Europe, entitle the American president to the credit by inference.

When, in the same season in which the Austro-Russian agreement with reference to the Balkans was effected, Russia expelled the correspondent of the *London Times* because of his exposures of the Kishineff massacre, publicity became an active factor even in the staid empire of the Czar. Persistently following up the Kishineff matter, the *London Times* disclosed one after another of the interests and doings of Russia which otherwise might have been withheld in deference to considerations of diplomacy, and ultimately made so successful and consistent a showing that Japan was emboldened into the steps which afterward led to the war that is now in progress. It was the exposures of Russian inconsistency and

untruthfulness by the correspondents of the *Times* that brought the question of the Manchurian evacuation to a crisis. It was the obvious advantage given to Russia's enemies by these exposures that compelled even the secretive officials of the Russian court to resort to the press, to invent false statements bearing the outward impress of candor, in order to combat the prestige of the cause waged by Japan and to shorten the handicap which that brilliant little nation manifested when once the war was inaugurated.

Finally—and this is the phase of the entire evolution of Candor and Publicity which is both the most dramatic and the most conclusive—when the war between Russia and Japan had started, the consequences of the policy which the world was copying from Mr. Roosevelt came back to the Roosevelt administration. In the crisis of the first days of battle, when false steps might have created a general world conflagration, American leadership, American simplicity of purpose, American candor were compelled to step into the breach and issue the proposal which took Europe so much by surprise, viz., the delimitation of the field of war. As the Hague Tribunal existed for the purpose of arbitration, and as Mr. Roosevelt insisted that it be made use of, so an agreement existed among the nations that the territorial integrity of China be recognized, and the Roosevelt administration insisted that the agreement be respected in an event which so seriously endangered that integrity as would the Russo-Japanese war.

Thus, with or without the intention of so doing, the Roosevelt government has carried the United States into a forward position among world powers, has involved the country in responsibilities which can hardly be shaken from it at any time in the future, has imposed upon the public of America the necessity of broadening its political concepts to an in-

ternational magnitude. If other peoples are to be dealt with in the spirit and with the skill that has marked the internal development of the United States, the ideals and standards of the American people must be lifted to proportionate height. Policies, hitherto provincial, even though practical, must, possibly, undergo vital alteration. The scheme of government and of economics must be readjusted to conform to an enlarged sphere of activity.

Here again, as in the field of domestic politics, the principle of Candor and its attendant attributes come back upon the head of their chief sponsor. Altered economics mean the introduction of an expanded exchange—something which President McKinley foresaw even prior to the swift movement of events that have befallen under his successor. And in expanded exchange lies another danger to the machinery of business. For, it means tariff reform—reduction of imposts on certain goods, for instance, in which the American supremacy is so indisputable that the output of Pennsylvania can sell cheaper in London or in Toronto than it does in Philadelphia. It means the disturbance and unsettling of commercial affairs which occurred during the Cleveland administration. It means that the most sensitive of all phases of American business—regardless of whether that sensitiveness be assumed or involuntary—must be at the mercy of a man so little subject to commercial control as Mr. Roosevelt might be presumed to be.

It would be supposed that those who are apprehensive of Mr. Roosevelt in this still further regard could scarcely find a promising medium of opposition in the Democratic party. For that party has been, itself, more committed to tariff reform than the most extreme interpretation of the Republican platform could possibly make out for the party of the Administration. Yet the tariff reforms of Cleveland, backed as they were by an

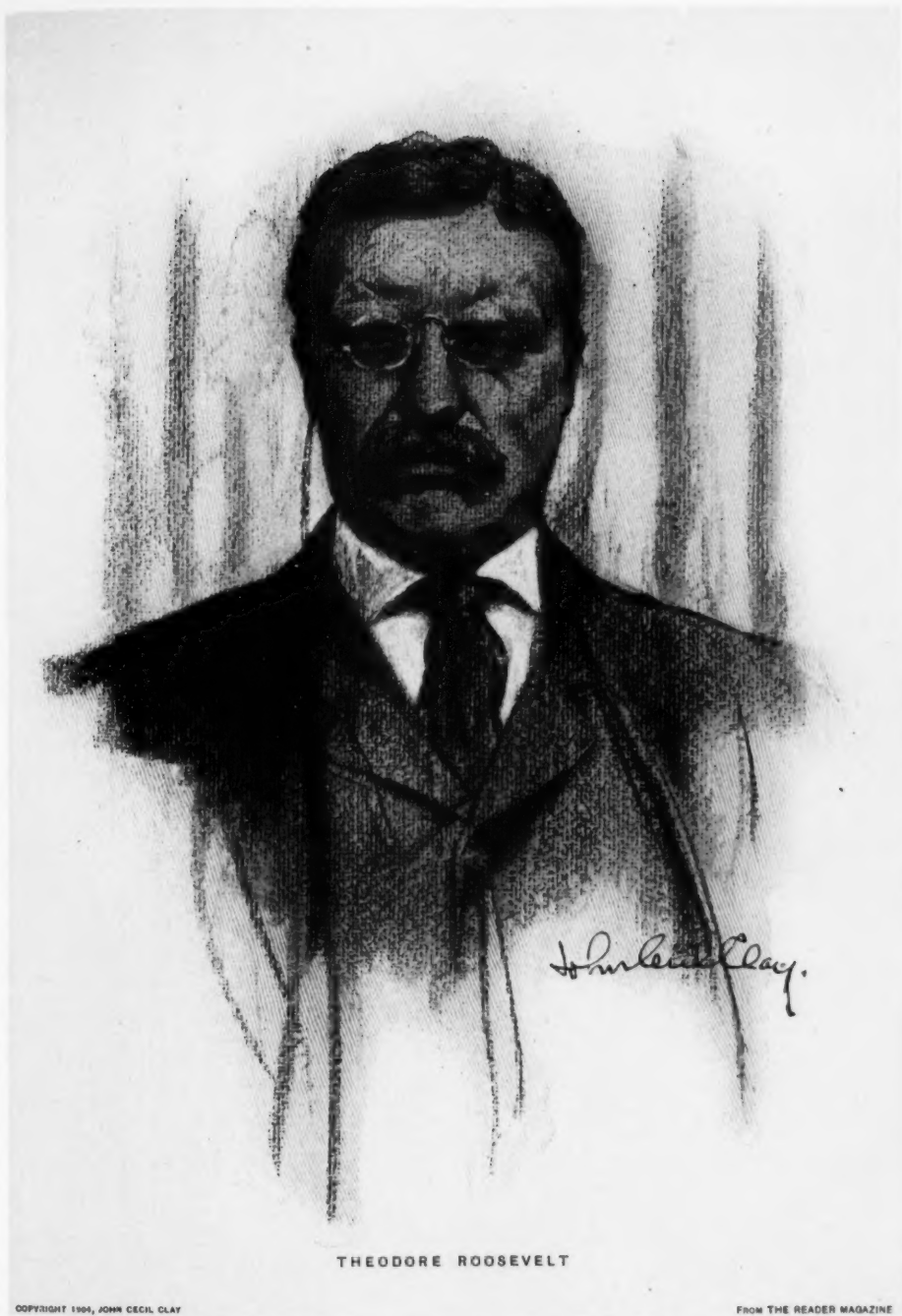
apparently overwhelming popular sentiment, were thwarted. Tariff reform, in fact, like any other change in public habit and usage, is a matter of the equation between the personality of a leader and the state of public opinion. In the Roosevelt case the equation balances. Not only is Mr. Roosevelt of the stuff that initiates movements but he also seems to have the power to prepare the populace for his purposes. The combination is not safe.

But can the combination be broken? There is where lies, still further, the issue of 1904. Mr. Roosevelt has taught the people of America the value of his methods. He has started a reconstruction of the political and business system. He has shown that the same principles, when applied in the world of foreign affairs, not only are effective, but conduct the nation to a signal and imposing leadership. He has brought the nation into measurement with other nations. The American fiscal policy is set against the retaliatory policy of Mr. Chamberlain, against the aristocratic exclusiveness of Austria, against the agrarian prejudices of Germany—features of international relationship which once could be disregarded, but which, now that the United States is an intimate participant in the councils of Europe and Asia, can not be so quickly or indifferently dismissed. The American diplomat is in a close and cordial relationship with the heads of foreign governments, and he can not stultify himself by the defense of practices which do not bear the test of international judgment and publicity. The young men, growing to maturity and to civic life in America, must qualify themselves for careers potentially as large, stressful and influential as those of the diplomatic corps. If they are to be at the head of syndicates and trusts, the syndicates and trusts themselves are apt to be of world-wide range, as witness the International Mercantile Marine Company, the Standard Oil, the

life insurance companies which do enough business abroad to have buildings of their own in principal foreign cities. Education must be proportionately more virile and more expansive in its scope.

Which principle will best stand the test—that of Mr. Roosevelt's candor and aggressive enforcement of law, or the conservative, cautious and business-guided systems of those who are opposed to him?

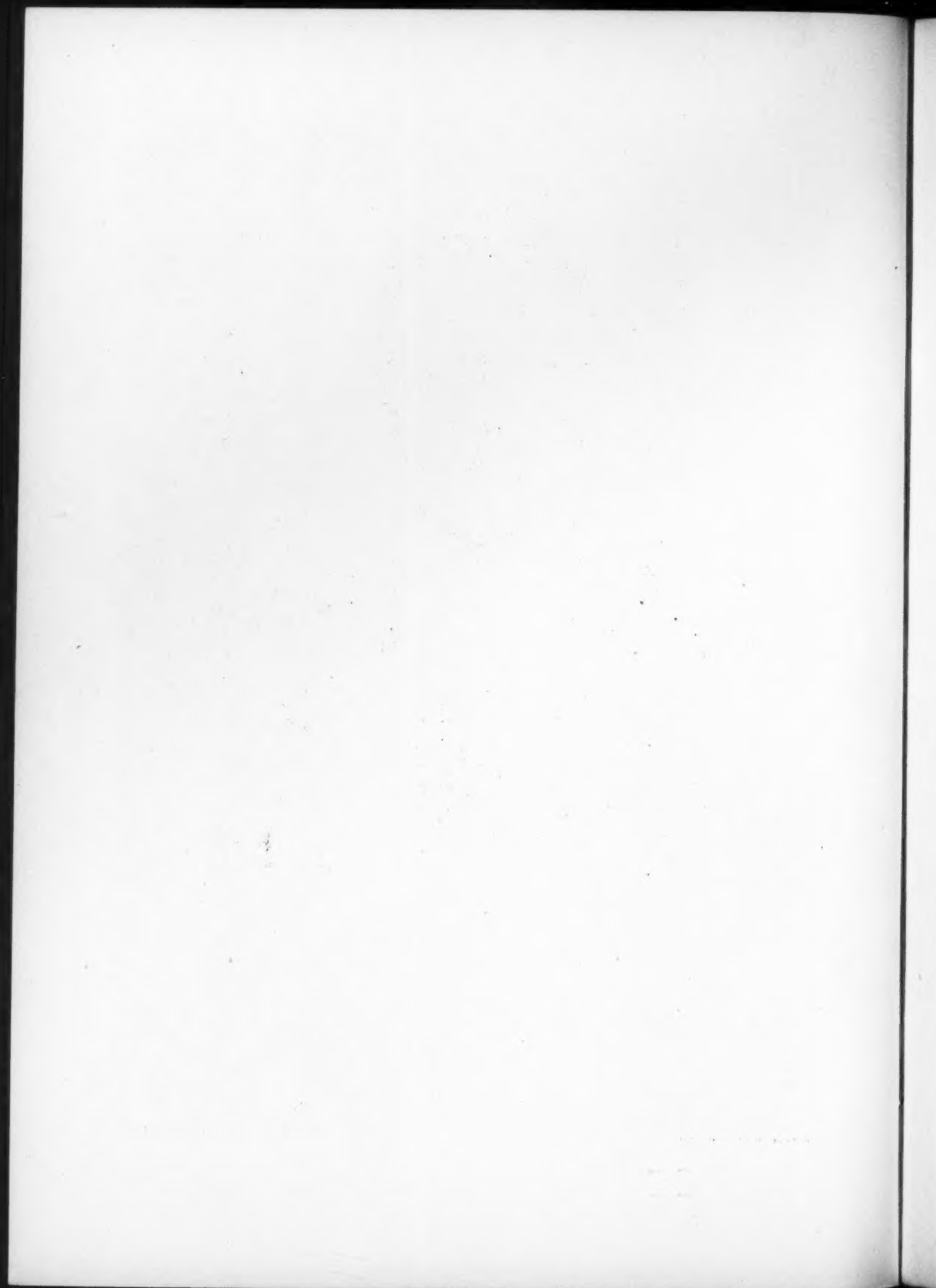
Some of the answer to this question does not need to wait for the election in November. It is found in palpable drift of the times. For more than a year, Mr. Bryan, shifting his ground of contention from free silver and imperialism, has been strongly and ably insisting upon a return of the country to "ideals." Secretary Root, upon his resignation from the War Department, threw forward the pursuit of principle as superior to the pursuit of expediency. Sermons throughout the United States have for two years been working toward the inculcation of higher motives in political practice. And now, as the election approaches and the thousands of young men and women are graduated from the colleges to take up the municipal and state occupations and the business vocations which may fit them, the dominant note of baccalaureate addresses is the cry for less adherence to material prosperity, less labor for a success that is not associated with enjoyments of the intelligent mind. Even in the drama, the public seems to have come to a halt at the door of entertainments which are merely whimsical and transitory. The absorbing power of business is, perhaps, running itself out. Another goal than mere thrift, another obligation than competition with those who are thrifty, seems to be sought. Commercial success is perhaps ceasing to be the all-containing standard of the average American's existence. He is climbing toward the planes of art and personal advancement and intensive improvement



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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FROM THE READER MAGAZINE



that mark the Old World. Those who have become millionaires among the States have themselves turned from locomotives and oil and stocks to the acquirement and equipment of palaces and galleries of art. The Commercial Invasion of Europe has been followed by the Bringing Home of the Trophies—and the trophies are not engines and steel rails and barrel staves. Society, spelled with the big S, is struggling for a taste of some entertainment that will not turn brown in the morning after. Many rich men are giving themselves to works of benevolence, and spending almost as many hours with the directors of their charities as they do with the directors of their banks and industrial companies. Indeed, the whole of America seems to be trying to resolve its huge wealth, its unlimited lines of effort and work, into something stable, something which, like the British estates, will continue its own force and liberate its owners from the fierce strain and destructive absorption that up to this time have been both the glory and the bane of the country.

To this extent the business idea is not the dominant one. To this extent the public have veered away from the old moorings. Some of the veering gets its impulse from Rooseveltism; much of it does not; much of it, indeed, was in process long before Roosevelt left the Civil Service Commissionership. The question is as to the goal to which it shall lead and as to which of the veerings is the wholesomer and the more fit for the electoral suffrage. If Commercialism is allowed to remain in the ascendancy, will those who typify modern success continue their cultivation of ease and art and leisure along rational lines? Or will the very excess of their wealth lead them to excess in these spheres also? If the captains of industry retain their power undisturbed, will they distribute the fruits of their management equitably? Will

they follow the wisdom of Carnegie's later years, of Rothschild's gift to the poor workingmen of Paris, of Mayor Jones' abiding by the Golden Rule? Will they, like the better class of the barons of Feudalism, justly and kindly, for their own good and for the good of those under them, administer the lives and affairs of those who draw wages from them? Or will they, more like the titular princes of the post-feudal days, fall into the extravagances and licentiousness of the courts of the Georges and the Louis, the elegance and pampered idleness of the merchant times of Venice? Will there be more Lehrs to crawl upon hands and knees to fetch canes, doglike, for recently married society couples, or more Ogden Armours to seek to negotiate packing-house strikes?

Already America has gone a mad pace in sports, in gambling, in spectacular theatricals, in the rich fulsomeness of house and castle building, and has checked itself only in gambling and in the nausea that arises automatically from a surfeit of tinsel and legs in tights and trunks. Those who are not prosperous have, within the range of their respective abilities, imitated those who are. The poor man has sought the same idle and flippant playhouse that has been sought by those whose wealth and unlimited opportunities have developed in them too much ennui to look seriously upon anything. The middle man has "blown" his savings in Turf and other Investment Companies and get-rich-quick concerns, instead of in stocks and bonds. And only the Rooseveltian administration which has put a halt upon the Investment companies has interposed to prevent multiplied calamities. Mediocrity always imitates success; and the traps laid for the betrayal of the imitators are as innumerable as the real opportunities for imitation are rare. Success never percolates downward, because it is essentially selfish; moral example

does, because it is by nature the very opposite. Commercialism stands for success. Does it stand for anything else? Has it yet attained the plane of morality? Has it graduated into that firmness and stability where, ensured of its endurance, it pauses to frame principles and erect ideals? On the other hand, does Rooseveltism stand for anything less than an upsetting

of all that commercialism has done, a subversion of all that has gone to make possible such enjoyment, such prosperity, such outlook for art and ideals as now exists? Can candor, in all its accessories and consequences, be accepted as a governmental factor? Or, can it, on the other hand, be dispensed with? The campaign of 1904 and its results may tell.



ENLARGEMENT

By Helen A. Saxon

AROUND us unaware the solemn night
 Had hung its shadowy veils while still we sought
 Each other by the common ways of thought.
 I felt thy orbit nearing, and a light
 Streamed suddenly across my inner sight
 Effulgent, incommunicable, fraught
 With some constraining radiance that caught
 My quickened spirit to its utmost height.

And lo, I saw as with the eyes of two
 In that swift moment when thy soul touched mine;
 The walls of being widened, and I grew
 Aware of life, ineffable, divine.
 Since when I go more softly through my days,
 Enlarged and comforted in many ways.

THE GIRL AND THE JULEP

HOW THEIR JOINT ATTRACTIONS PROVED TOO MUCH FOR
JOHN EDDRING, CLAIM AGENT

By Emerson Hough

IN the warm sun of the southern morning the great plantation lay as though half-asleep, dozing and blinking at the advancing day. The plantation house, known in all the country side as the Big House, rested calm and self-confident in the middle of a wide sweep of cleared lands, surrounded immediately by dark evergreens and the occasional primeval oaks spared in the original felling of the forest. Wide and rambling galleries of one height or another crawled partially about the expanses of the building, and again paused, as though weary of the attempt to circumvent it. The strong white pillars, rising from the ground floor straight to the third story, shone white and stately, after the old Southern fashion, that Grecian style, simplified and made suitable to provincial purses by those Adams brothers of old England who first set the fashion in early American architecture. White-coated, with wide, cool, green blinds, with ample and wide-doored halls, and deep, low windows, the Big House, here in the heart of the warm southland, was above all things suited to its environment. It was all so safe and sure that there was no need for anxiety. Life here was as it had been for generations, even for the generation following the upheaval of the Civil War.

But if this were a kingdom apart and self-sufficient, what meant this thing which crossed the head of the plantation—this double line, tenacious and continuous, which shone upon the one hand dark, and upon the other, where the sun touched it, a cold gray in color? What meant this squat little building at the

side of these rails which reached on out straight as the flight of a bird across the clearing and vanished keenly in the forest wall? This was the road of the iron rails. It clung close to the ground, at times almost sinking into the embankment now grown scarcely discernible among the concealing grass and weeds, although the track itself had been built but recently. This railroad sought to efface itself, even as the land sought to aid in its effacement, as though neither believed that this was lawful spot for it. One might say it made a blot upon this picture of the morning.

Perhaps it seemed thus to the tall young girl who now stood upon its long gallery, her tangle of high-rolled, red-brown hair held back by the hand which half-shaded her eyes as she looked out discontentedly over the familiar scene. Miss Lady—for thus she was christened by the Big House servants; and she bore well the title—frowned now as she tapped a little foot upon the gallery floor. Perhaps it was not so much what she saw as what she did not see that made Miss Lady discontented, for this white rim of the forest bounded the world for her; yet after all, youth and the morning do not conspire with discontent. A moment more, light, fleet of foot, Miss Lady fled down the gallery steps, through the gate and out along the garden walk. Beyond the yard fence she was greeted riotously by a score of dogs and puppies, long since her friends and devoted admirers; as, indeed, were all dwellers, dumb or human, thereabout.

Had Miss Lady, or any observer, looked from the gallery off to the south-

ward and down the railway track, there might thus have been discovered two figures just emerging from the rim of the forest something like a mile away; and these might have been seen growing slowly more distinct, as they plodded up the railway track toward the Big House. Presently they might have been discovered to be a man and a woman; the former tall, thin, dark and stooped; his companion, tall as himself, quite as thin, and almost as bent. The garb of the man was nondescript, neutral, loose; his hat dark and flapping. The woman wore a shapeless calico gown, and on her head was a long, telescopic sunbonnet of faded pink, from which she must perforce peer forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

The travelers, indeed, needed not to look to the right or the left, for the path of the iron rails led them directly on. They did not step to the gallery, did not knock at the door, or, indeed, give any evidences of their intentions, but seated themselves deliberately upon a pile of boards that lay near in the broad expanse of the front yard. Here they remained, silent and at rest, fitting well enough into the sleepy scene. No one in the house noticed them for a time, and they, tired by the walk, seemed willing to rest under the shade of the evergreens before making known their errand. They sat speechless and content for several moments, until finally a mulatto house-servant, passing from one building to another, cast a look in their direction, and paused uncertainly in curiosity. The man on the board-pile saw her.

"Here, Jinny! Jinny!" he called, just loud enough to be heard, and not turning toward her more than half-way. "Come here."

"Yessah," said the girl, and slowly approached.

"Get us a little melk, Jinny," said the speaker. "We're plumb out o' melk down home."

"Yessah," said Jinny, and disappeared leisurely, to be gone perhaps half an hour.

There remained little sign of life on the board-pile, the bonnet tube pointing fixedly toward the railway station, the man now and then slowly shifting one leg across the other, but staring out at nothing, his lower lip drooping laxly. When the servant finally brought back the milk-pail and placed it beside him, he gave no word of thanks. To all appearances, he was willing to wait here indefinitely, forgetful of the pail of milk, toward which the sun was creeping ominously close. The way back home seemed long and weary at that moment. His lip drooped still more laxly, as he sat looking out vaguely.

Not so calm seemed his consort, she of the sunbonnet. Restored to some extent by her tarrying in the shade, she began to shift and hitch about uneasily upon the board-pile. At length she leaned a bit to one side, reached into a pocket and taking out a snuff-stick and a parcel of its attendant compound, began to take a "dip" of snuff, after the habit of certain of the population of that region. This done, she turned with a swift jerk of the head, bringing to bear the tube of her bonnet in full force upon her lord and master.

"Jim Bowles," she said, "this here is a shame! Hit's a plumb shame!"

There was no answer, save an uneasy hitch on the part of the person so addressed. He seemed to feel the focus of the sunbonnet boring into his system. The voice in the bonnet went on, shot straight toward him, so that he might not escape.

"It's a plumb shame," said Mrs. Bowles again.

"I know it, I know it," said her husband at length, uneasily. "But, now, Sar' Ann, how kin I help it? The cow's daid and I kain't help it, and that's all about it. My God, woman!"—this with sudden energy,—“do you think I kin bring a cow to life that's been killed by the old railroad kyahs? I ain't no 'vangelist. It ain't my fault old Muley got killed."

"Ain't yore fault!"

"No, it ain't my fault. Whut am I going to do? I kaint get no otheh cow right now, and I done tol' you so. You reckon cows grows on bushes?"

"Grows on bushes!"

"Yes, or that they comes for nuthin'?"

"Comes for nuthin'!"

"Yes, Sar' Ann, that's whut I said. I tell you, it ain't so fur to come, ain't so fur up here, if you take it easy; only three mile. And Cunnel Blount 'll give us melk as long as we want. I reckon he would give us a cow, too, if I ast him. I s'pose I could pay him out o' the next crop, if they wasn't so many things that has to be paid out'n the crop. It's too blame bad 'bout Muley." He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Yes," responded his spouse, "Muley was a heap better cow then you'll ever git agin. Why, she gave two quo'ts o' melk the very mornin' she was done killed, two quo'ts. I reckon we didn't have to walk no three mile that mornin', did we? And she that kin' and gentle like—oh, we ain't goin' to git no new cow like Muley, no time right soon, I want to tell you that, Jim Bowles."

"Well, well, I know all that," said her husband, conciliatingly, a trifle easier now that the sunbonnet was for the moment turned aside. "That's all true, mighty true. But what kin you *do*?"

"Do? Why, do *somethin'*! Somebody sho' ought to suffer for this here. This new-fangled railroad a-comin' through here, a-killing things an' a-killing *folks*! Why, Bud Sowers said just the other week he heard of three darkies gittin' killed in one bunch down to Allenville. They standin' on the track, jes' talkin' and visitin' like. Didn't notice nuthin'. Didn't notice the train a-comin'. 'Biff!' says Bud; an' thah was them darkies."

"Yes," said Mr. Bowles, "that's the way it was with Muley. She just walk up out'n the cane, and stan' thah in the sun on ther track, to sort o' look aroun'

whah she could see free for a little ways. Then, 'long comes the railroad train, an' biff! Thah's Muley!"

"Plumb daid."

"Plumb daid."

"And she a good cow fer us fer fo'teen yeahs. It don't look exactly right, now, does it? It sho' don't."

"It's a outrage, that's whut it is," said Sar' Ann Bowles.

"Well, we got the railroad," said her husband, tentatively.

"Yes, we got the railroad," said Sar' Ann Bowles, savagely, "and what yearthly good is hit? Who wants any railroad? Why, all the way here this mornin', I was skeered every foot of the way, afearin' that there ingine was goin' to come along an' kill us both!"

"Sho! Sar' Ann," said her husband, with superiority. "It ain't time for the train yit—leastwise I don't think it is." He looked about uneasily.

"That's all right, Jim Bowles. One of them ingines might come 'long most any time. It might creep up behine you, then, biff! Thah's Jim Bowles! Whut use is the railroad, I'd like to know? I wouldn't be caught a climbin' in one o' them thar kyars, not for big money. Supposin' it run off the track?"

"Oh, well, now," said her husband, "maybe it don't, always."

"But supposin' it *did*?" The front of the telescope turned toward him suddenly, and so burning was the focus this time that Mr. Bowles shifted his seat, and took refuge upon another board at the other end of the board-pile, out of range.

"Whut made you vote for this yere railroad?" said Sarah Ann, following him mercilessly with the bonnet tube. "We didn't want no railroad. We never did have one, and we never ought to a-had one. You listen to me; that railroad is goin' to ruin this country. Th' ain't a woman in these yeah bottoms but would be skeered to have a baby grow up in her house. Supposin' you got a baby; nice

little baby, never did harm no one. You a-cookin' or somethin'—out to the smoke-house, like enough; baby alone for about two minutes. Baby crawls out on to the railroad track. Along comes the ingine, an' biff! Thah's baby!" Mrs. Bowles shed tears at this picture which she had conjured up, and even her less imaginative consort became visibly affected, so that for a moment he half-straightened up.

"Well, I dunno," said he, vaguely, and sighed softly; all of which irritated Mrs. Bowles to such an extent that she flounced suddenly around to get a better gaze upon her master. In this movement, her foot struck the pail of milk which had been sitting near, and overturned it.

"Jinny," she called out, "you, Jinny!"

"Yassam," replied Jinny, from some place on the gallery.

"Come here," said Mrs. Bowles. "Git me another pail o' melk. I done spilled this one."

"Yassam," replied Jinny, and presently returned with the refilled vessel.

"Well, anyway," said Jim Bowles at length, rising and standing with hands in pockets, inside the edge of the shade line of the evergreens, "I heard that there was a man came down through yere a few days ago. He was sort of taking count of the critters that done got killed by the railroad kyahs."

"That so?" said Sarah Ann, somewhat mollified.

"I reckon so," said Jim Bowles. "I 'lowed I'd ast Cunnel Blount here at the Big House, about that some time. O' course it don't bring Muley back, but then—"

"No, hit don't," said Sarah Ann, resuming her original position. "And our little Sim, he just loved that Muley cow, little Sim, he did. Say, Jim Bowles, do you heah me!"—this with a sudden flirt of the sunbonnet in an agony of actual fear. "Why, Jim Bowles, do you know that our little Sim might be a playin', out thah in front of ouah house, on to

that railroad track, at this very minute? 'Spouse, 'sposen—'long comes that there railroad train? Say, man, whut you standin' there in that there shade fer? We got to go! We got to git home! Come right along this minute, er we may be too late."

And so, smitten by this sudden thought, they gathered themselves together as best they might and started toward the railroad for their return. Even as they did so there appeared upon the northern horizon a wreath of smoke rising above the forest. There was the far-off sound of a whistle, deadened by the heavy intervening vegetation; presently there puffed into view one of the railroad trains, still new upon this region. Iconoclastic, modern, strenuous, it wobbled unevenly over the new-laid rails up to the station house, where it paused for a few moments ere it resumed its wheezing way to the southward. The two visitors at the Big House gazed at it open-mouthed for a time, until all at once her former thought crossed the woman's mind. She turned upon her husband.

"Thar hit goes! Thar hit goes!" she cried. "Right on straight to our house! Hit kaint miss hit! And little Sim, he's sure to be playin' out thah on the track. Oh, he's daid right this minute, he shorely is!"

Her speech exercised a certain force upon Jim Bowles. He stepped on the faster, tripped upon a clod and stumbled, spilling half the milk from the pail.

"Thah, now," said he. "Thah hit goes agin. Done spilled the melk. Well, hit's too far back to the house now fer mo'. But, now, mabbe Sim wasn't playin' on the track."

"Mabbe he wasn't!" said Sarah Ann scornfully. "Why, o' course he was."

"Well, if he was," said Jim Bowles, philosophically, "why, Sar' Ann, from whut I done notice about this here railroad train, why—it's too late now."

He might perhaps have pursued this logical line of thought further, had not

there occurred an incident which brought the conversation to a close. Looking up, the two saw approaching them across the lawn, evidently coming from the little railway station, and doubtless descended from this very train, the alert, quick-stepping figure of a man evidently a stranger to the place. Jim and Sarah Ann Bowles stepped to one side as he approached and lifted his hat with a pleasant smile.

"Good morning," said the stranger. "It's a fine day, isn't it? Can you tell me whether or not Colonel Blount is at home this morning?"

"Well, suh," said Jim Bowles, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "his is, an' he ain't. He's home, o' course; that is, he hain't gone away no whah, to co'te er nothin'. But then ag'in he's out huntin', gone after b'ah. I reckon he's likely to be in 'most any day now."

"'Most any day?"

"Yessah. You better go on up to the house."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I am very much obliged to you, indeed. I believe I'll wait here for just a little while. Good morning, sir. Good morning, madam."

He turned and walked slowly up the path toward the house, as the others pursued their way to the railroad track, down which they presently were plodding on their homeward journey. There was at least a little milk left in the pail when finally they reached their small log cabin, with its yard full of pigs and chickens. Eagerly they scanned the sides of the railway embankment as they drew near, looking for signs of what they feared to see. One need not describe the fierce joy with which Sarah Ann Bowles fell upon little Sim, who was presently discovered, safe and dirty, knocking about on the kitchen floor in abundant company of puppies, cats and chickens.

"I knowed he would be killed," said Sarah Ann.

"But he *hain't*," said her husband, triumphantly. And for one time in their

married life there seemed to be no possible way in which she might contradict him, which fact for her constituted a situation somewhat difficult.

"Well, it hain't yore fault ef he hain't," said she at length.

The new-comer at the Big House was a well-looking figure enough as he advanced up the path toward the white-pillared galleries. In height just above middle stature, and of rather spare habit of body, alert, compact and vigorous, he carried himself with a self-respect redeemed from aggressiveness by an open candor of face and the pleasant forthright gaze of a kindly blue-gray eye. In spite of a certain gravity of mien, his eyes seemed wont to smile upon occasions, as witnessed divers little wrinkles at the corners. A hurried observer might have guessed his age within ten years, but might have been wrong upon either side, and might have had an equal difficulty in classifying his residence or occupation. It was evident that he was not ill at ease in this environment; for as he met coming around the corner an old colored man, who, with a rag in one hand and a bottle in the other, seemed intent upon some errand at the dog kennel beyond, he paused not in query or salutation, but tossed his umbrella to the servant and at the same time handed him his traveling-bag. "Take care of these, Bill," said he.

Bill, for that was indeed his name, placed the bag and umbrella upon the gallery floor, and with the air of owning the place himself, invited the visitor to enter.

"The Cunnel's not to home, suh," said Bill. "But you better come in and sed-down. I'll go call the folks."

"Never mind," said the visitor. "I reckon I'll just walk around a little outside. I hear Colonel Blount is off on a bear hunt."

"Yassah," said Bill. "An' when he goes he mostly gets b'ah. I'm right 'spondent dis time, though, 'deed I is, suh."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you see, suh," replied Bill, leaning comfortably back against a gallery post. "It's dis-a-way. I'm just gwine out to fix up Old Hec's foot. He's ouah best-est b'ah dog, but he got so blame big-goty, las' time he was out, stuck his foot right intoe a ba'h's mouth. Now, Hec's lef' home, an' me lef' home to 'ten' to Hec. How kin Cunnel Blount git any b'ah widout me an' Hec along? I'se right 'spondent, dat's whut I is."

"Well, now, that's too bad," said the stranger, with a smile.

"Too bad? I reckon it sho' is. Fer, if Cunnel Blount don't get no b'ah—look out den, I kin tell you."

"Gets his dander up, eh?"

"Dandah—dandah! You know him? Th' ain't no better boss, but ef he goes out huntin' b'ah and don't get no b'ah—why, den dey ain't no reason gwine do foh him.

"Now, when you see Cunnel Blount come home, he'll come up along dat lane, him an' the dogs, an' dem no 'count niggers he done took 'long with him; an' when he gits up to whah de lane crosses de railroad track, ef he come' ridin' 'long easy like, now an' den tootin' his hawn to sort o' let us know he's a-comin'—ef he do dat-a-way, dat's all right,—dat's all right." Here the garrulous old servant shook his head. "But ef he don't—well den—"

"That's bad, if he doesn't, eh?"

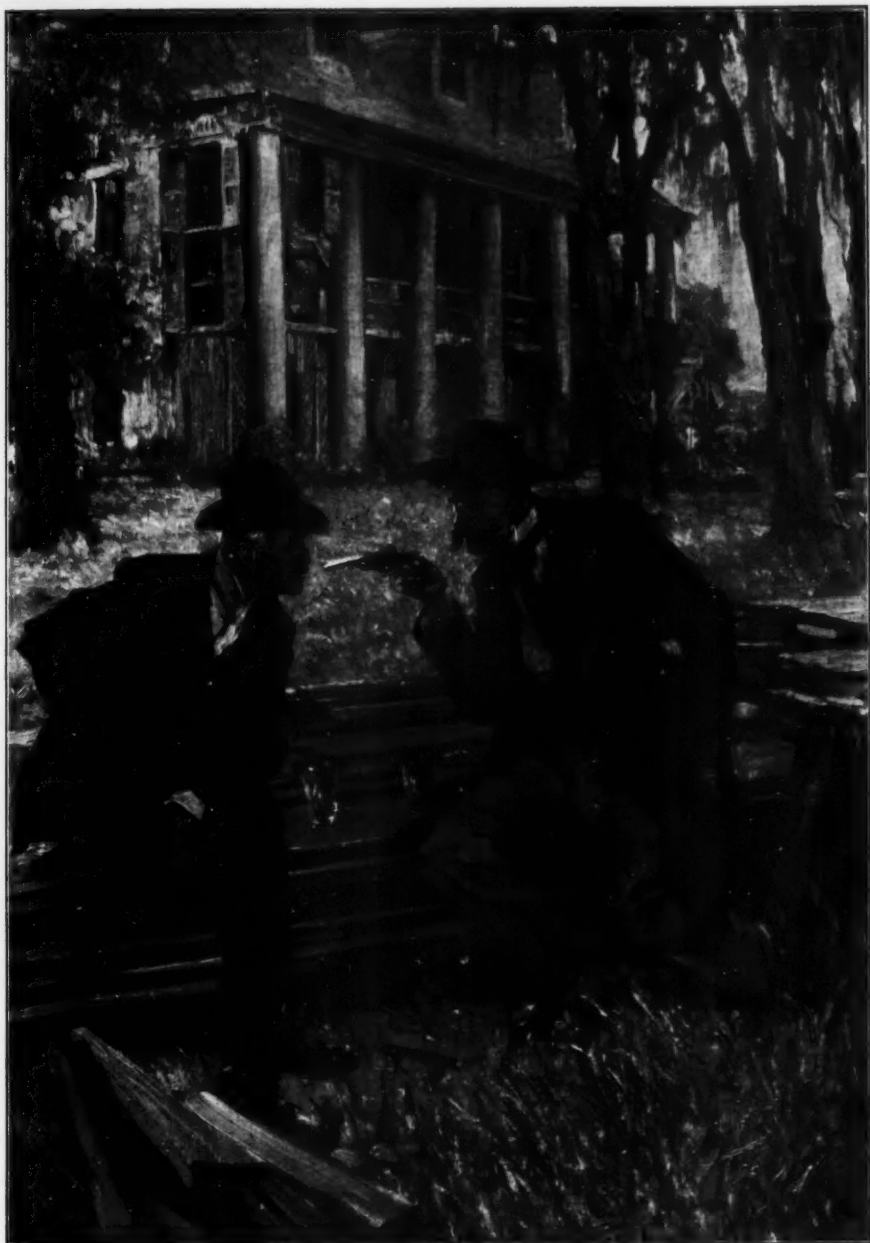
"Yessah. Ef he don' come a-blowin' an' ef he *do* come a-singin', den look out! I allus did notice dat ef Cunnel Blount 'gins to sing 'ligious hymns, somethin's wrong, and somethin' gwine ter drap. He hain't right easy ter git 'long wif when he's a-singin'. But if you'll 'scuse me, suh, I got ter take care o' Hec. Jest make yourself to home, suh,—anyways you like."

The visitor contented himself with wandering about the yard, until at length he seated himself on the board-pile beneath the evergreen trees, and so sank into an

idle reverie, his chin in his hand, and his eyes staring out across the wide field. He sat thus for some time, and the sun was beginning to encroach upon his refuge, when suddenly he was aroused by the faint and far-off sound of a hunting-horn. That the listener distinguished it at such a distance might have argued that he himself had known hound and saddle in his day; yet he readily caught the note of the short hunting-horn universally used by the Southern hunters, and recognized the assembly call for the hunting-pack. As it came near, all the dogs in the kennel yards heard it and raged to escape from their confinement. Old Bill came hobbling around the corner. Steps were heard on the gallery. The visitor's face showed a slight uneasiness as he caught a glance of a certain spot now suddenly made alive by the flutter of a soft gown and the flash of a bunch of scarlet ribbons. Thither he gazed as directly as he might under these circumstances, but the girl was gone before he had opportunity even to rise and remove his hat.

"That's her. That's Miss Lady," said Bill to his new friend, in a low voice. "Han'somest gal in the hull Delta. They'll all be right glad ter see the Cunnel back. He's got a b'ah shore, fer he's comin' a-blowin'."

Bill's joy was not long-lived, for even as the little cavalcade came in view, a tall figure on a chestnut hunting horse riding well in advance, certain colored stragglers coming behind, and the party-colored pack trotting or limping along on all sides, the music of the summoning horn suddenly ceased. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, the leader of the hunt rode on up the lane, sitting loose and careless in the saddle, his right hand steadying a short rifle across the saddle front. He rode thus until presently those at the Big House heard, softly rising on the morning air, the chant of an old church hymn: "On Jordan's strand I'll take my stand, An-n-n—"



"WRITE ME A CHECK," SAID BLOUNT, SLOWLY. "AND WRITE IT FOR FIFTY"



"Oh, Lawd," exclaimed Bill. "Dat's his very wustest chune!"—saying which he dodged around the corner of the house.

Turning in from the lane at the yard gate, Colonel Calvin Blount and his retinue rode close up to the side door of the plantation house; but even here the master vouchsafed no salutation to those who awaited his coming. He was a tall man, broad-shouldered, lean and muscular; yet so far from being thin and dark, he was spare rather from physical exercise than through gaunt habit of body; his complexion was ruddy and sun-colored, and the long mustache hanging across his jaws showed a deep mahogany-red. Western ranchman one might have called him, rather than Southern planter. Scotch-Irish, generations back, perhaps, yet Southern always, and by birthright American, he might have been a war-lord of another land and day. No feudal baron ever dismounted with more assuredness at his own hall, to toss careless rein to a retainer. He stood now, tall and straight, a trifle rough-looking in his careless planter's dress, but every inch the master. A slight frown puckered up his forehead, giving to his face an added hint of sternness.

Colonel Blount busied himself with directions as to the horses and dogs. The latter came straggling along in groups or pairs or singly, some of them hobbling on three legs, many showing bitter wounds. The chase of the great bear had proved stern pastime for them. Of half a hundred hounds which had started, not two-thirds were back again, and many of these would be unfit for days for the resumption of their savage trade. None the less, as the master sounded again, loud and clear, the call for the assembly, all the dogs about the place, young and old, homekeepers and warriors, came pouring in with heads uplifted, each pealing out his sweet and mournful music. Blount

spoke to dozens of them, calling each by its proper name.

In the confusion of the disbandment of the hunt, the master of the Big House had as yet hardly had time to look about him, but now, as the conclave scattered, he found himself alone, and turning discovered the occupant of the board-pile, who arose and advanced, offering his hand.

"This is Colonel Blount, I presume," said he.

"Yes, sir, that's my name. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, but I didn't know you were there. Come right on into the house and sit down, sir. Now, your name was—?"

"Eddring," said the new-comer. "John Eddring. I am just down on the morning's train from the city."

"I'm right glad to see you, Mr. Eddring," said Colonel Blount, extending his hand. The two, without plan, wandered over toward the shade of the evergreen, and presently seated themselves at the board-pile.

"Well, Colonel Blount," said the visitor. "I reckon you must have had a good hunt."

"Yes, sir, there ain't a ba'h in the Delta can get away from those dogs. We run this fellow straight on end for ten miles; put him across the river twice, and all around the Black Bayou, but the dogs kept him hot all the time, I'm telling you, for more than five miles through the cane beyond the bayou."

"Who got the shot, Colonel?" asked Eddring—a question apparently most unwelcome.

"Well, I ought to have had it," said Blount, with a frown of displeasure. "The fact is, I did take a flying chance from horseback, when the ba'h ran by in the cane half a mile back of where they killed him. Somehow I must have missed. But man! you ought to have heard that pack for two hours through the woods. It cer-

tainly would have raised your hair straight up. You ever hunt ba'h, sir?"

"A little, once in a while, when I have had the time. You see, a railroad man can't always choose."

"Railroad man?" said Colonel Blount. A sudden gloom fell upon his ruddy face. "Railroad man, eh? Well, I wish you was something else. Now, I helped get that railroad through this country—if it hadn't been for me, they never could have laid a mile of track through here. But now, do you know what they done did to me the other day, with their damned old railroad?"

"No, sir, I haven't heard."

"Well, I'll tell you—Bill! Oh, *Bill*! Go into the house and get me some ice; and go pick some mint and bring it here to this gentleman and me— Say, do you know what that railroad did? Why, it just killed the best filly on my plantation, my best running stock, too. Now, I was the man to help get that railroad through the Delta, and I—"

"Well, now Colonel Blount," said the other, "the road isn't a bad sort of thing for you all down here, after all. It relieves you of the river market, and it gives you a double chance to get out your cotton. You don't have to haul your cotton twelve miles back to the boat any more. Here is your station right at your door, and you can load on the cars any day you want to."

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right. But how about this killing of my stock?"

"Well, that's so," said the other, facing the point and ruminatingly biting a splinter between his teeth. "It does look as if we had killed about everything loose in the whole Delta during the last month or so."

"Are you on this railroad?" asked Blount suddenly.

"I reckon I'll have to admit that I am," said the other, smiling.

"Passenger agent, or something of that sort, I reckon? Well, let me tell you, you

change your road. Say, there was a man down below here last week settling up claims—Bill! Ah-h, *Bill*! Where've you gone?"

"Yes," said Eddring, "it certainly did seem that when we built this road every cow and every nigger, not to mention a lot of white folks, made a bee-line straight for our right of way. Why, sir, it was a solid line of cows and niggers from Memphis to New Orleans. How could you blame an engineer if he run into something once in a while? He couldn't help it."

"Yes. Now, do you know what this claim-settler, or this claim agent man did? Why, he paid a man down below here two stations—what do you think he paid him for as fine a heifer as ever eat cane? Why, fifteen dollars!"

"Fifteen dollars?"

"Yes, fifteen dollars."

"That looks like a heap of money for a heifer, doesn't it, Colonel Blount?"

"A heap of money? Why, no. Heap of *money*? Why, what do you mean?"

"Heifers didn't bring that before the road came through. Why, you would have had to drive that heifer twenty-five miles before you could get a market, and then she wouldn't have brought over twelve dollars. Now, fifteen dollars, seems to me, is about right."

"Well, let the heifer go. But there was a cow killed three miles below here the other day. Neighbors of mine. I reckon that claim agent wouldn't want to allow any more than fifteen dollars for Jim Bowles' cow, neither."

"Maybe not."

"Well, never mind about the cow, either; but look here. A nigger lost his wife down there, killed by these steam kyars—looks like the niggers get fascinated by them kyars. But here's Bill coming at last. Now, Mr. Eddring, we'll just make a little julep. Tell me, how do you make a julep, sir?"

Eddring hitched a little nearer on the

board-pile. "Well, Colonel Blount," said he, "in our family we used to have an old silver mug—sort of plain mug, you know, few flowers around the edge of it—been in the family for years. Now, you take a mug like that and let it lie in the ice box all the time, and when you take it out, it's sort of got a white frost all over it. Now, my old daddy, he would take this mug and put some fine ice into it,—not too fine. Then he'd take a little cut loaf sugar, in another glass, and he'd mash it up in a little water—not too much water—then he'd pour that in over the ice. Then he would pour in some good corn whisky, till all the interstices of that ice were filled plumb up; then he'd put some mint—"

"Didn't smash the mint? Say, he didn't smash the mint, did he?" said Colonel Blount, eagerly, hitching over toward the speaker.

"Smash it? I should say not, sir! Sometimes, at certain seasons of the mint, he might just sort of take a twist at the leaf, to sort of release a little of the flavor, you know. You don't want to be rough with mint. Just twist it gently between the thumb and finger. Then you set it in nicely around the edge of the glass. Sometimes just a little powder of fine sugar around on top of the mint leaves, and then a straw—"

"Sir," said Colonel Blount, gravely rising and taking off his hat, "you are welcome to my home!"

Eddring, with equal courtesy, arose and removed his own hat.

"For my part," resumed Blount, judicially, "I rather lean to a piece of cut glass, for the green and the crystal look mighty fine together. I don't always make them with any sugar on top of the mint. But, you know, just a circle of mint—not crushed—not crushed, mind you—just a green ring of fragrance, so that you can bury your nose in it and forget your troubles. Sir, allow me once more to shake your hand. I think I know a gentleman when I see one."

"A gentleman," said the other, smiling slightly. "Well, don't shake hands with me yet, sir. I don't know. You see I'm a railroad man, and I'm here on business."

"Damn it, sir, if it was only your description of a julep, if it was only your mention of that old family silver mug, devoted to that sacred purpose, sir—that would be your certificate of character here. Forget your business. Come down here and live with me. We'll go huntin' ba'h together. Why, man, I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance."

"But wait," said Eddring, "there may be two ways of looking at this."

"Well, there's only one way of looking at a julep," said Blount, "and that's down a straw. Now, I'll show you how we make them down here in the Sunflower country."

"But, as I was a-sayin'"—and here Blount set down the glasses midway in his compounding, and went on with his interrupted proposition,—"now here was that nigger that lost his wife. Of course he had a whole flock of children. Now, what do you think that claim agent said he would pay that nigger for his wife?"

"Well, I—"

"Well, but what do you reckon?"

"Why, I reckon about fifteen dollars."

"That's it, that's it!" said Blount, slapping his hand upon the board until the glasses jingled. "That's just what he did offer; fifteen dollars! Not a cent more."

"Well, now, Colonel Blount," said Eddring, "you know there's a heap of mighty trifling niggers loose in this part of the world. You see, that fellow would marry again in a little while, and he might get a heap better woman next time. There's a lot of swapping wives among the niggers at best. Now, here's a man lost his wife decent and respectable, and there's nothing on earth a nigger likes better than a good funeral, even if it has to be his own wife. Now, how many nigger funerals are there that cost fifteen dollars? I'll bet you if that nigger had it to do over again he'd a heap rather be rid of

her and have the fifteen dollars. Look at it! Fine funeral for one wife and something left over to get a bonnet for his new wife. I'll bet there isn't a nigger on your place that wouldn't jump at a chance like that."

Colonel Blount scratched his head. "You understand niggers all right, I'll admit," said he. "But, now, supposin' it had been a white man?"

"Well, supposing it was?"

"We don't need to suppose. There was the same thing happened to a white family. Wife got killed—left three children."

"Oh, you mean that accident down at Shelby?"

"Yes, Mrs. Something-or-other, she was. Well, sir, damn me, if that infernal claim agent didn't have the face to offer fifteen dollars for her, too."

"Looks almost like he played a fifteen-dollar limit all the time, doesn't it?" said the visitor.

"It certainly does. It ain't right."

"Well, now, I heard about that woman. She was a tall, thin creature, with no liver left at all, and her chills came three times a week. She wouldn't work; she was red-headed and had only one straight eye; and as for a tongue—well, I only hope, Colonel Blount, that you and I will never have a chance to meet anything like that. Of course, I know she was killed. Her husband just hated her before she died, but blame *me*, just as soon as she was *dead*, he loved her more than if she was his sweetheart all over again. Now, that's how it goes. Say, I want to tell you, Colonel Blount, this road is plumb beneficent, if only for the fact that it develops human affection the way it does. Fifteen dollars! Why, I tell you, sir, fifteen dollars was *more* than enough for that woman." He turned indignantly on the board-pile.

"I reckon," said Colonel Blount, "that you would say that about my neighbor Jim Bowles' cow?"

"Certainly. I know about that cow,

too. She was twenty years old and on her last legs. Road kills her, and all at once she becomes a dream of heifer loveliness. I know."

"I reckon," said Colonel Blount, still more grimly; "I reckon if that damned claim agent was to come here, he would just about say that fifteen dollars was enough for my filly."

"I shouldn't wonder. Now, look here, Colonel Blount. You see, I'm a railroad man, and I'm able to see the other side of these things."

"Oh, well, all right," said Blount, "but that don't bring my filly back. You can't get Himyah blood every day in the week. That filly would have seen Churchill Downs in her day, if she had lived."

"Yes; and if she had, you would have had to back her, wouldn't you? You would have trained that filly and paid a couple of hundred for it. You would have fitted her at the track and paid several hundred more. You would have bet a couple of thousand, anyway, as a matter of principle, and, like enough, you'd have lost it. Now, if this road paid you fifteen dollars for that filly and saved you twenty-five hundred or three thousand into the bargain, how ought you to feel about it? Are you twenty-five hundred behind or fifteen ahead?"

Colonel Calvin Blount had now feverishly finished his julep, and as the other stopped, he placed his glass beside him on the board-pile and swung a long leg across so that he sat directly facing his enigmatical guest. The latter, in the enthusiasm of his argument, swung into a similar position, and so they sat, both hammering on the board between them.

"Well, I would like to see that damned claim agent offer me fifteen dollars for that filly," said Blount. "I might take fifty, for the sake of the road; but fifteen—"

"Well, what would you do?"

"Well, by God, sir, if I saw that claim agent—"

"Well, by God, sir, I'm that claim

agent; and I *do* offer you fifteen dollars for that filly, right now!"

"What! You—"

"Yes, me!"

"Fifteen dollars!"

"Yes, sir, fifteen dollars."

Colonel Blount burst into a sudden song—"On *Jordan's* strand I'll *take* my stand!" he began.

"It's all she's worth," interrupted the claim agent.

Blount fairly gasped. "Do you mean to tell me," said he, in forced calm, "that you are this claim agent?"

"I have told you. That's the way I make my living. That's my duty."

"Your duty to give me fifteen dollars for a Himyah filly?"

"I said fifteen."

"And I said fifty."

"You don't get it."

"I don't, eh? Say, my friend"—Blount pushed the glasses away, his choler rising at the temerity of this, the only man who in many a year had dared to confront him. "You look here. Write me a check for fifty; an' write it now." With a sudden whip of his hand he reached behind him. Like a flash he pulled a long revolver from its holster. Eddring gazed into the round aperture of the muzzle and certain surrounding apertures of the cylinder. "Write me a check," said Blount, slowly, "and write it for fifty. I may tear it up when I get it—I don't care fifty cents for it—but you write it!"

The eyes of the two met, and which were the braver man it had been hard to tell. Neither flinched. Eddring returned a gaze as direct as that which he received. The florid face back of the barrel held a gleam of half-admiration at witnessing his deliberation. The claim agent's eye did not falter.

"You said fifty dollars, Colonel Blount," said he, just a suggestion of a smile at the corner of his mouth. "Don't you think there has been a slight misun-

derstanding between us two? If you are so blamed particular and really *want* a check for fifty, why, here it is." He busied himself a moment, and passed over a strip of paper. Even as he did so, the ire of Colonel Blount cooled as suddenly as it had gained warmth. A sudden contrition sat on his face, and he crowded the paper into his pocket with an air half shamed-faced.

"Sir—Mr. Eddring—" he began, falteringly.

"Well, what do you want? You've got your check, and you've got the railroad. We've paid our little debt to you."

"Sir," said Blount. "My friend—why, sir, here is your julep."

"To hell with your julep, sir."

"My friend," said Blount, flushing. "You serve me right. I am forgetting my duties as a gentleman. I asked you into my house."

"I'll see you damned first," said Eddring, hotly.

"Right!" cried Blount, exultingly. "You're right. You are one of the fighting Eddrings, sure as you're born. Why, sir, come on in. You wouldn't punish the son of your uncle's friend, your own daddy's friend, would you? Why, man, I know your folks—"

But the ire of Eddring was now aroused. A certain smoldering fire, long with difficulty suppressed, began to flame in spite of him.

"Bring me out a plate," said he, bitterly, "and let me eat on the gallery. As you say, I am only a claim agent. Good God, man!" And then of a sudden his wrath arose still higher. His own hand made a swift motion. "Give me back that check," he said, and his extended hand presented a weapon held steady as though supported by the limb of a tree. "You didn't give me a fair show."

"Well, by the eternal," half-whispered Colonel Calvin Blount to himself. "Ain't he a fightin' chicken?"

"Give it to me," demanded Eddring;

and the other, astounded, humbled, reached into his pocket and produced the paper.

"I will give it to you, boy," said he, soberly, "and twenty like it, if you'll forget all this and come into my house."

"I will not, sir," said Eddring. "This was business, and you made it personal."

"Oh, business!" said Blount.

"Sir," said John Eddring, "the world never understands when a fellow has to choose between being a business man and a gentleman. I can't afford to be a gentleman—"

"And you are so much one, my son," said Calvin Blount, grimly, "that you won't do anything but what you know is right. My friend, I won't ask you in again, not any more, right now. But when you can, come again, sir, some day. When you come right easy and pleasant, my son, why, you know I want you."

John Eddring's hard-set jaw relaxed, trembled, and he dared not commit himself to speech. With a straight look into Colonel Blount's eyes, he half turned away, and passed on down the path, Blount looking after him more than half-yearningly.

So intent, indeed, was the latter in his gaze upon the receding figure that he did not hear the swift rush of light feet on the gallery, nor turn until Miss Lady stood before him. The girl swept him a deep curtsy, spreading out the skirt of her biscuit-colored gown in mocking deference of posture.

"Please, Mr. Colonel," said she, "since he can't hear the dinner-bell, would he be good enough to tell whether or not he will come in and eat? Everything is growing cold; and I made the biscuits."

Calvin Blount put out his hand, and a softer shade came upon his face. "Oh, it is you, Miss Lady, is it?" said he. "Yes, I'm back home again. And you made the biscuits, eh?"

"I called to you several times," said Miss Lady. "Who is that gentleman you

are staring at? Why doesn't he come in and eat with us?"

Colonel Blount turned slowly as Miss Lady tugged at his arm. "Who is he?" he replied, half-musingly. "Who is he? You tell me. He refused to eat in Calvin Blount's house; that's why he didn't come in, Miss Lady. He says he's the cow coroner on the railroad; but I want to tell you, he's the finest fellow and the nearest to a gentleman that ever struck this country. That's what he is. I'm mighty troubled over his going away.

"Why, he didn't drink his julep!" said Miss Lady, severely.

"No," said Blount, miserably.

"And he hasn't any other place to eat," said Miss Lady, argumentatively.

"No."

"And he—he hasn't been introduced to me," said Miss Lady, conclusively.

"No."

"Colonel Cal, call him!" said Miss Lady, decisively.

Her words roused the old planter.

"You—I say, Eddring; you, there! Come on back here! Forgot something!"

In spite of himself—or was it in union with himself?—John Eddring turned back, and at last stood hat in hand near to the others. A smile softened the stern features of Colonel Blount as he pointed, half-quizzically to the untasted julep on the board-pile.

"Besides, Mr. Eddring," said he; "besides, you have not yet heard that this young lady of ours, Miss Lady, here, helped make the dinner this evenin'. Now, sir, I ask, will you come?"

The same odd tremble caught the claim agent's lip, and he frowned to pull himself out of his own weakness before he made reply. Miss Lady, tall, well-rounded, dark-eyed, her ruff of red-brown hair thrown back, stood looking at him, her hand clasped upon Blount's arm.

Eddring bowed deeply. "Sir," he said, "it wasn't fair of you; but I yield to your superior weapons!"



WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Israel Zangwill

THE RED HAND OF PLEHVE

I CAN recall few political assassinations which have been received with such strange satisfaction as Monsieur de Plehve's. The greatest organs of Europe regard his fate as the natural ending of the man who sits on the safety valve. Certainly it was a dramatic ending for the man who owed his rise to his efficient investigation of the assassination of Alexander II. The Directorate of State Police is, however, a poor training ground for the ruler of a people, and Plehve never shook off the detective bureau and the atmosphere of treasons and stratagems. The Dictator of Russian policy was still the Director of Russian Police. And the aim of his policy—or of his police—was to unify Russia by forcibly Russianizing every heterogeneous element. The bomb which shattered the unity of his own organism was the logical reply.

It was the ruler of all the Russias whom that bomb really destroyed, despite recent allegations that the Czar not only reigns but rules. Even in Russia hereditary autocracy acts as surely as hereditary monarchy in more constitutional countries. There is always a man who forges his way to the front—or rather to the back—and pumps the power into the state machinery. In Kipling's latest words:

"Thrones, Powers, Dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings."

In the last analysis there was no difference, save in the *milieu* of their action, between the unpopular Monsieur de Plehve and the popular Mr. Chamberlain. Plehve was the Czar's Chamberlain

in more senses than one. All great statesmen of the blood and iron school are built on the same lines, and it is unnecessary, with continental critics, to regard Plehve as the German philosopher in action, the ruthless demonstrator of his own syllogisms in terms of flesh and blood. A Teutonic strain is credited to him to add plausibility to this view, for your pure Slav is reputed more emotional and less rigid.

Even Plehve's mustache is envisaged, as containing the clue to his psychology. "It would have sufficed to analyze the mustache of this ultra-Russian German to penetrate the secret of his ultra-human system." For this mustache, it appears, was Nietzschean at the root to end in the twirl of the sub-officer of German gendarmerie. The same writer—in the usually sane organ, *L'Européen*—finds in his great eyelids, swollen with sullen ferocity, the glassy eyes of a viper, the head of a giant-cat and gray hair bristling—"doubtless with horror at having such a head for nourishing ground." Yet this head is described as "too round, too beautiful" to afford the criminal stigmata, so dear to Nordau and Lombroso, who will be in despair to discover none of the external marks of crime. This Irish method of argumentation would turn every stern statesman into a criminal, and in truth there is only between the two types the difference that exists between a general and a murderer. And I seem to remember terrible practical logicians in Russian history who had no Teutonic taint. We have still M. Pobiedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, whose logic, both in thought and action, is as

remorseless as a thumbscrew. This old gentleman has written books full of high Hegelian philosophy and deep religious feeling, and fervent aspirations for a Holy Russia, and if you were not aware of the writer's infamous official record in persecuting Jews, Armenians, and Old Believers impartially, you would imagine yourself reading another Tolstoi. *Pobiedonostseff* is *Torquemada* reincarnated. And *Plehve* was the lay *Torquemada*, the secular pendent to his co-persecutor, and who shall say that to his own mind he was not similarly admirable, similarly patriotic, similarly devoted to his highest conception of duty? Unfortunately, the same thing is true of his dynamiter. These two conceptions of duty clashed and in the collision two quite possibly faithful souls have shattered for ever the powers of good and evil.

That *Plehve* was not as black as he was painted is a proposition which appeals to me not only on *a priori* grounds, but because I had the opportunity of getting an impression of him through the eyes of more than one of my friends. His attitude towards the Zionist movement, for example, was by no means that of a monster. He desired to repress it in Russia, indeed, as he desired to repress all movements involving public meetings and non-Slavic aspirations. But if Zionism purposed to be a movement in the literal sense of the word—a movement of the Jews toward Palestine—then as this would subserve his policy of unification and elimination of non-Russian elements, he was perfectly ready to tolerate, nay even to promote Zionism. What he set his face against was a mere *talkee-talkee* agitation. This was really a valuable spur to Russian Zionists, peculiarly liable to swamp themselves in streams of eloquence and emotion. And he did more than permit Zionist meetings, he actually sent a note to the Porte intimating that Russia would view favorably the throwing open of Palestine to the Jews. And

yet it was for parleying with *Plehve* so soon after Kishineff that the late Dr. Herzl found himself bitterly denounced by an ultra-rabid Russian section. "He has grasped the red hand of *Plehve*," cried a Russian girl to me at the last Basle Congress. She was a Jewess of the Louise Michel type, and she had been in a political prison, so one could forgive her for not being able to take politics philosophically. Undoubtedly the Russian Jewess believed that *Plehve* had been the direct instigator of the Kishineff massacre, and yet *Plehve* said to one of my friends: "I know Jewish mothers frighten their babies by telling them that *Plehve* is coming. Can not they learn to take a more reasonable view of me?" There is something in that saying beyond the utterance of a mere monster. And he professed, too, to have learnt from Dr. Herzl's visit, from the dignified bearing of the uncrowned King of the Jews, a deeper regard for that unhappy people. "Till Dr. Herzl came, I did not know that there were Jews who did not crawl." There was lying on his desk a list of the killed in a recent naval action off a Russian fort. My friend pointed to the names of Jewish dead.

"And what is there remarkable in that?" said *Plehve*. "I find it quite natural that Jews should die there for their country with the others."

"Quite natural that they should die there," retorted my friend. "But is it so natural they can't live there?" For the port was outside the territory in which the Jews lie cramped. The remark appeared to make a profound impression upon *Plehve* and soon after he announced an enlargement of the Pale. Doubtless something may be set down to Sancho Panza considerations, for *Plehve* was a practical man, with an eye on Jewish loans, but I find it difficult to believe his every breath was hypocrisy and dissimulation even though it were proved that he let loose the fiends of Kishineff under the

delusion that this was the way to stamp out the revolutionary element in Young Israel. That element can only be eliminated by diverting it towards Zionism, as Dr. Herzl pointed out long ago in a memorandum to the Czar. So long as the free spirits of the Pale are crushed under the double disabilities of the Russian and the Jew, they will react with double explosive force against the impact of the oppressor, and it is only in Zionism that a vent-hole can be found for their effervescent energies. Plehve was learning the lesson that the Jew must either be emancipated or morally assisted to better conditions, and if fate had given him time to complete his liberal education, who knows but that he might have gone on to apply what he had learned in the Pale to Russia at large.

THE SENSE OF WHIM

IN the first volume of Herbert Spencer's colossal Autobiography there occurs a characteristic passage in connection with Professor Tyndall and the fallacy of supposing that science and poetry are in antagonism. "It is said of Keats that on one occasion after dinner, he proposed some such sentiment as 'Confusion to Newton.' I say, some such sentiment, because he was not likely to wish confusion to a deceased man." The curious ponderosity displayed in this last remark accounts for a good deal in these two sincere but stodgy volumes. The point of Keats being that Newton had destroyed the wonder of the rainbow by showing it was merely the refraction of light through rain-drops, he would certainly choose Newton as the person to whom to drink confusion. But to take Keats as in deadly earnest or to imagine that the deceased condition of Newton was any impediment to the airy toast is to miss one of the finest flavors of life, to lack the sense of whim. Herbert Spencer justly points out that the inability of a man of science to take the poetic view,

or of a poet to take the scientific view, simply shows his mental limitation, and that a Goethe could take both views. Herbert Spencer's inability to take the whimsical view equally demonstrates a mental limitation of his own. This is the more disappointing inasmuch as he exhibits here and there a gleam of humorous apprehension. He was amused that a hero-worshipping Frenchman should be startled to find him playing fifty up in the billiard-room, or that Mr. Carnegie should be taken aback to hear him tell a waiter he had ordered Cheshire cheese and not Cheddar, or that the pretty and enthusiastic young heiress whom his match-making friends designed for him should be chilled off because his conversation was not equal to his writing. The great philosopher had sufficient humor to save him from megalomania. Once he even achieves a pun, when he tells us how his invention of a smoke-consuming chimney ended in smoke. He appreciates, too, Huxley's witty saying that Spencer's idea of a tragedy was "a deduction killed by a fact." But when it came to Mr. Mozley referring to the Synthetic Philosophy as "that imposing system which occupies several yards of shelf in most public libraries" its author severely exposed the reverend gentleman's inaccuracy. "The least number connoted by the word 'several' is three, and at the time Mr. Mozley wrote, the volumes I had published occupied twenty-one inches, or less than a fifth." The volumes in question might have been more valuable if Spencer had been more alive to the occasional whimsicality of the universe he pretended to explain and to the freakishness of the human spirit. In both a margin must be left for drollery and irresponsibility. The concatenation of causes and effects in nature is not always as solemn as a sermon; there is often a certain sportiveness and impishness.

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

This was an observation of which Herbert Spencer was not incapable, but in his hands it would have come out somewhat like this: "As with the inferior rodents so with the highest vertebrates the best organized procession of causes will frequently be diverted to undesirable effects, due to the interference of unpredictable factors." His philosophic eye was incapable of the loving twinkle with which Burns beheld the fact of the pettiness of the human destiny. And yet the mind's power of rising to a satiric over-vision of the facts calls as much for philosophic explanation as the facts themselves. It seems to testify to a source of original energy within, and had Spencer been blessed with more wit and fantasy, he might have been saved from his attempt to explain all the psychological categories as imprints from the external world. Fantasy, like art, is the mind's playfulness in a world by whose grim forces it refuses to be o'ermastered. "Why, Uncle Matthew, oh why will not you be always wholly serious?" Mr. Max Beerbohm makes the future Mrs. Humphry Ward ask of Matthew Arnold in the days when she wore her hair in a girlish plait. And the caricaturist touches the spot. A streak of fantasy would have been the saving of that earnest and ambitious work-woman. Her Uncle Matthew complained of a much greater writer that

"Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate."

In that half the realm of whim was certainly included, though probably Matthew Arnold was thinking of more serious omissions from the book of life. Wordsworth, like Dante and Milton, belongs to the high priests of literature, but the greatest of priests is an unsatisfactory substitute for a man. Shakespeare could rise to the terrors and mysteries as solemnly as any of your pontifical poets, yet he could stoop to the antics of Malvolio

and Pistol and the pun is almost a failing with him. Philosophy, we may be sure, did not always rule the roast at the Mermaid, nor were Shakespeare's friends oppressed by that awful sense of oracular greatness that hung over George Eliot's drawing-room on Sunday afternoons. "Let us be serious, here comes a fool," said a wise man in a company of sages at play, and indeed there can be no truer mark of a fool than his misappreciation of foolery. A vein of freakishness will often be found in the truly greatest, and is an index of spiritual elasticity. Carlyle's and Ruskin's denunciations were touched with the conscious fantasy of exaggeration. A humorist should only be judged by a jury of his peers. Spencer's judgment of these contemporary prophets is almost comic in its gravity. They are put into a logic-machine and come out mangled wrecks. It is undeniable that Carlyle and Ruskin did not consider scientific exactitude in their fulminations, but the justification of exaggeration is that it sometimes brings out the meaning more vividly, as crabbed writing is elucidated under the magnifying glass. To speak of Spencer's philosophical system as occupying several yards in every public library is not only to convey a sharper idea to the hearer, but even to render more truly the observer's own impression. For the eye certainly can not perceive at a flash that there are twenty-one inches of thought while it is conscious of an inordinate voluminousness. The ancient astronomers who called the constellations by the names of heroes, animals and natural objects were obviously lacking in accuracy, yet they added to the popular perception and retention of the forms. The touch of half-playful imagination impressed the configuration on the memory. Reversing Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star," they hitched their stars to Wains and Ploughs.

Emerson's advice itself is touched with fantastic exaggeration. Carlyle spoke of

men as the more impersonal sage of Concord spoke of things. Spencer's accusation that Carlyle regarded only his own ideas and had little care for proportion comes curiously from a man who artificially stuffed up his ears when the conversation was not taking the turn he cared for, and whose memory could retain only those facts which would fit into his system. Making allowances for Carlyle's humor, there is a great deal of profound balanced thinking in Carlyle. Making allowances for Spencer's lack of humor, there is a great deal of profound balanced thinking in Spencer. The judicious reader will extract nourishment from either. But the humorist will always be found nearer the total truth of things.

This is the more worth bearing in mind inasmuch as there is a tendency in literature as in life to respect only the pompous personages. Charles Lamb, for example, is loved, but he is not credited with the dignity of serious philosophic thinking. And yet I know few profounder things in the English language than his essay on "The Sanity of True Genius." His criticisms of the Elizabethans, too, reveal a critic of the first order. The Elian whimsicality was the mere exuberance of intellectual energy.

There is a king in English history of whom we are told that after the drowning of his son "he never smiled again." But history does not record that his rule became the wiser thereby. The most sacerdotal person in London—the person who never smiles, graver even than our greatest thinkers—is the toastmaster at the dinner of a city company. Yet which of us would desire to have the soul of a toastmaster?

THE BELGIAN BACON

MAURICE Maeterlinck has long ceased to be the Belgian Shakespeare of Mr. Octave Mirbeau's invention: he is becoming rather a Belgian

Bacon. Volume after volume of profound essays comes from his pen, and if they lack the pithiness and the Sancho Panza sagacity of the Elizabethan, they envisage the universe in as scientific a spirit as the author of the *Novum Organum* could have desired. Maeterlinck, to so many a mystic, is the most modern of writers, far more so than Kipling whose modernity consists only in the use of the latest stage properties. Indeed so modern is Maeterlinck that he is several centuries ahead of the world, and speaks naïvely of what "our generation" feels or believes, as if the bulk of civilized humanity had undergone the same mental changes as himself. But if he is apt to mistake his own Ego for the *Zeitgeist*, there is no writer who surrenders his Ego more humbly to the external phenomenon, none who registers more honestly and fearlessly the internal impression. His whole work is a quest for the holy grail, a search for the unknown God. He sees nothing save *sub specie aeter nitatis*, and whether he is writing about the bee or the chrysanthemum, the drama or the duel, the art of Michael Angelo or the fateful spin of the ball at Monte Carlo, his subject is always caught up into the infinities and the eternities.

If there were theonomical colleges as there are theological, I would have him appointed Professor of Theonomy. For the theological colleges, being bound beforehand to sectarian and mutually conflicting views, lack that free surrender to objectivity, that joyous interchange of discoveries, which are the essence of scientific research.

In his new book—*Le Double Jardin*—this large theonomic handling is applied even to the "Death of a Little Dog," and the result is a little masterpiece, by one of the greatest living masters of French. By his imaginative projection of himself into the soul of a dog, Maeterlinck has added to his lyre the missing string of humor. It throws an unexpected light

upon the origin of humor to find this delicate flower growing up under one's eyes, and springing up visibly through sheer force of sympathy and tenderness. And not only does life seen through the eyes of a dog—or rather, smelt through his nostrils—take on the highest humor, the loving humor of a Charles Lamb, canine life also exhibits itself in its highest truth. The dog is sleeping in a patch of sunshine, "the copper kettles are playing at scattering specks of sunshine on the smooth white walls. The motherly stove sings gently, rocking three saucepans that dance with beatitude, and through the little hole which lights its interior, keeps sticking out a tongue of flame to tease the poor dog who dares not approach it." To adjust himself to a complex world is a task relatively as heavy for caninity as for humanity. "As a result of difficult and delicate observations the dog understands that it besseems not to obey the call of strangers, to be polite but indifferent toward caressing outsiders . . . to ignore silently the pastry-cook's cakes which strut insolently within reach of the tongue." And when the tramp appears at the garden-gate, it is the hereditary friend of the cave-man that flies out in an atavistic fury, and is only driven back by the cook whose protective broom confuses the loyal quadruped with the conviction that the end of the world has come, that laws are no more, and that the human species has lost the notion of the just and the unjust. All this mass of sub-human habits and almost human affection, courage and joy of life lies dismally under a large elder-bush in a corner of the garden.

But it is in the treatment of the dog as inhabiting a common segment of two worlds that Maeterlinck's originality is most manifest. Alone of the lower creation the dog yearns up toward man, stretches across the gulf, has made a sensible approach to a world in which he was not born, has even altered his shape in

Protean ways to be of service to his god. How were it if man were called to serve a creature as relatively divine? It is odd that Bacon in his essay on Atheism has something of the same thought. "Take an example of a dog, and mark what generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of God or 'melior natura,' which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain." It is even odder that Bacon anticipates the final message delivered by our Belgian philosopher from under "The Olive-Boughs," the pregnant essay which closes a marrowy book. For Maeterlinck has emerged from his moods of "The Hothouse," and teaches the bracing truth that in the balance between optimism and pessimism, man can throw the weight of his soul, his will, his courage, upon the side of the angels. Similarly in the problem of whether spirit or matter underlies the universe, although this problem is largely verbal, since we are playing with uncomprehended words, it pays better, in the highest sense, to view the cosmos under the spiritual concept than under the material. What is this but a broader version of Bacon's dictum that atheism "depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty!"

Perhaps the most interesting thing about our modern prophet is that he is not sure of his message: he is yet awaiting the revelation which seems to be trembling in the air, the lines of fire which will light up the set piece, only odd fragments of which are as yet decipherable, and he imagines that Posterity will look with envy upon our era of fruitful travail, much as we look back upon the period of Pericles. It is an exhilarating thought. But for my part I can not help the suspicion that Maeterlinck in his leap toward optimism has leaped too far, —*corruptio pessimi optima*—and illudes

himself with the proverbial zeal of the convert, just as his reaction from the Catholicism of his youth has apparently destroyed his appreciation of what forms of faith have meant to mankind. It is not true, as he would have us believe, that earlier generations did great deeds and built up great civilizations on a smaller basis of hope and courage than is now at our disposal. Man's achievements have hitherto reposed upon confidence in his environment, and—as Bacon suggests—upon a dog-like relation to a trusted deity. Cicero ascribed the triumphs of Rome to religious devotion no less precisely than the Hebrew prophets ascribed to it the triumphs of Judæa. The universe of Maeterlinck still holds too many dark and dangerous elements to fortify us as stoutly as that old assurance: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Like

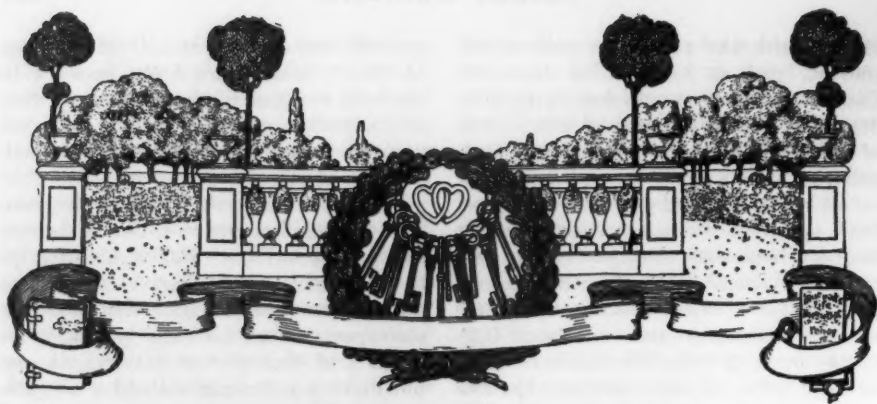
poor Winwood Reade in his "Martyrdom of Man," Maeterlinck looks forward to our total conquest of the planet, and even of the stellar system. Gravity may yet be baffled, and we may steer our earth among the stars, avoiding collisions that impend, or temperatures that threaten. This is optimism run riot, this is the motor-car Maeterlinck. For if his description, "*En Automobile*," is one of the most poetical passages in a book that holds far more poetry than his early poems, it remains true that even a Maeterlinck can not drive a motor-car without a megalomania. We see this megalomania in all the furred *Uebersmenschen* who sweep past our plodding pedestrianism, but we scarcely expected it to be translated so quickly into philosophy, that the writer of "The Treasure of the Humble" should end his latest work as the equal of the gods.

TO A BABY

By S. E. Kiser

THE world to you is still a place
 Unknown and vast;
 You have no longing to efface
 Sins of the past;
 For you the joy Her lips shall give
 Is still to be:
 You have your boyhood yet to live—
 Ah me—ah me!

The way before you may be steep;
 Your feet may bleed
 From cruel, aching wounds and deep,
 But you shall read
 Love's first glad message in Her eyes,
 And yonder—see!
 Your boyhood still before you lies,
 Ah me—ah me!



AN INCIDENTAL TRAGEDY

By Elliott Flower

DAVE Murray stretched his legs comfortably under the table, blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling, and waited for Stanley Wentworth to speak. Of course, Dave had been christened David, but the last syllable of the name had not been able to stand the wear and tear of a strenuous life, in addition to which Murray was not the kind of a man to invite formality: he was just "Dave" to every one who got past the "Mr. Murray" stage, and it never took long to do that. In brief, he was "a good fellow," which did not in the least prevent him from being a good business man also.

Having his full share of worldly wisdom, Murray knew that there was a reason for Wentworth's most urgent invitation to lunch with him at his club. While they had been friends for years and had lunched together on many previous occasions, there was a formality about this invitation that presaged something of importance. So, when they reached the cigars, Murray smoked and waited.

"You win, Dave," Wentworth announced at last.

"I knew I would—when you married," returned Murray. "It was only a question of time then."

"Especially after you got the ear of my wife," said Wentworth. "You worked that very nicely, Dave. Do you remember the story you told her about the man who couldn't give any time to life insurance during the busy season and who was on his deathbed when the date he had set for his examination arrived?"

"It was true, too," asserted Murray. "The man was a good risk when I went after him, and there would have been \$10,000 for his wife if he hadn't procrastinated. There's no money in the policy that a man was just going to take out, Stanley."

"Well, you win, anyway," said Wentworth. "We've been jollying each other on this insurance business for six or eight years, and I've stood you off pretty well, but I can't stand against the little woman at home. I was lost, Dave, the day I took you up to the house and introduced you to her."

"I guess I played the cards pretty well," laughed Murray. "I told you at the beginning that I was going to insure you before I got through, and a good insurance man doesn't let a little matter like the personal inclinations of his subject interfere with his plans. Why, I've been

known to put a man in a trance, have him examined, and abstract the first premium from his pocket before he waked up. But you were the hardest proposition I ever tackled. You ought to have taken out a policy ten years ago."

"I couldn't see any reason for it," explained Wentworth. "I thought I was a confirmed bachelor: had no family and never expected to have one. That was at twenty-five, and at thirty I considered the matter absolutely settled, but at thirty-five the little woman just quietly reached out and took me into camp—and I'm glad of it. Never knew what real life was before. Still, I hate like thunder to surrender to you after our long, harmonious and entertaining fight, Dave; I wouldn't do it if you hadn't taken advantage of my hospitality to load my wife up with insurance ghost stories. If you want to be fair, you'll pay her half the commission."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Murray; "not in cash, of course, but I'll make her a present that will cover it—something nice for the house. You won't be jealous, will you?"

"Jealous?" returned Wentworth, with a hearty laugh. "Well, I guess not! Why, I'll help out by making the policy worth while: I'll take out one for \$25,000. I tell you, Dave, I'm not going to run any risk of leaving the little woman unprotected for, and I lost \$4,000 in the last month."

The conversation had been jocular, with an undercurrent of seriousness in it, but Wentworth became really serious with the last remark. Murray saw that this loss had had more to do with the decision than any arguments that had been advanced, and he, too, dropped his bantering tone.

"I never could see," Wentworth went on, "why insurance was any better than an investment in good stock—"

"A little more certain," suggested Murray, "so far as your wife is concerned. No stock is safe while a man lives

and continues in business. It is too convenient as collateral and can be reached too easily in the case of failure. You will take risks with stock that you will not take with insurance, even when you can; you will sell stock to get ready cash for a business venture that may prove disastrous, but it's like robbing your own widow to touch life insurance money. No man ever raised money on his policy without feeling meaner than a yellow dog, for he is gambling with the future of the one he loves, or at least should love. He has taken money that he promised her; money that she will sadly need in case of his unexpected death. That she consented to it does not ease his conscience, if he is any sort of a man, for no woman ever freely consents to jeopardizing any part of her husband's life insurance money; she is led to do it, against her better judgment, by love and faith, and he knows that he has demanded of her what may prove to be a great sacrifice. That is why insurance is a better investment than stocks for the purpose you have in mind, Stanley: whatever your business needs, you never can ask your wife to join you in hypothecating the policy without feeling like a mean, heartless sneak."

"I never looked at it in just that way," returned Wentworth thoughtfully, "but you're right, Dave. The policy will have a sacredness that no stock can possess. To touch it, to risk any part of it in business, would seem like taking money out of the baby's bank. Still," he added whimsically, "a game in which you have to die to win never did appeal to me very strongly."

"A game in which you are sure to win when you die is better than a game in which you are likely to lose twice," retorted Murray, "or one in which you have to live to win, so long as life is something over which you have no jurisdiction. With insurance you win when you lose, but with stocks you may lose both ways and leave nothing but a reputation for selfish improvidence. Of course, I am

looking at it from the family, rather than the personal point of view."

"Surely," acquiesced Wentworth. "I am thinking of the little woman and the baby." He settled back in his chair and smoked dreamily for a few moments, his thoughts evidently wandering to the home that had given him so much of happiness during the last eighteen months. And Murray was silent, too. The affair was as much one of friendship as of business with him. It had been largely a joke when he had first declared that he would write a policy on Wentworth's life, although he believed implicitly that every man should have insurance and should get it when he is young enough to secure a favorable rate. At that time Wentworth had no one dependent upon him, but Murray had kept at him in a bantering way, telling him that he would surely have need of insurance later and that he had better prepare for it while the opportunity offered. Then, when celibacy seemed to have become a permanent condition with him, he had married, and thereafter, while still treating the subject lightly and humorously, Murray had conducted a campaign that was really founded on friendship. No one knows better than a man who has been long in the insurance business of the tragedies resulting from procrastination and neglect; no one can better appreciate how great a risk of such a tragedy a friend may be running. So Murray, jolly but insinuating, was actuated by something more than purely business interest when he made whimsical references to his long campaign in the presence of Mrs. Wentworth and incidentally, apparently only to tease her husband, described some of the sad little dramas of life that had come to his notice. And he had won at last.

"Get the application ready," said Wentworth, suddenly rousing himself, "and let me know when your doctor wants to see me."

That evening Wentworth told his wife that he had arranged to take out a \$25,-

000 policy, and she put her arms around his neck and looked up at him in an anxious, troubled way.

"You don't think I'm mercenary, do you, Stanley?" she asked.

"Indeed, I don't, little woman," he replied, as he kissed her; "I think you are only wise."

"It seems so sort of heartless," she went on, "but you know I'm planning only for the baby. There is something sure about life insurance, and everything else is so uncertain. Some of the stories that Mr. Murray told were very sad."

"Oh, Murray was after business," he said, with a laugh. "He told me long ago that he intended to insure me, and it's been a sort of a friendly duel with us ever since. But he has convinced me that he is right in holding that every married man should carry life insurance, and, aside from that, I would cheerfully pay double premiums to relieve you of any cause for worry. The insurance company is going to get the best of me, though: I'll live long enough to pay in more than it will have to pay out."

"Of course you will!" she exclaimed confidently. "You're so big and strong it seems foolish—except for the baby. That's why we mustn't take any chances."

So cheerful and confident was Wentworth that he failed to notice the solemnity of the physician who examined him the next day. The doctor began with a joke, but he ended with a perplexed scowl.

"You certainly look as strong as a horse," he said. "But you're not," he added under his breath.

Then he made his report to Murray.

"Heart trouble," he explained. "The man may live twenty or thirty years or he may die to-morrow. My personal opinion is that he will die within two years."

Murray was startled and distressed. Wentworth was his close personal friend, and to refuse his application after he had striven so hard to get it seemed heartless

and cruel, especially as the refusal would have to be accompanied by an explanation that would be much like a death-warrant. Of course, he was in no way responsible for the conditions that existed, but it would seem as if he were putting a limit on his friend's life.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Positive," replied the physician. "It is an impossible risk."

"Did you tell him?"

"No."

"And I am to dine with him and his wife to-night," said Murray. "They will be sure to ask about the policy."

Murray was tempted to send word that he could not come, but it was rather late for that. Besides, the information would have to be given some time, so what advantage could there be in procrastinating? But it came to him as a shock. The news of actual death would hardly have affected him more seriously, for it seemed like a calamity with which he was personally identified and for which he was largely responsible. He knew that he was not, but he could not banish the disquieting feeling that he was. He closed his desk and walked slowly and thoughtfully to Wentworth's house. It was a long walk; he could easily have put in another half-hour at the office had he chosen to take the elevated; but he was in no humor for business and he preferred to walk. It gave him additional time for thought. He must decide when and how he would tell Wentworth, and it is no easy task to tell a friend that his hold upon life is too slight to make him a possible insurance risk. He would not do it to-night. It would be nothing short of brutal to so spoil a pleasant evening. Wentworth would have the knowledge soon enough, even with this respite, and he was entitled to as much of joyousness and pleasure as could be given him. But Murray was noticeably dispirited. He tried to be as jovial as usual, but he found himself looking at his friend much as he

would have looked at a condemned man. There was sympathy and pity in his face. He wondered when the hour of fate would arrive. Might it not be that very evening? A moment of temporary excitement might be fatal; anything in the nature of a shock might mean the end. Indeed, the very information that he had to give might be the one thing needed to snap the cord of life. If so, he would feel that he had really killed his friend, and yet he had no choice in the matter: he must refuse and he must explain why he refused. If it had been his own personal risk, he would have taken it cheerfully, but even had he so desired, he could not take it for the company in the face of the doctor's report.

"What makes you so solemn?" asked Mrs. Wentworth. "You look as if you had lost your best friend."

"I feel as if I had," Murray replied thoughtlessly, and then he hastened to explain that some business affairs disturbed and worried him.

"But your victory over Stanley ought to make you cheerful," she insisted. "Think of finally winning after so long a fight!"

"When will I get the policy?" asked Wentworth.

"Policies are written at the home office," answered Murray evasively.

"But the insurance becomes effective when the application is accepted and the first premium paid, doesn't it?" asked Wentworth.

"Yes," answered Murray.

"Well, now that I am at last converted to insurance I am an enthusiast," laughed Wentworth. "We won't waste any time at all. Get out your little checkbook, Helen, and give Murray a check for the first premium. I'll make it good to you to-morrow."

"I don't believe I could accept it now," said Murray hesitatingly. "There are certain forms, you know—"

"Oh, well, I'll send you a check the

first thing in the morning," interrupted Wentworth. "Perhaps it isn't just the thing to turn a little family dinner into a business conference."

"Better wait till you hear from me," advised Murray, and his face showed his distress. He wished to avoid anything unpleasant at this time, but he was being driven into a corner.

"Is—is anything wrong?" asked Mrs. Wentworth anxiously.

"There is an extraordinary amount of red tape to the insurance business," explained Murray, and the fact that he was very ill at ease did not escape the notice of Wentworth. The latter said nothing, but he lost his jovial air and he watched Murray as closely as Murray had previously watched him. It did not take him long to discover that Murray was abstracted and uncomfortable; that he was a prey to painful thoughts and kept track of the conversation only by a strong effort of will. Mrs. Wentworth, too, discovered that something was wrong, and when the men retired to the library to smoke she went to her own room in a very unhappy frame of mind. She was sure that Murray had some bad news for her husband, but it did not occur to her that it concerned the insurance policy; it probably related to some business venture, she thought, for she knew that her husband had recently lost money and had still more invested in a speculative enterprise. Well, he would get the news from Murray, and she would get it from him.

Murray did not remain long, and he went out very quietly. Usually the two men laughed and joked at parting, but there was something subdued about them this time. As they paused for a moment at the door, she heard her husband say, "That's all right, old man; it isn't your fault." Then, instead of coming to her, he put on his hat and left the house almost immediately after Murray had gone.

It was late when he came back, but she was waiting for him, and his face fright-

ened her. He seemed to have aged twenty years in a few hours; he was haggard and pale and there was something of fear in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You look sick."

"A little tired," he answered, with an attempt at carelessness. "I'll be all right to-morrow."

"Mr. Murray was troubled, too," she persisted. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, Murray has been unfortunate in a little business affair," he explained.

"And you're concerned in it, too," she said.

"Yes," he admitted. "But it's all right, so don't worry."

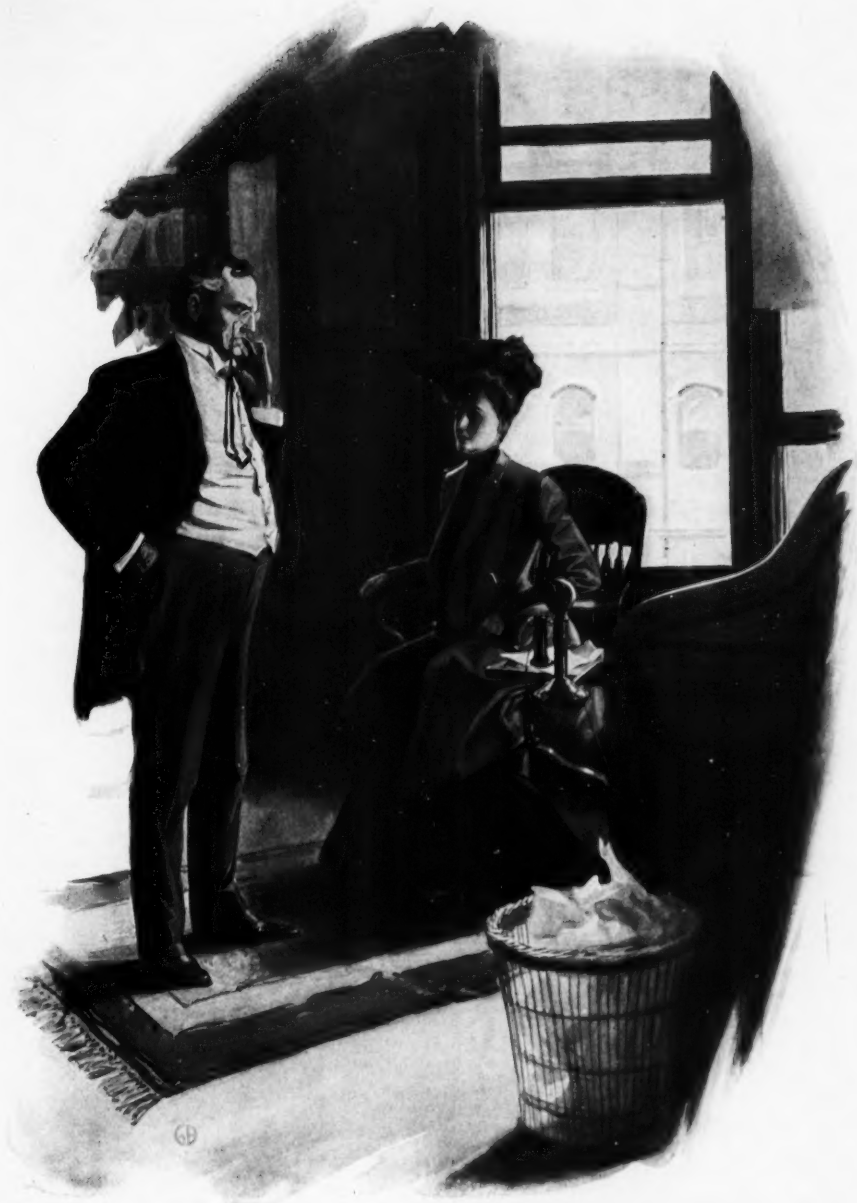
More he refused to say, but later in the night, waking suddenly, she heard him in the library, and, stealing downstairs, found him pacing the floor in his dressing-gown and slippers. He meekly went back to bed when she gently chided him, but he was restless and slept little.

The next morning he held her in his arms several minutes before leaving for the office, and he knelt for some time beside the baby's crib. It was such a leave-taking as might have been expected if he were going on a long journey. And she knew that he was withholding something from her.

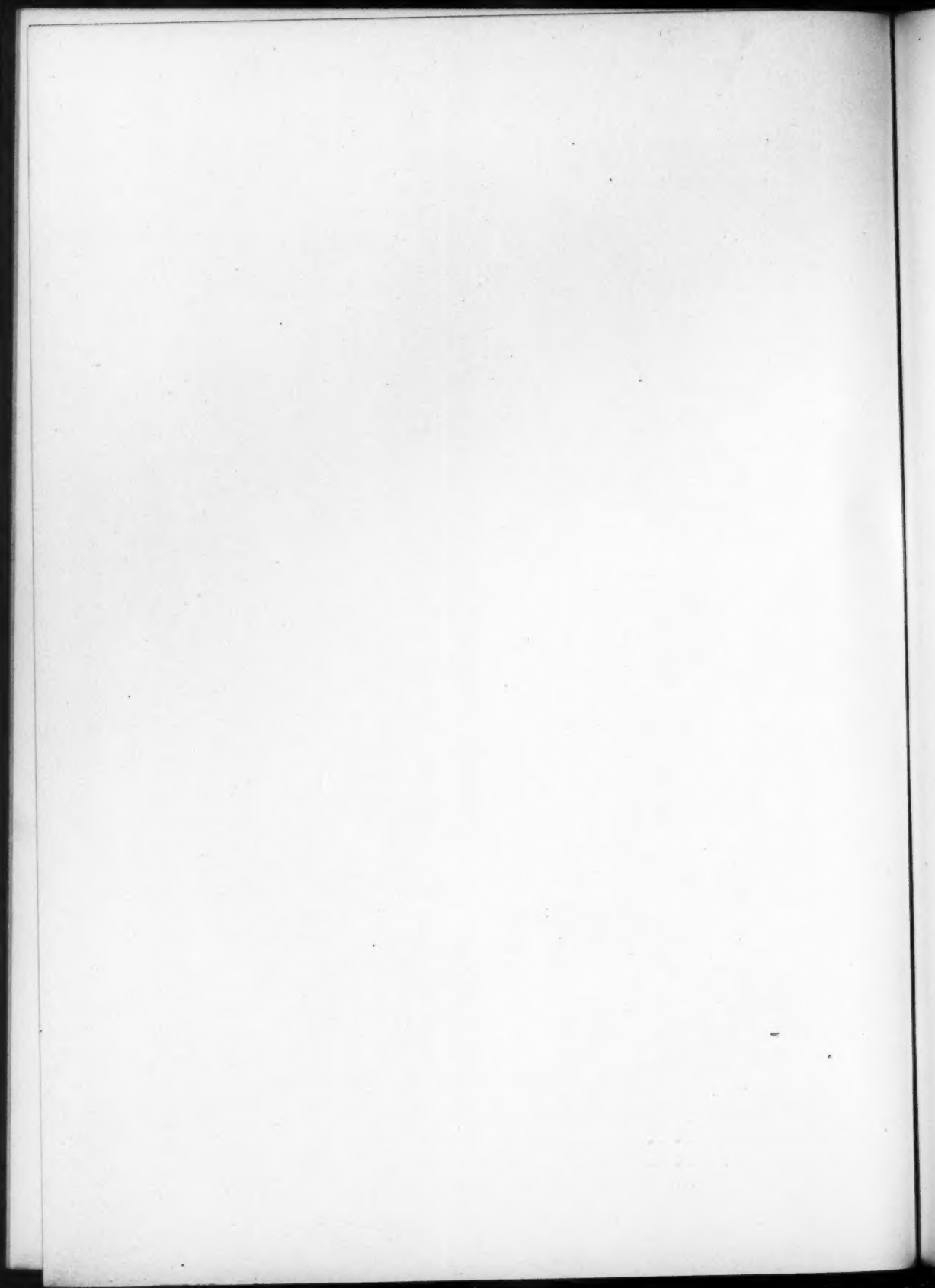
At the office he shut himself up for nearly the whole morning.

"It must be a mistake," he kept muttering. "That doctor is a fool. I'll try another company."

In the afternoon he put in an application and suggested that, as a matter of business convenience, he would like to be examined at once. Two days later he was politely informed that the company, on the advice of its physician, felt constrained to decline the risk. But the man who is condemned to death does not give up hope: he appeals to a higher court, holding to the last that an error of law or of fact will be discovered. Wentworth appealed his case, but the verdict of the



"YOU—YOU DIDN'T INSURE HIM?" SHE SAID INQUIRINGLY



specialist he consulted was the same: he might live many years, but he might die at any moment.

"I would advise you," said the physician, "to give up active business and to get your financial affairs in the best possible shape. If you are to live, you must take unusual precautions to avoid excitement and worry."

Avoid worry! What a mockery, when he was deprived of the opportunities to make proper provision for the little woman and the baby! He was well-to-do, but only so long as he continued to live and make money. Some investments he had, but they were neither numerous nor large, and not of a character that would be considered absolutely safe. He had invested to make money rather than to save it in most instances, so the amount that he had in really first-class securities was comparatively trifling.

"If I continue in business, how long can I expect to live, Doctor?" he asked.

"It is problematical," was the reply. "Frankly, I don't think I would give you more than two or three years of active business life, with the possibility of death at any moment during that time. Still, if you are careful, you ought to last two years."

Wentworth shuddered. He had told the physician to speak frankly, but it was horrible to have the limit of life set in this way.

"Retire from business," the doctor added, "go to some quiet place, and you *may* live as long as any other."

"But I can't!" cried Wentworth. "I haven't the money, and I must provide for the little woman and the baby. My God! how helpless they would be without me!"

Wentworth went from the doctor's office to the safe deposit vaults where he kept his securities. He was a desperate man now—a man who had deliberately decided to sacrifice his life for those he loved. He would continue in business another year—two years, if necessary and

the Lord permitted—and he would bend every energy to making provision for his little family. It might—nay, probably would—kill him, but what matter? To buy life at the expense of their future would be supremely selfish. And he might succeed before the fatal summons came: he might get his affairs in such shape in a year that he could retire with almost as good a chance of life as he had now—if he could stand the strain that long. But in his heart he felt that he was pronouncing his own doom. He might put the optimistic view of the situation in words, but he did not believe the words. A great fear—a fear that was almost a certainty—gripped at his heart.

"*Hic jacet!*" he said to himself, as he went over the securities and estimated the amount of available cash that he could command. He had speculated before and had been reasonably successful in most instances; he must speculate again, for in no other way could he bring his resources up to the point desired within the time limitations. The moment he reached this point he would put everything in stocks or bonds that would be absolutely safe. Indeed, he would do this as fast as he got a little ahead of the game.

Wentworth had speculated previously only with money that he could afford to lose; he was speculating now with his entire surplus. It had been a divertisement before; it was a business now. He had to win—and he lost. No one could be more careful than he, but his judgment was wrong. When he had given the markets no particular attention he had taken an occasional "flier" with success; when he made a study of conditions and discussed the situation with friendly authorities he found himself almost invariably in error.

There was something pathetic and disquieting in the affection and consideration that he displayed for his wife and child during this time. He endeavored to conceal his own distress, but morning after morning his wife clung to him and

looked anxiously into his face. He spoke cheerfully, but he grew daily more haggard, and she knew that he was concealing something. Once she asked about the life insurance policy.

"Oh, that's all settled," he replied, but he did not tell her how it was settled.

Finally she went to see Murray. He had brought the news that had made this great change in her husband, and he could tell her what was worrying him. Murray had not called since that evening. While in no sense responsible for it, he had been so closely identified with this blow that had fallen on his friend that he felt his presence, for a time at least, would be only an unpleasant reminder.

"I must know this secret," she told Murray. "It is killing Stanley. He is worried and anxious, and he is working himself to death in an effort to straighten out some complication."

"He mustn't do that!" exclaimed Murray quickly. "Work and worry are the two things for him to avoid."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Wentworth. Murray hesitated. He knew why Wentworth had kept this from his wife, but was it wise? The man was deliberately walking to his grave. Ought not his wife be informed in order that she might take the necessary steps to save him? It would be a breach of confidence, but did not the circumstances justify it? Wentworth was his friend, and he had a sincere regard for Mrs. Wentworth. Surely he ought not to stand idly by and witness a tragedy that he might prevent.

"Mrs. Wentworth," he said at last, "the thing that is worrying Stanley is the fact that we had to decline him as a risk."

"You—you didn't insure him?" she said inquiringly, as if she did not quite comprehend.

"No."

"He let me think you had."

"Because he did not wish to distress you, and I assure you, Mrs. Wentworth, I would not tell you this myself, were it

not for the fact that Stanley is doing the most unwise thing possible."

"I am very glad you did tell me," she said quietly. She was not an emotional woman, but the pallor of her face and something of anxious fright in her eyes told how deeply she felt. "What must I do?"

"Get him out of business and away from excitement," replied Murray. "In a quiet place, if he takes care of himself, he may live as long as any of us."

When Wentworth reached home that evening, the little woman, always affectionate, greeted him with unusual tenderness. She said nothing of her visit to Murray, but later she brought up the subject of moving to the country.

"I'm dreadfully worried about you, Stanley," she said. "You must take a vacation."

"I can't," he replied.

"But you must," she insisted. "You've been working too hard lately."

"Next year," he said, "I hope to get out of this city turmoil and take you away to some quiet place, where we can live for each other and the baby."

She went over and knelt beside him, as he leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair.

"Why not now?" she pleaded.

"My God! I can't Helen!" he cried. "I want to, but I can't! If you only knew—"

"I only know that you will break down, if you don't take a rest," she interrupted hastily. It would only add to his distress to learn that she knew his secret. "Don't you suppose I can see how you are overtaxing your strength? We must go away for a time, anyway."

"Little woman," he said, putting an arm round her, "it's a question of finance, and you never could understand that very well. When I get things in shape we will go, but not yet. I have some investments to watch, and," wearily, "things have gone rather against me lately. There are

lots of things to be done before I can take any extended vacation, and it is even a more serious matter to retire permanently. My earning capacity is about all we have to live on now."

"I thought you had money invested," she remarked.

"I had," he replied, "but it was not enough, and in trying to make it enough I made some wrong guesses on the market."

"Never mind," she said cheerily. "We'll make the best of what's left. We won't need much if we get away from this fearful life. It isn't money that the baby and I want; it's you, and we don't want you to die for us but to live for us."

Wentworth gave his wife a quick glance, for this was hitting very close to his secret; but he saw in her only the very natural anxiety of a loving wife who knew that her husband was overtaking his strength.

"You mean well," he said, "but you don't know."

Mrs. Wentworth was not a business woman, and she knew little of her husband's affairs, but she had a feeling that this question of life insurance was all that stood in the way of the precautions that he ought to take. He could get something for his interest in the business, if he retired, but not enough to make proper provision for her. He could take up some quiet pursuit and continue to make a little money as long as he lived, but he could leave only the most trifling income. And, in his efforts to improve matters, he had only made them worse. She understood that much.

There was an undercurrent of sadness, but still something beautiful, in the life that followed this conversation. All the little sympathetic attentions that love can suggest each gave to the other, while each worried in secret, seeking only to make life a little easier and more cheerful for the other. But Mrs. Wentworth was becoming as desperate as her husband, and even more unreasoning. Was

not her husband's life worth all the money of all the insurance companies? And were they not condemning him to death by their action? It was more than a risk that depended upon life; it was a life that depended upon the risk. In a little time she convinced herself that the insurance companies could save him and would not, failing utterly to appreciate the fact that, even with the greatest precautions, the chances were against him; that there was only a possibility that he might live longer than a few years, the probability being quite the reverse.

Murray was shocked when she called to see him again. The change in her husband was no greater than the change in her. Was not the man she loved committing suicide before her eyes? And was he not doing this for love of her and the baby? Would not such a condition of affairs make any woman desperate and unreasoning?

"Mr. Murray," she said, "if you are as good a friend to my husband as he has always been to you, you will save his life."

"I will do anything in my power, Mrs. Wentworth," replied Murray. "Nothing in life ever has so distressed me as this."

"Then give him the policy he wants."

"Impossible! Why, the doctor—"

"You can fix it with the doctor; you know you can! Or you can get another doctor to pass him! Oh, Mr. Murray! I am not asking for money; I am asking for life—for his life! It's suicide—murder! I want to get him away! I must get him away! But I can't while he fears for our future—the baby's and mine! He must provide for us, and he's losing the little he had! He can't stand it a month longer! Give him the policy, Mr. Murray, and I'll swear to you never to present it for payment! It's only for him that I ask it! You can give him life—give your friend life! Won't you do it?"

The tears were running down the lit-

tle woman's cheeks, and Murray could not trust himself to speak for a moment.

"Mrs. Wentworth," he said at last, "every cent I have is at your husband's disposal, if he needs it, but what you ask is utterly impossible. The risk would be refused at the home office, even if I passed it, for the fact that he has been refused by two other companies would be reported there."

In the case of another, Murray would have said more, but he knew that Mrs. Wentworth was quite beside herself and did not really appreciate that she was asking him to be dishonest with the company that employed him.

"He wouldn't touch a cent of the money of such a friend!" she exclaimed with sudden anger. "He's not a beggar, and neither am I! All I seek for him is the tranquillity that means life; all I ask is the removal of the anxiety that means death. And this little you will not do for a friend!"

It was bitter, it was harsh, it was unjustifiable, but Murray had forgiven her before she had ceased speaking. The depth of her feeling and the excitement under which she was laboring were sufficient to excuse her. But he felt as if he really were condemning his friend to death. Yet what could he do? He would cheerfully give a thousand dollars out of his own pocket to make things easier for the two suffering ones, but it was not a matter of ready cash. Wentworth had enough of that.

In the deepest distress Murray was pacing back and forth when the door opened and Wentworth himself staggered in. Murray was at his side in a moment and guided him to a chair.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Lost everything," Wentworth gasped. "Tried to protect—margined to limit—all gone!"

"But your interest in the business?"

"Sold it—to protect deal." He

seemed almost at the point of collapse, but he rallied for a moment. "Insurance!" he cried. "I must have it! Damn the company! You must put it through for me! You hear, Murray!" The man was almost crazy, and he spoke fiercely. "You've got to do it—for humanity's sake! Can't leave them penniless!"

"We'll talk about it to-morrow," said Murray soothingly.

"You lie, Murray!" the excited man cried. "You won't do it at all; you'll see them starve first, you—you dog! I'll kill you, if you don't—"

Wentworth had risen in frenzied fury, as he pictured the future of his loved ones; he swayed for an instant, and Murray caught him as he fell. He was dead before Murray could get him back into the chair.

* * * * *

Murray did all that any one could do for the bereaved woman and more than any one else would have done, for the next day he sent her this letter:

Dear Mrs. Wentworth: After a conference with our physician we decided that a small risk on Mr. Wentworth would be justified, and the matter was closed up yesterday afternoon just previous to his death. As a result of my close personal relations with him, I know that he left his affairs in rather a complicated condition, so, as it will take a little time to file the necessary proofs and get the money from the company, I am taking the liberty of sending you my personal check for the amount of the policy, \$1,000, and I hope that you will not hesitate to call on me for any service that it is in my power to render. With the deepest sympathy, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

DAVID MURRAY.

"A lie," he muttered, referring to the insurance item; "a cold, deliberate lie, but I feel better for telling it."

The second of Mr. Flower's insurance stories, "An Incidental Comedy," will appear in the November issue.

DEATH AND THE DRUMMING WHEELS

By Francis Lynde

VI

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION

The Last of a Series of Articles on the Loss of Life by Railway Accidents in America

IT has been said that the chief difference between a republican form of government and a despotism is that under one the people may buy in the open market what they are willing to pay for, while under the other the market is closed to them.

Letting the epigrammatic distinction stand for what it is worth, we of America have learned this: that if any considerable majority of us agree touching the necessity for change, the thing to be changed will either transform itself under the pressure of public opinion, or it will bend and break and give place to a substitute more nearly conforming to the public demand.

Taking this high ground, it becomes apparent that the first requisite in a campaign against the life-taking and life-marring railroad disaster is an aroused public interest which shall refuse to regard the 8,000-odd annual killings and the 64,000 woundings merely as a lamentable matter of course. Until this quickening of the public pulse shall be felt, there is little hope for reform. However high the moral standard of the individual railway manager may be, there is always the brute inertia of commercialism and money-getting to overcome; and this yields only to pressure from without.

There are many ways in which this pressure may be brought to bear. Let it be understood by the law-makers of state and nation that their constituencies expect more and better legislation in the life-protecting field, and the necessary le-

gal restraints will speedily evolve themselves. Let it be known by the management of any given railway line that a disaster chargeable to any of the preventable causes will divert its traffic to other and safer lines, and that management will turn itself inside out in the effort to shine as a star of the first magnitude in the safety heavens.

Let it be felt by the negligent railway employé that his fault will not be condoned by misplaced public sympathy; that his crime will make him a criminal, meriting the public opprobrium resting upon other criminals; that proved guilt on his part will as surely send him to the penitentiary as if he had contributed to the killing or maiming of his fellow citizens in some other way; and he will think twice before he takes the thousand-and-one chances, which, under present conditions, he takes in every year of his workaday life. Let it be known to coroner's juries, to grand juries, to prosecuting and executive officers of the law that an aroused and healthy public sentiment demands exact justice in the case of the errant carrier servant, be he yard roustabout or general manager, and the wave of reform will rise to a still higher tide-mark.

Lacking this pressure from without, little can be expected in the way of betterment; of a reduction of the ghastly totals. No sane railway management courts disaster. To say nothing of the immorality of killing and wounding people in a railroad wreck, it is far too costly

to be considered as anything more than a remote possibility. But so long as public sentiment is on the side of the money-changers, the nine parts of expenditure will always outweigh the one part of hazard in the computation of the executive or operating officer.

Assuming that public interest in the subject of public safety has been quickened to the point of demanding the absolute minimizing of life-taking accidents, let us glance briefly at some of the safety steps which might be taken by a progressive railway management.

The first step would be a thorough and drastic purging of that part of the service whose units have to do with the handling of trains; a weeding out of the incompetents, and the establishing of an employment system which should go deep enough into the qualifications of the applicant to determine whether or not he could be fashioned into a fit man.

Next in order would come a systematic training of the apprentice, looking forward to the time when the responsibility for the safety of life and property would rest upon his shoulders. Technical training of a certain sort he gets at present, to be sure; but in the service of our progressive company this training would be educational, not only on the hand- and head-skilled side, but also in the field of moral responsibility.

Having such a force of competent men, post-graduates and preparatory, the progressive company would not stick at the expense necessary to its maintenance and retention. Rest intervals would be proportioned to the strain of the working day rather than to its length, and they would be as regular as the exigencies of the service would permit. Care and sympathetic supervision of the working force—that kind of care given by the coach to the crew he is training for a critical race—would be the first concern of the chief operating officer. Under such supervision, which would be paternal in the best sense

of the much-abused word, the sick man would be promptly relieved and given a chance to recover—without going hungry in the process. And lastly, the tenure of employment on such a line—and this should be as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—would be for “life or good behavior.”

Granting these reforms in the personnel of the rank and file, and in the manner of its handling, the wreck due to incompetence, to overworked employes, to criminal negligence and to bad discipline would disappear entirely or become so rare as to be an anomaly. For, be the latent cause what it may, the active cause of the preventable accident is always the lapse of one or more of the human factors; and these factors in that part of the problem under consideration are the train-service employes.

Next after the reintegration of its operating army, our model company would see to it that false economy had no place in its annual budget; that corporate parsimony should add no new names to the list of killed and wounded. I am not saying that this might not mean a receivership in some instances. It doubtless would. But if the public safety can be conserved only by the reorganization of an overcapitalized company, that small minority of the public financially concerned should be required to grin and bear it. Yet in many instances greed and not the financial necessity is at the bottom of the false economy; and in such a strait the board of control of our progressive company would not hesitate an instant between the reduction or the passing of a dividend and such a scaling down of the pay-rolls as would impair the effectiveness of its working force and imperil human life.

In the still broader field this model railroad company would be strictly law-abiding; or, rather, for the sake of winning the approbation—and patronage—of a critical public, it would anticipate the re-

quirements of the safety laws. Its city terminals would be designed and constructed in such fashion as to make the street-crossing accident impossible, and it would gain thereby in the safe and speedy handling of traffic more than it would lose by the increased expenditure. It would consider the fenced-in yards and right-of-way as necessary as they have always been considered in England. It would place competent flagmen and practicable gates at all street crossings where tunnels or viaducts were out of the question. It would cause all of its trains—not a varying proportion of them—to come to a full stop at all grade crossings with other railways; and it would abolish, so far as bridges or subways could be constructed, the deadly country-road crossing.

In the matter of safety appliances it would also anticipate, not the mere letter of the law, but its spirit. A practicable safety car-coupler, and one which barely falls within the requirements of the Federal law, are two very different things; and so are a practicable train-power brake which will actually stop a train, and one which merely presents to the eye of the inspector the legal percentage of brake-equipped cars.

But the model line, which is bidding for public favor and patronage under the new régime, would keep a step in advance of the legal requirements; it might even take a leaf out of the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company's book, and make it worth while for its draftsmen and shopmen to perfect improvements in the mechanism, placing a little premium, perhaps, upon the home-grown invention which would conduce to the safer handling of traffic.

In the maintenance and improvement of its permanent way, this line would make every dollar count, not only for to-day, but for a succession of to-morrows. The curse of American construction is temporariness, impermanence. As a people we are so eager to reap that we plow indiffer-

ently and sow wastefully. The life of wooden cross-ties embedded in an earthen embankment is comparatively short, and the yielding of the earth also shortens the life of the rail. The lives of both are greatly lengthened, and the safety of the line substantially increased, by well-drained rock ballasting. Yet, notwithstanding the great strides in railway improvement made in the last decade, the rock-ballasted road, outside of the Eastern and Middle States, is the exception rather than the rule.

The stock objection to rock ballasting and to all the more costly permanences is the expense. It is urged that these increased construction outlays would make the building of many lines impracticable from a financial point of view, and it is also asserted that a campaign of improvement such as is here outlined would bankrupt many of the existing lines.

Answering the first of these objections, it is freely suggested that the present average capitalization of over \$60,000 a mile is amply sufficient to build and equip in the most substantial manner under ordinary conditions; would so build and equip under an honest expenditure. But it is a well-proved charge that few existing lines have had the benefit of a dollar-for-dollar expenditure in construction and equipment. And the public assurance of safety had been lessened by just so much as the cupidity of successive manipulators have been able to sweat out of the difference between cost and contribution.

And as to the assertion that the outlined campaign of improvement would spell bankruptcy for some of the companies, it is submitted that this is a matter in which the general public, looking now to its own well-being and safety, is not vitally concerned.

It is admitted on all hands that the business of transportation by rail has grown to the magnitude of a quasi-public function; indeed, in some other countries it is discharged by the public itself. But

since in America the service is confided to private corporations, operated primarily for profit to themselves, the public has a right to require that this service be performed with due regard for the safety of life and limb—this without reference to, or any special regard for, the corporation's profits in particular instances.

However, we will assume that our model company has reconstructed its operating force on progressive lines, is anticipating as best it may all possible legal requirements in the way of safety appliances, has rock ballasted its road, and is confronting the block-signal question. In its case, in no uncertain sense, the necessity for this last and most expensive betterment has in a great measure disappeared.

The time-interval, or non-block method of handling trains comes short of safety only when the human factor fails; but this is also true of the block system in the great majority of instances. If train-service employes are competent and well drilled, fit physically and mentally for their duties, the uncertain quality in the human factor is to a great extent eliminated, and the need for mechanical protection is less pressing.

There is a great diversity of opinion among those qualified to speak with authority as to which is the safer, the time-interval or the space-interval. Critics of the Interstate Commerce school advocate the block system unhesitatingly, and some railroad managers claim that the way to absolute safety in the collision field lies in the perfection of some method of purely mechanical train handling. On the other hand, so sound an authority as Mr. P. H. Houlahan, superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph part of the Burlington System, freeing his mind to a reporter of the *Kansas City Star*, says this:

"You can labor from now till you are a hundred years old trying to equip railroads with every conceivable device to secure safety, and yet you will have disasters unless you realize the great funda-

mental requirement of judgment—brains. No invention, however efficient, will take the place of a man with a cool head, who can reason rapidly and accurately in times when lives are hanging on seconds. Block signals may become clogged and fail to work, a telegraphic order may have doubtful meaning, a switch lamp may be turned wrong, or a hundred other things may happen that would furnish an excuse for a man to say: 'It wasn't my fault.' But going down to the bottom of railroading, you want to impress upon men who have to do with the running of trains that their judgment is the real reliance; their knowledge of what to do when the emergency arises. You will notice from reading accounts of railroad wrecks last winter that some of them were on lines equipped with every known device to prevent just such accidents as happened.

"I am not one of those who believe men should be retired from active service when they have passed forty or fifty years. It requires from thirty-five to forty years to ripen some intellects into perfect judgment. The man of forty generally has been tried by fire and he thereafter avoids the conflagration. Like the general on the battle-field, he knows what's best to do. A younger man might take his chances on a sharp curve or over a yard full of switches. The veteran will begin to cut off steam at the proper moment and reduce his speed, making up time on the next fair stretch.

"Brains are a matter of development in railroading as in everything else. You can't find any mechanical substitute, though you line the track from beginning to end with automatic devices. Just as you come to rely on mechanical contrivances instead of men, just in proportion will accidents increase. When I'm riding in a sleeper I rest easier if I know there's a man of nerve and judgment in the cab than I should if the way were sparkling with signals. I'm a friend to every possible appliance for safety, but I'm a

greater believer in a system that relies upon human agencies as the chief safeguard. The reason? Why, God made man, and man made the inventions. The Master's work is the better."

As against this opinion of a time-tried operating officer of one of the best-managed companies in the West,—so far as the opinion applies to mechanical signaling devices,—the operating staff of our model road would be required to consider the fact that one-seventh of the entire mileage of the United States is at present operated under some sort of block system; that a majority of the managers of the great systems seem to be convinced of its utility, since they are using it on some parts of their lines; and that of the most notable of the accidents referred to by Mr. Houlahan, only one appears to have been due to a failure of the signaling mechanism.

In deciding this question for or against, the staff of the progressive railway would use judgment and common sense. On "hot" sections of its track, where the space-interval would conduce to the safety and security of life and property, it would doubtless install the most approved block system. On sections where less strenuous traffic conditions prevailed, it would probably be content to use the time-interval method, relying confidently upon the trustworthiness of its well-sifted rank and file, upon time-card rules double-distilled to free them from the final trace of ambiguity, and upon the back-stiffening effect of good discipline.

The preventives here suggested are all within easy reach, and it rests with the American public to determine whether it is worth while to insist that the railway companies shall set a higher price upon human life. It is a law of nature that like breeds like; and if indifference and a disregard for its own safety on the part of the public has engendered apparent hard-heartedness in the railway management, it is small wonder.

And it may be taken on the word of an

insider that the hard-heartedness is only apparent, if the term be applied to the actual operating officer. Aside from the business aspect of the accident, its cost and consequences to his company in dollars and cents, and in the diversion of traffic which is almost sure to follow, he is a man like other men, with as great a horror of the killings and woundings, perhaps, as the gentlest of the gentle readers of this article. In no uncertain sense he is powerless to prevent many of the annual disasters, more especially where the preventive measure spells increased expenditure. And when you begin to bring pressure to bear; when you begin to talk of heavier steel and ballasted tracks and costly block systems, he will fight like a soldier to preserve the earnings of his company—being salaried and retained for that chief end of commercialism.

None the less, when the battle is fought and won; when an aroused and indignant public has made the Board of Control, or the Advisory Committee, or whatever purse-holder stands at the head of the official line, yield the point of safety; he will be the first to welcome the new order of things; will be immensely relieved, if the truth were known, to feel that his recommendations pointing toward life-saving betterments dare no longer be ignored.

On the side of public effort it would be unjust to a hard-working sub-department of the General Government, as well as to the public sentiment which has created it, to close this discussion without a word commendatory of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and its praiseworthy plowing in the field we have been traversing.

Limited at first to the supervision and regulation of interstate traffic conditions, the scope of the Commission was later extended to cover the accident field. Being an administrative body, with only extra-judicial powers, the Commission can act in the disaster department in little more than an advisory capacity. Nevertheless,

its work in this field has been gratefully corrective.

The compliance, partial or entire, of the companies with the requirements of the Safety Appliance law has been due in no small measure to the energy of the commission and to the vigilance of its little group of inspectors. And in the department of statistics and publicity it has been as active and aggressive as an administrative body, with its duties and prerogative pretty clearly defined by law, could well be.

For each quarter of the year an accident bulletin is issued which falls short of the object this present writer is trying to attain only by reason of its being a public document and so—in the minds of many—a thing unreadable by any living man. And at the close of each fiscal year the Commission publishes an annual report and a volume of statistics on railways, either or both of which would be bought and read thoughtfully if they were for sale, but which share the dusty oblivion of the top shelf in the newspaper office and elsewhere because they are given away.

In its advisory capacity the Commission has also done good work in suggesting and urging corrective legislation. But its efforts in this direction are to a great extent nullified by public apathy. When legislators are made to understand that their constituencies are no longer indifferent to conditions which permit the killing and wounding of over 73,000 persons annually, they will find a group of competent men in the Interstate office ready and willing to tell them how to go about the bill-drafting.

But while we look to coercive measures for much of the relief which is our due, the condemnation of the railway management should not be so sweeping as to minimize the honest effort of the honest management, not only to comply with the provisions of the law, but to strike out for itself new lines of reform.

Such companies there be, and their names appear with gratifying infrequency in the disaster lists. One of them, the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, whose locomotive whistles flute cheerfully at all hours of the day and night within ear-reach of this writing-table, has an operated mileage of 1,200 miles, is rising half a century old, and can make good the boast that it has never killed a passenger in a train wreck in all that time.

Another, whose southern terminal is also in sight from my study windows, has a main line of over three hundred miles which presents greater obstacles to fast running than, perhaps, any equal mileage in the United States. Yet its actual running time is as fast or faster than that of any other line south of the Ohio River, and its accident death rate is commendably small.

Among the greater systems the Vanderbilt lines in the East and the Burlington in the West are praiseworthy examples of good practice in modern rail-roading; and there are yet other headquarters offices where the man with the life-saving device, or the invention designed to make the service better and more effective, has a hearty welcome and a ready hearing.

On the side of reform in this, the voluntary field, the various associations of constructive and operating masters have done much. "Standardizing" has been the watchword of these associations, and very considerable strides toward uniformity in construction and practice have been taken.

By such peaceful means the train despatchers have succeeded in establishing standard rules for train handling which are now in use on over three-fourths of the aggregate mileage in the United States, and which have greatly lessened the risk of the "time-interval". The Master Car-Builders have fought effectively for uniform couplers, a standard height

from rail to drawhead, standard brake mechanism, and last, but by no means least, standard rules governing the handling of foreign cars.

One of these rules—one of many good ones—provides for a rigid inspection of all such cars upon their arrival at a terminal, and where it is enforced, the inspector tacks a "defective" card on the unsafe car, which is then returned to the delivering line for repairs. If the car be loaded with time freight, as is often the case, its lading is promptly transhipped, with a charge against the offending line.

All these movements toward internal reform are praiseworthy; characteristic, we may say, of an age not unjustly called progressive. But thus far all that has been done, or is doing, suffices only to keep the death and injury totals from increasing by leaps and bounds. That these totals are increasing steadily from year to year is the most discouraging feature of a problem which will be solved only when the American public shall be made to realize that it is fast approaching the magnitude of a national calamity, annually repeated.

"THE SEA IS HIS"

By Emery Pottle

WHEN God Almighty calls to me
 Across the deeps that were and are
 And ever more shalt be,
 I know His voice will thunder as the sea
 Beyond the harbor bar.

How should I know death's whisper wind
 Through forests, or the sounds of Spring?
 I am not of their kind;
 How should I heed His cry in wheels that grind
 In towns and trafficking?

No chart, no beacon in the dark
 I crave of Him,—naught save the boom
 Of surf; so would I hark
 Unto His shout from out the secret gloom,
 Alone in night's wild room.

Out of the seas I've loved so long,
 Out of the storm and wind-lashed foam,
 In mighty waves and strong,
 Sweeping my soul from this small coast I roam,
 O God Almighty, call me home!

THE CATTLE ON THE HILLS

By Hector Fuller

Mr. Fuller's brilliant achievements in the far East as war correspondent for *The Indianapolis News* have made his name known wherever newspapers are read. "The Cattle on the Hills" is the first story he has published since his return to the United States. Later issues of *The Reader Magazine* will contain, exclusively, the detailed account of Mr. Fuller's hazardous journey into Port Arthur, his experiences while a prisoner there and his thrilling voyage back across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. These articles will be entitled "From Cheefoo to Cheefoo."

IT was at Wei-hai-wei I saw them first. You know the Gulf of Pe-chi-li was pretty well dotted with floating mines about the end of May. The Japs said it was the Russians turning 'em afloat; the Russian retorted that such an impolite trap of warfare could only emanate from the yellow men. All the neutrals who had shipping in those seas kicked as much as they dared; the owners wrote letters to the press which descanted on the brutality of such carelessness for human life, but all the same innocent ships, and some not quite so innocent, continued, every once in a while, to run their forefeet on one of those ugly looking bumps in the water and—there was one good ship the less.

It was because of these stray mines knocking about—I saw one, red-topped and covered all over with percussion spikes like a huge prickly pear, in *Lat. 39:06 N. Long. 122:13 E.* and duly reported it—that all of Butterfield and Swire's boats were ordered not to proceed after darkness fell. You know even two Chinese keeping watch in the eyes of the ship can't see mines by moonlight. So as we couldn't make Cheefoo before ten o'clock or thereabouts we had to put in to Wei-hai-wei. There were three or four men-of-war lying about in the harbor and the *Times* despatch boat, the *Haimun*, had her wireless telegraphy mast waving above the town. We were going to hike on early in the morning, so we anchored with the *Yochow* at the harbor entrance and I went ashore.

I had a pretty good time at the United Service Club and a fine highball mixed by the jolly chaplain of *H. M. S. Temeraire* and started aboard again about ten o'clock. My sampan was waiting, and as I stepped in a man rose up out of the darkness and said: "Pardon, you going off to *Yochow*?"

"Yes," I said, rather curtly, for one does not care about being polite to beachcombers in North China.

"I should be obliged if you would put me on board."

Of course I took him, and when he was in the stern-sheets he just looked steadily at the *Yochow*, toward which we were pulling, and didn't say a word. I watched him up the gangway and over the side while I paid the boatman, and when I got aboard I forgot him.

It was the skipper called me up on the bridge about half an hour later and said: "What do you think of this. This chap wants me to deadhead him to Cheefoo. Says he's a refugee from Dalny; lost one of his partners overboard on the way. Bit suspicious, I think."

In the light of the chart-house I took closer stock of my man. He looked simple enough, but ill-used by wind and weather. His face was unshaven and dirty; his clothes, of poor material and cut, were soiled and wrinkled.

As I looked at him he said:

"And I have no money got."

He spoke English but lamely, yet he could make himself readily understood. This is what he told me.

"Two years I live Dalny; all time work electric light place. Ten, eleven, twelve days ago we all hear Japanese only two *versts* from Dalny. Coming down strong. My boss, Mr. Edgreen, he say 'more better we get out.' He send him Chinese boy on yatch to go Cheefoo. Give China boy his clothes and his money, he say he come on junk. Another man in Dalny, work for oil company, frien' of mine; he get scared of army coming, so we three get big junk; no Chinaman, and we come away."

"Where's the others?" I asked.

"I come to that. My chum, he Billy Malone, a very good sailor—Mr. Edgreen he good sailor, too. Those two steer the junk. I sort of roustabout. Also I cook. The second night come terrible storm, rain, lightning, thunder, much wind. I in bow of boat and bye and bye Malone he cry out: 'Man overboard,' just like that: 'Man overboard.' It was big wave come aboard and wash away Mr. Edgreen, who was steering. Then Malone he steer. We never see Mr. Edgreen again. Wind die down in the morning and we come this side Wei-hai-wei—and now I want get Cheefoo, see maybe Mr. Edgreen's Chinese boy my clothes have got."

It was a straight enough yarn, even for a dark night at Wei-hai-wei, but somehow it didn't sound straight. The skipper wanted to fire the chap ashore, but in a way I felt sorry for him, and knowing by past experience that the drop from first-class cabin to the beach is so fatally easy, and so likely to happen to any one, I asked the skipper what the fare was to Cheefoo and being told seven dollars, *Mex.*, was about to pay it. The chap was still thanking me when a smart boat pulled alongside and a fellow, about four feet high, in a khaki uniform came aboard and asked for the skipper.

While he was away I questioned the stranger again; learned that his name was Edmund Sissovic—he had to write

it for me before I got it down pat—and I was getting quite interested in his yarn when the steward called me to join the skipper's conference. Then I found out that the man in khaki was an English policeman. He told us that Sissovic's partner was on shore drunk, and talking. That the alarm had gone out about Edgreen, who was the richest foreigner in Dalny, and it was feared that he had been robbed and murdered.

I put my seven dollars back in my pocket and watched Sissovic go ashore into the darkness.

* * * * *

"Sure, I tell you its good wine. First-class vintage, brought out here for the Russian trade. It's dirt cheap, too, only me and my partner needs the money."

I looked up from the billiard table in the Beach Hotel, Cheefoo, to see two picturesque loafers holding the manager in converse. The big man who had spoken was the beau ideal adventurer—there was romance in the cock of his hat; the dirty silk sash about his waist reeked of adventure.

One doesn't notice his neighbors much in the East; a man's business is his own as long as he doesn't blow about it, and even Americans get out of that habit after a month or two of contact with the silent ones.

But there was something about the partner of the man who had spoken that looked familiar and I lost my interest in the clicking balls trying to identify him.

"Yes, a bottle we will try," I heard him say, and when the bottle came, regal with gilded tinfoil and gaudy lettering—it opened with a loud report and fizzed like Michigan cider—then I saw that the stranger was Sissovic, and I wondered.

That evening I got him to myself.

"I am glad to see you because you was willing to pay my fare. Yes, that is my partner, Billy Malone. Oh, it was no trouble at Wei-hai-wei. You think, maybe the law does not run out here among

these so stinking Chinks! Ach, but they have good law got. You see, suppose man fall overboard, investigation necessarily must have, but there it ends, and so Billy Malone and myself, courting investigation, can only say that Mr. Edgreen is no more and the law must protect us and let us go. To-day we sell some wine—champagne for Russian officer—which Mr. Malone send over from Dalny, and to-night I much money have got. Come and have a drink."

So that was the way of it. The death of Edgreen was certain, but it was not certain how that death happened, and so—well, no one had a right to say that Malone and Sissovics were murderers.

I saw a good bit of them about the hotel. They blossomed out into new clothes; they had the finest rooms in the hotel; they ate and drank of the best and they lost more money at *vingt-et-un* at the Frenchman's place than could have possibly come out of a few cases of champagne. I couldn't help thinking of the "Ebb Tide" and wondering what had been in those mysterious bottles.

One evening at the dinner-table Sissovics, just drunk enough to be pleasant, leaned over my chair and begged that he might see me during the evening.

"It very important is—to you," he said. There was an air of mystery and eagerness about him, and I assented to the proposition that he and his partner should come to my room.

The hour set was ten o'clock, and promptly on time they came in, each one grasping a quart bottle of that gaudy champagne by the neck. Malone sat on the edge of my bed and acted as bartender.

"Now look here," said Malone, "I don't know you very well, but Sissy, here, says you're all right, and he wants to let you in on our scheme. The more so as we got the idea from you."

"From me?" I had not talked to Malone.

"Yes. You're the duck that went over to the Liao-tung peninsula the other day, ain't you? Well, you know what you said about Mia-tau island? Well, I been thinking. You reported that there's just one Chink family over there, mostly naked, you said. You also said that the island was just about covered with fine cattle. We've investigated that and it's all right. There's just one hundred and thirty-seven beef animals, counting cows, and a herd of about forty burros. Now, you don't have to come in on this, but if you don't come in you won't give us away, will you?"

I promised.

"If you did, you know, some Chink might knife you," added Malone, with a grin that I did not like.

"Well, Sissy, here, and myself have got a junk—a good big un. We bought it outright from that son of a gun, Ming-hai, robber that he is, and we've fired the crew. In the forehold we've got three as sweet looking Winchesters, forty-fours, as you want to see, and to-morrow morning, early, we hit out for Mia-tau and them steers."

"Buy 'em?" I asked, casually.

"Have 'nother drink," said Sissovics.

"You see," went on Malone, drinking wine out of the glass from which he had just dumped my toothbrushes, "I have done more than a bit of trade with the Ruskeys, and they're damn good fellows and damn liberal with their money. In spite of all the Japs say, Port Arthur ain't properly blockaded, and I know a little cove, just to the south'ard of Louisa Bay, where we can land that beef. It's only a twenty-mile run, and with a fair breeze we can leave Mia-tau at midnight and hit the peninsula at dawn. There's a chance, of course, that the Ruskeys will snaffle the cattle before we have a chance to sell 'em, but if they do I know some officers in Port Arthur who won't stand for the grab; 'specially when we fix it to let 'em in on the deal."

"But what do you want me for?" I asked. "I have no coin to waste."

"Ter hell with the money. We don't want any Chinks in this game at all, and I don't see how any less than three men can handle that junk. Even as it is we won't be able to hoist the mainsail without a watch-tackle. You come and be the third hand, and handle one of them Winchestersters. You gave us the tip, unconsciously of course, but we'll set that off against what we've paid for the junk and so on."

In many ways the adventure appealed to me. It looked ridiculously easy, but I wouldn't take snap-shot judgment and so promised to sleep on it.

Malone didn't like my caution, I saw that; so I helped him finish the wine and saw him to bed, and then I nailed Sisso-vics, alone.

"Now give us the straight of it," I said, "man to man. I'm not squeamish, but there are some things you might stand for that I couldn't. I'm either in with you, or I'll leave it alone."

"I do not quite like Malone's way," said Sisso-vics, hesitatingly, "Billy is so bloody minded. We got little bit money; maybe we could buy them cattle for cheap and sell 'em dear in Port Arthur. But Billy he don't like to pay out money. He say the Chinamen on Mia-tau no good; naked savages, and he say we hold 'em up and take cattle any how."

"That lets me out," I said.

"Suppose we buy them cattle, you go in?"

"Sure! Then its only a case of block-ade running with a big profit at the end."

"Well, I see Billy and try him. Sure, we want you. See you in the morning."

But he didn't! Next morning when I turned out they were gone, and almost hull down to the northwest I saw the lateen sail of a Chinese junk and knew that the enterprise was on—for good or ill.

Port Arthur had not fallen yet in spite

of the predictions, and, owing to con-sular difficulties, I had shifted down to the coast to Shanghai and was hanging out at the Astor House.

Two months had gone since Billy Malone and his partner had sailed from Chee-foo, and from them I heard no word.

It was close on to midnight when my Chinese boy came up and said:

"Have got man?"

"Man? To see me?"

"Yep. Below-side belong him. Wantchly see?"

"First-chop man, belong, boy?"

"Allee same sailor man, belong. Dlink some!"

Well, a drunken sailor man did not sound promising at that hour of the night, but I told Foo Low to bring him up, and I was not greatly surprised to find myself looking into the tired eyes of Sisso-vics.

"What the devil—" I began.

"A drink, I would like," he said weakly, and dropped into a chair.

He looked as if he needed a drink. His appearance now reminded me forcibly of that night in Wei-hai-wei. Once more his clothes were ragged and dirty; his face unshaven; his eyes bloodshot. Evidently he had seen things since he had left my room that night in Cheefoo.

He grabbed my bottle of Scotch a trifle eagerly when I produced it, and while I was getting the potash for him he poured out and drank half a tumblerful—neat.

I reserved my patience, also, while I ordered two club sandwiches and watched him devour them both with wolfish bites.

He wiped his greasy beard on the cuff of his greasy coat; turned toward me and said:

"Ach Gott! dot is good."

He didn't look me in the eye and I was wise enough not to question him.

"Vell?" he said, presently, the note of interrogation strong.

"Well," I rejoined, "feel better?"

"You bet," was the reply.

Silence for the space of a minute.

Then:

"Billy Malone, my partner, you know, be dead."

"So," I said carelessly.

"Yah. Der Japs get 'm," said Sisso-
vics, shaking his head.

"Help yourself to a drink," I said.
So, my friend of the silk sash had got his
pay.

"Yah, he's dead," said Sisso-
vics, as he
gulped down the whisky; then, as an
afterthought: "Me, I got damn narrer
escape, also.

"I tell you," went on Sisso-
vics, "'cause
it was you, you know, what caused me to
be like this now—what caused poor Billy
Malone to be a dead one. It was all your
fault."

"Mine," I said, savagely.

"Yah, dot is so. Billy Malone vos an
educated man. All the time he watch the
papers for chances, for schemes, for any-
thing. One day he see dot cablegram
you send to your newspaper about your
trip to de Gulf of Pe-chi-li and your stop
at Mia-tau. Dose cattle you mention
stick in Billy's head and by-'n'-by he
convince me and we go after dem. You
—we offer to go, too—damn lucky, Billy
no want to take you. He say more better,
only share between two.

"Dot morning we sail away from Chee-
foo, Billy in fine shape. On board plen-
ty champagne have got, and Billy he
drink much and laugh and sing; all same
pirate. 'Ter hell with the Chinks,' he say
all the time, and he look at the fine Win-
chesters.

"We have good wind and by night
time we make Mia-tau island. But Billy
he no land. He say we lay off all night.
So we lower the mainsail and only keep
up the dinkey little foresail, all made of
flour sacks and old breeches, and all night
long we beat about in the open sea. Four,
five times we sail all around dot island.

"When morning come we run the junk

right up on the beach opposite the little
cove where dose Chinese live. All of dem
come out to see us. You know, 'cause you
was there. Altogether there was seven of
'em; two men, one old woman, two young
women and three kids about twelve or
fourteen years old.

"Billy he *savey* Chinese little bit, but
these people they do not his dialect fer-
stay, but anyway we goes ashore and
makes believe we wants water. Dere is
one well only on that whole island and the
water is all green and thick like soup, and
poisonous, but Billy says we got to drink
it just for a bluff.

"Ach! I can it yet taste."

Here Sisso-
vics spat on my carpet and
then took another drink of Scotch.

"Then what?" I said. "Was it the
water killed Malone?"

"No," he replied. "It was as you said,
the cattles was all about the hills. Grass
for them to eat I see little of, but they all
fat and fine. I say to Billy: 'How der
devil we drive all this beef on board
junk?'"

"'Easy 'nuff,' says Billy. 'Dere only
one well is; no other water on island.
Suppose night time come, cattle must
come down here to drink. Den we get
him.'

"So Billy und me we got a lot of rope
from the junk and we make all same
fence down to the beach. We take the
hatches from the top of the hold and we
make a slanting runway up to the deck
—you know dem junks ain't got any
freeboard. We make a big opening on
the shore, all the same letter Y, so cat-
tle can drive in, so,—into der lane, und so
—on board. There we have lots of rope,
two fathom pieces with a slip noose; each
rope for one beef—see?

"I tell you dot was funny. All day
Billy he make dem Chinese help us. Dey
help us with der ropes; they help us with
der fence. 'Und, by Gott,' says Billy,
'come night time I'll make the beggars
help us drive the beef on board.' Und

all der time, und all day we could hear the 'boom' of der big guns at Port Arthur, only twenty miles away. In der afternoon Billy and I climbs up der mountain side, clear to der top, and all about we could see torpedo boats. Some was Japanese, but I think some was Ruskeys, too. Dey was holding up all the junks that was in sight, no matter whether they was northward or southward bound. Through the glasses we could see the officers go aboard and search dem for contrabands of war. I says to Billy, maybe we don't get through, eh?

"But Billy says: 'You fool, at night time torpedo boats show no lights. We have no lights either. Suppose we keep quiet; we can slip by all right.'

"All right," I says, but I was horrible scared just der same. Well, sir, just as Billy says, as the sun goes down here comes all the cattle down to drink and the Chinese drawing up water for them out of that one stinking well.

"Let 'em water 'em good,' says Billy, 'they'll weigh more when we get 'em over.' I tell you dot man was a caution!

"The trouble come when we began to drive 'em. Billy und I starts, and we gets two fine-looking steers right in our passageway and dey walks aboard as easy as you please. We ties dem wid the ropes and goes back for more. Such a hollering and a jabbering from the Chinks you never see, und one of them pulls up a big stone to mash my head, only Billy he hits him in the jaw, und knocks him down.

"Der man he gets up again and another man he come running with a big long knife and Billy he says, 'Come on, you damn fool,' to me, und runs on board the junk. It was not that he was afraid, it was the Winchesters to get. Into mine hands he shoves one and den he pumps the lever of the other, and as the Chink comes running with the big knife and begins to cut der rope of our

nice fence Billy lets him have a forty-four in der stomach. Gott! how dot report did sound, there in the twilight amid dose wonderful hills."

"For heaven's sake, don't be poetical," I said in disgust, "what happened next?"

"Why, den dose people all run into der stone house and close der door. Billy was for storming der house, but I told him more better we get beef on board. So we worked; jiminey, how we worked; und anyhow some of the cattles got frightened and run up on the mountain und we left 'em. By und by a girl from der house come, und she was a small girl, but she pick up der body of der man and carry him away. Billy was for having a shot at her, but I begged him to let her go.

"Und so, at about midnight we have about one hundred of dose beef aboard, und der wind was fair for Port Arthur, and Billy say more better we go.

"Und as we push off der junk—we had to warp her off with a kedge—those Chinese come out, und because they have no fire-arms they throw stones to us and one of them hit me on the leg. Then Billy he shoot again and one of der boys fall down and der Chinese run the house in once more.

"Der champagne was not yet all done, and so Billy give me a half a bottle and drinken two bottles himself and tell me go lie down—he steer.

"Und because I was sick my stomach in at der murders Billy had done, and because der wine was strong, I go sleep.

"I dream of cattles and Chinamen and of murders and of being hung und all such things, and den I dream dere was a fight and some one shooting at me and I see, in mine dream, a man with a rifle point at me, und he shoot—and I wake up.

"Then come another shot, sure enough one; dere was Billy yelling at me. It daylight already yet, und we was close to Reef Island, close to der Louisa Bay, and

dere was a torpedo boat of Japan coming for us, und dey was shooting and Billy Malone drunk, und mad, und crazy, was shooting back; und down in der hold der cattle all was snorting with fright and stamping about as if they would a hole in the bottom make. I was too much scared to think, but instead of grabbing one Winchester, as Billy says—I can not the whole Japanese navy fight—I slip me over der side and let her go.

“Und Billy he sail on and on, and he keep shooting and pumping der lever of the Winchester and the torpedo boat she come—oh, very fast—and as I swim away, und keep under water as much as possible, I see the torpedo boat hit dot junk in the middle, and junk und cattle und Billy all crumple up and nothing more can be seen but the torpedo boat.

“From the shore come the boom of a big gun und the torpedo boat turn around and go away; but, for me, I get to Reef Island und dere I waits me all day und all night, and next night a junk

come and take me off. She was bound for Newchang and from there I stow away on a cargo steamer and to-day I arrives me here. Und it was you dot caused der trouble und Billy’s death und—und—I guess me I take another drink.”

He got the drink and fell asleep there in my chair.

My trunks were packed and my steamer, the *Wingsang*, bound for Yokohama, sailed at daybreak. I did not disturb Sissoviets. I called Foo Low and had him search deftly the rags of the adventurer. He brought to light a roll of bills; notes of the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank, and, from another pocket, a bunch of Russian ten-rouble notes.

I left the whisky on the table, signaled to Foo Low, and, gathering up my wraps, I started for the steamer, glad to be saying my farewell to China.

And as I paused to look back for the last time, my China boy was gently turning out the electric light above the sleeping man.





"When all the world was young, lad"

A VISIT TO THE FARM

Drawn by WILL VAWTER

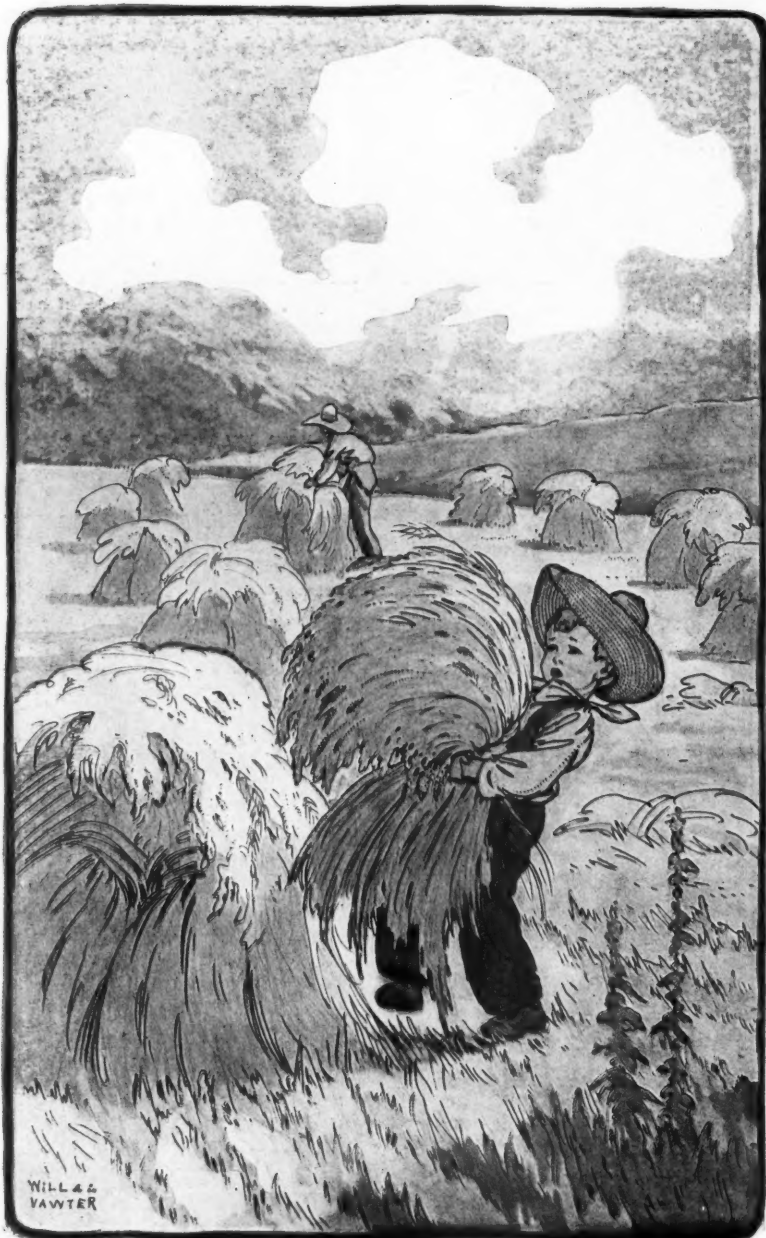
AND REPRODUCED IN FIVE COLORS



- I. MAKING A HAND
- II. "LET ME DRIVE"



Other drawings in this series will appear in November



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I. MAKING A HAND



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II. "LET ME DRIVE"

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THE MAN ON THE BOX

By Harold MacGrath

XX

IN the morning Monsieur Pierre faithfully reported to his mistress the groom's extraordinary insolence and impudence of the night before. The girl struggled with and conquered her desire to laugh; for monsieur was somewhat grotesque in his rage.

"Frightful, Mademoiselle, most frightful! He call me *Petaire* most disrrrespectful way, and eject me from zee stables. I can not call heem out; he ees a groom and knows nozzing uf zee *amende honorable*."

Mademoiselle summoned M'sieu Zhames. She desired to make the comedy complete in all its phases.

"James, whenever you are called upon to act in the capacity of butler, you must clear the table after the guests leave it. This is imperative. I do not wish the scullery girl to handle the porcelain save in the tubs. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss. There were no orders to that effect last night, however." He was angry.

Monsieur Pierre puffed up like the lady-frog in *Æsop's* fables.

"And listen, Pierre," she said, collapsing the bubble of the chef's conceit, "you must give no orders to James. I will do that. I do not wish any tale-bearing or quarreling among my servants. I insist upon this. Observe me carefully, Pierre, and you, James."

James *did* observe her carefully, so carefully, indeed, that her gaze was forced to wander to the humiliated countenance of Monsieur Pierre.

"James, you must not look at me like

that. There is something in your eyes; I can't explain what it is, but it somehow lacks the respect due me." This command was spoken coldly and sharply.

"Respect?" He drew back a step. "I disrespectful to you, Miss Annesley? Oh, you wrong me. There can not be any one more respectful to you than I am." The sincerity of his tones could not be denied. In fact, he was almost too sincere.

"Nevertheless, I wish you to regard what I have said. Now, you two shake hands."

The groom and the chef shook hands. And I am ashamed to say that James squeezed Monsieur Pierre's flabby hand out of active service for the several hours that followed. Beads of agony sparkled on Monsieur Pierre's expansive brow as he turned to enter the kitchen.

"Shall we ride to-day, Miss?" he asked, inwardly amused.

"No, I shall not ride this morning," calmly.

James bowed meekly under the rebuke. What did he care? Did he not possess a rose which had known the pressure of her lips, her warm, red lips?

"You may go," she said.

James went. James whistled on the way, too.

Would that it had been my good fortune to have witnessed the episode of that afternoon! My jehu, when he hears it related these days, smiles a sickly grin. I do not believe that he ever laughed heartily over it. At three o'clock, while Warburton was reading the morning paper,

interested especially in the Army news of the day, he heard Pierre's voice wailing.

"What's the fat fool want now?" James grumbled to William.

"Oh, he's always yelling for help. They've coddled him so long in the family that he acts like a ten-year-old kid. I stole a kiss from Celeste one day, and I will be shot if he didn't start to blubber."

"You stole a kiss, eh?" said James, admiringly.

"Only just for the sport of making him crazy, that was all." But William's red visage belied his indifferent tone. "You'd better go and see what he wants. My hands are all harness grease."

Warburton concluded to follow William's advice. He flung down his paper and strode out to the rear porch, where he saw Pierre gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter? What do you want?" churlishly.

"Frightful! Zee stove-pipe ees vat you call bust!"

James laughed.

"I can not rreach eet. I can not cook till eet ees fix'. You are tall, eh?" affably.

"All right; I'll help you fix it."

Grumblingly, James went into the kitchen, mounted a chair, and began banging away at the pipe, very much after the fashion of Bunner's "Culpepper Ferguson." The pipe acted piggishly. James grew determined. One end slipped in and then the other slipped out; half a dozen times. James lost patience and became angry; and in his anger he overreached himself. The chair slid back. He tried to balance himself and, in the mad effort to maintain a perpendicular position, made a frantic clutch at the pipe. Ruin and devastation! Down came the pipe, and with it a peck of greasy soot.

Monsieur Pierre yelled with terror and despair. The pies on the rear end of the stove were lost for ever. Mademoiselle Celeste screamed with laughter, whether at the sight of the pies or M'sieu Zhames, is more than I can say.

James rose to his feet, the cuss-words of

a corporal rumbled behind his lips. He sent an energetic kick toward Pierre, who succeeded in eluding it.

Pierre's eyes were full of tears. What a kitchen! What a kitchen! Soot, soot, everywhere, on the floor, on the tables, on the walls, in the air!

"Zee pipe!" he burst forth; "zee pipe! You half zee house full of gas!"

James, blinking and sneezing, boiling with rage and chagrin, remounted the chair and finally succeeded in joining the two lengths. Nothing happened this time. But the door to the forward rooms opened, and Miss Annesley looked in upon the scene.

"Merciful heavens!" she gasped, "what has happened?"

"Zee stove-pipe bust, Mees," explained Pierre.

The girl gave Warburton one look, balled her handkerchief against her mouth, and fled. This didn't add to his amiability. He left the kitchen in a downright savage mood. He had appeared before her positively ridiculous, laughable. A woman never can love a man, nor entertain tender regard for him at whom she has laughed. And the girl had laughed, and doubtless was still laughing. (However, I do not offer his opinion as infallible.)

He stood in the roadway, looking around for some inanimate thing upon which he might vent his anger, when the sound of hoofs coming toward him distracted him. He glanced over his shoulder . . . and his knees all but gave way under him. Caught! The rider was none other than his sister Nancy! It was all over now, for a certainty. He knew it; he had about one minute to live. She was too near, so he dared not fly. Then a brilliant inspiration came to him. He quickly passed his hand over his face. The disguise was complete. Vidocq's wonderful eye could not have penetrated to the flesh.

"James?" Miss Annesley was standing on the veranda. "Take charge of the

horse. Nancy, dear, I am so glad to see you!"

James was anything but glad.

"Betty, good gracious, whatever is the matter with this fellow? Has he the black plague? Ugh!" She slid from the saddle unaided.

James stolidly took the reins.

"The kitchen stove-pipe fell down," Betty replied, "and James stood in the immediate vicinity of it."

The two girls laughed joyously, but James did not even smile. He had half a notion to kiss Nancy, as he had planned to do that memorable night of the ball at the British Embassy. But even as the notion came to him, Nancy had climbed up the steps and was out of harm's way.

"James," said Miss Annesley, "go and wash your face at once."

"Yes, Miss."

At the sound of his voice Nancy turned swiftly; but the groom had presented his back and was leading the horse to the stables.

Nancy would never tell me the substance of her conversation with Miss Annesley that afternoon, but I am conceited enough to believe that a certain absent gentleman was the main topic. When she left, it was William who led out the horse. He explained that James was still engaged with soap and water and pumice-stone. Miss Annesley's laughter rang out heartily, and Nancy could not help joining her.

"And have you heard from that younger brother of yours?" Betty asked, as her friend settled herself in the saddle.

"Not a line, Betty, not a line; and I had set my heart on your meeting him. I do not know where he is, nor when he will be back."

"Perhaps he is in quest of adventures."

"He is in Canada, hunting caribou."

"You don't tell me!"

"What a handsome girl you are, Betty," admiringly.

"What a handsome girl you are, Nancy," mimicked the girl on the veranda.

"If your brother is only half as handsome, I do not know whatever will become of this heart of mine when we finally meet." She smiled and drolly placed her hands upon her heart. "Don't look so disappointed, Nan; perhaps we may yet meet. I have an idea that he will prove interesting and entertaining;" and she laughed again.

"Whoa, Dandy! What are you laughing at?" demanded Nancy.

"I was thinking of James and his soap and water and pumice-stone. That was all, dear. Saturday afternoon, then, we shall ride to the club and have tea. Good-by, and remember me to the baby."

"Good-by!" and Nancy cantered away.

What a blissful thing the lack of prescience is, sometimes!

When James had scraped the soot from his face and neck and hands, and had sudsed it from his hair, James observed, with some concern, that Pirate was coughing at a great rate. His fierce run against the wind the day before had given him a cold. So James hunted about for the handy veterinarian.

"Where do you keep your books here?" he asked of William. "Pirate's got a cold."

"In the house library. You just go in and get it. We always do that at home. You'll find it on the lower shelf, to the right as you enter the door."

It was half after four when James, having taken a final look at his hands and nails, proceeded to follow William's instructions. He found no one about. Outside the kitchen the lower part of the house was deserted. To reach the library he had to pass through the music-room. He saw the violin-case on the piano, and at once unconsciously pursed his lips into a noiseless whistle. He passed on into the library. He had never been in any of these rooms in the daytime. It was not very light, even now.

The first thing that caught his attention was a movable drawing-board, upon

which lay an uncompleted drawing. At one side stood a glass, into which were thrust numerous pens and brushes. Near this lay a small ball of crumpled cambric, such as women insist upon carrying in their street-car purses, a delicate, dainty, useless thing. So she drew pictures, too? he thought. Was there anything this beautiful creature could not do? Everything seemed to suggest her presence. An indefinable feminine perfume still lingered on the air, speaking eloquently of her.

Curiosity impelled him to step forward and examine her work. He approached with all the stealth of a gentlemanly burglar. He expected to see some trees and hills and mayhap a brook, or some cows standing in a stream, or some children picking daisies. He had a sister, and was reasonably familiar with the kind of subjects chosen by the lady-amateur.

A fortification plan!

He bent close to it. Here was the sea, here was the land, here the number of soldiers, cannon, rounds of ammunition, resources in the matter of procuring air, the telegraph, the railways, everything was here on this pale, waxen cloth, everything but a name. He stared at it, bewildered. He couldn't understand what a plan of this sort was doing outside the War Department. Instantly he became a soldier; he forgot that he was masquerading as a groom; he forgot everything but this mute thing staring up into his face. Underneath, on a little shelf, he saw a stack of worn envelopes. He looked at them. Rough drafts of plans. . . . Governor's Island. Fortress Monroe! What did it mean? What *could* it mean? He searched and found plans, plans, plans of harbors, plans of coast defenses, plans of ships building, plans of full naval and military strength; everything, everything! He straightened. How his breath pained him! . . . And all this was the handiwork of the woman he loved! Good God, what was going on in this house? What right

had such things as these to be in a private home? For what purpose had they been drawn? so accurately reproduced? For what purpose? Oh, whatever the purpose was, *she* was innocent; upon this conviction he would willingly stake his soul. Innocent, innocent! ticked the clock over the mantel. Yes, she was innocent. Else, how could she laugh in that light-hearted fashion? How could the song tremble on her lips? How could her eyes shine so bright and merry? . . . Karloff, Annesley! Karloff the Russian, Annesley the American; the one a secret agent of his country, the other a former trusted official! No, no! He could not entertain so base a thought against the father of the girl he loved. Had he not admired his clean record, his personal bravery, his fearless honesty? And yet, that absent-mindedness, this careworn countenance, these must mean something. The purpose, to find out the purpose of these plans!

He took the handkerchief and hid it in his breast, and quietly stole away. . . . A handkerchief, a rose, and a kiss; yes, that was all that would ever be his.

Pirate nearly coughed his head off that night; but, it being William's night off, nobody paid any particular attention to that justly indignant animal.

XXI

On a Wednesday morning, clear and cold: not a cloud floated across the sky, nor did there rise above the horizon one of those clouds (portentous forerunners of evil!) to which novelists refer as being "no larger than a man's hand". Heaven knew right well that the blight of evil was approaching fast enough, but there was no visible indication on her face that glorious November morning. Doubtless you are familiar with history and have read all about what great personages did just before calamity swooped down upon

them. The Trojans laughed at the wooden horse; I don't know how many Roman banqueters never reached the desert because the enemy had not paid any singular regard to courtesies in making the attack; men and women danced on the eve of Waterloo—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined"; *my* heroine simply went shopping. It doesn't sound at all romantic; very prosaic, in fact.

She declared her intention of making a tour of the shops and of dropping into Mrs. Chadwick's on the way home. She ordered James to bring around the pair and the coupé. James was an example of docile obedience. As she came down the steps, she was "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever". She wore one of those jackets to which several gray-squirrel families had contributed their hides, a hat whose existence was due to the negligence of a certain rare bird, and many silkworms had spun the fabric of her gown. Had any one called her attention to all this, there isn't any doubt that she would have been shocked. Only here and there are women who see what a true Moloch fashion is; this tender-souled girl saw only a handsome habit which pleased the eye. Health bloomed in her cheeks, health shone from her eyes, her step had all the elasticity of youth.

"Good morning, James," she said, pleasantly.

James touched his hat. What was it, he wondered? Somehow her eyes looked unfamiliar to him. Had I been there I could have read the secret easily enough. Sometimes the pure pools of the forests are stirred and become impenetrable; but by and by the commotion subsides, and the water clears. So it is with the human soul. There had been doubt hitherto in this girl's eyes; now, the doubt was gone.

To him, soberly watchful, her smile meant much; it was the patent of her innocence of any wrong thought. All night he had tossed upon his cot, thinking, thinking! What should he do? *Whatever* should he do? That some wrong was on

the way he hadn't the least doubt. Should he confront the colonel and demand an explanation, a demand he knew he had a perfect right to make? If this should be evil, and the shame of it fell upon this lovely being? . . . No, no! He must stand aside, he must turn a deaf ear to duty, the voice of love spoke too loud. His own assurance of her innocence made him desire to fall at her feet in worship. After all, it *was* none of his affair. Had he not played at this comedy, this thing would have gone on, and he would have been in ignorance of its very existence. So, why should he meddle? Yet that monotonous query kept beating on his brain: What *was* this thing?

He saw that he must wait. Yesterday he had feared nothing save his own exposure. Comedy had frolicked in her grinning mask. And here was Tragedy stalking in upon the scene.

The girl named a dozen shops which she desired to honor with her custom and presence, and stepped into the coupé. William closed the door, and James touched up the pair and drove off toward the city. He was perfectly indifferent to any possible exposure. In truth, he forgot everything, absolutely and positively everything but the girl and the fortification plans she had been drawing.

Scarce half a dozen bundles were the result of the tour among the shops.

"Mrs. Chadwick's, James."

The call lasted half an hour.

As a story-teller I am supposed to be everywhere, to follow the footsteps of each and all of my characters, and with a fidelity and a perspicacity nothing short of the marvelous. So I take the liberty of imagining the pith of the conversation between the woman and the girl.

The Woman: How long, dear, have we known each other?

The Girl: Since I left school, I believe. Where *did* you get that stunning morning gown?

The Woman (smiling in spite of the serious purpose she has in view): Never

mind the gown, my child; I have something of greater importance to talk about.

The Girl: Is there anything more important to talk about among women?

The Woman: Yes. There is age.

The Girl: But, mercy, we do not talk about that!

The Woman: I am going to establish a precedent, then. I am forty, or at least, I am on the verge of it.

The Girl (warningly): Take care! If we should ever become enemies! If I should ever become treacherous!

The Woman: The world very well knows that I am older than I look. That is why it takes such interest in my age.

The Girl: The question is, how do you preserve it?

The Woman: Well, then, I am forty, while you stand on the threshold of the adorable golden twenties. (Walks over to picture taken eighteen years before and contemplates it.) Ah, to be twenty again; to start anew, possessing my present learning and wisdom, and knowledge of the world; to avoid the pits into which I so carelessly stumbled! But no!

The Girl: Mercy! what have you to wish for? Are not princes and ambassadors your friends; have you not health and wealth and beauty? You wish for something, you who are so handsome and brilliant!

The Woman: Blinds, my dear Betty, only blinds; for that is all beauty and wealth and wit are. Who sees behind sees scars of many wounds. You are without a mother, I am without a child. (Sits down beside the girl and takes her hand in hers.) Will you let me be a mother to you for just this morning? How can any man help loving you! (impulsively.)

The Girl: How foolish you are, Grace!

The Woman: Ah, to blush like that!

The Girl: You are very embarrassing this morning. I believe you are even sentimental. Well, my handsome mother for just this morning, what is it you have to say to me? (jestingly.)

The Woman: I do not know just how to begin. Listen. If ever trouble should befall you, if ever misfortune should entangle you, will you promise to come to me?

The Girl: Misfortune? What is on your mind, Grace?

The Woman: Promise!

The Girl: I promise. (Laughs.)

The Woman: I am rich. Promise that if poverty should ever come to you, you will come to me.

The Girl (puzzled): I do not understand you at all!

The Woman: Promise!

The Girl: I promise; but . . .

The Woman: Thank you, Betty.

The Girl (growing serious): What is all this about, Grace? You look so earnest.

The Woman: Some day you will understand. Will you answer me one question, as a daughter would answer her mother?

The Girl (gravely): Yes.

The Woman: Would you marry a title for the title's sake?

The Girl (indignantly): I?

The Woman: Yes; would you?

The Girl: I shall marry the man I love, and if not him, nobody. I mean, of course, when I love.

The Woman: Blushing again? My dear, is Karloff anything to you?

The Girl: Karloff? Mercy, no. He is handsome and fascinating and rich, but I could not love him. It would be easier to love . . . to love my groom outside. (They both smile.)

The Woman (grave once more): That is all I wished to know, dear. Karloff is not worthy of you.

The Girl (sitting very erect): I do not understand. Is he not honorable?

The Woman (hesitating): I have known him for seven years; I have always found him honorable.

The Girl: Why, then, should he not be worthy of me?

The Woman (lightly): Is any man?

The Girl: You are parrying my question. If I am to be your daughter, there must be no fencing.

The Woman (rising and going over to the portrait again): There are some things that a mother may not tell even to her daughter.

The Girl (determinedly): Grace, you have said too much or too little. I do not love Karloff, I never could love him; but I like him, and liking him, I feel called upon to defend him.

The Woman (surprised into showing her dismay): You defend him? You?

The Girl: And why not? That is what I wish to know: why not?

The Woman: My dear, you do not love him. That is all I wished to know. Karloff is a brilliant, handsome man, a gentleman; his sense of honor, such as it is, would do credit to many another man; but behind all this there is a power which makes him helpless, makes him a puppet, and robs him of certain worthy impulses. I have read somewhere that corporations have no souls; neither have governments. Ask me nothing more, Betty, for I shall answer no more questions.

The Girl: I do not think you are treating me fairly.

The Woman: At this moment I would willingly share with you half of all I possess in the world.

The Girl: But all this mystery!

The Woman: As I have said, some day you will understand. Treat Karloff as you have always treated him, politely and pleasantly. And I beg of you never to repeat our conversation.

The Girl (to whom illumination suddenly comes; rises quickly and goes over to the woman; takes her by the shoulders, and the two stare into each other's eyes, the one searchingly, the other fearfully): Grace!

The Woman: I am a poor foolish woman, Betty, for all my worldliness and wisdom; but I love you (softly), and that is why I appear weak before you. The blind

envy those who see, the deaf those who hear; what one does not want another can not have. Karloff loves you, but you do not love him.

(The girl kisses the woman gravely on the cheek, and without a word, makes her departure.)

The Woman (as she hears the carriage roll away): Poor girl! Poor, happy, unconscious, motherless child! If only I had the power to stay the blow! . . . Who can it be, then, that she loves?

The Girl (in her carriage): Poor thing! She adores Karloff, and I never suspected it! I shall begin to hate him.

How well women read each other!

James never parted with his rose and his handkerchief. They were always with him, no matter what livery he wore. After luncheon, William said that Miss Annesley desired to see him in the study. So James spruced up and duly presented himself at the study door.

"You sent for me, Miss?" his hat in his hand, his attitude deferential and attentive.

She was engaged upon some fancy work, the name of which no man knows, and if he were told, could not possibly remember for longer than ten minutes. She laid this upon the reading-table, stood up and brushed the threads from the little two-by-four cambric apron.

"James, on Monday night I dropped a rose on the lawn. (Finds thread on her sleeve.) In the morning when I looked for it (brushes the apron again), it was gone. Did you find it?" She made a little ball of the straggling threads and dropped it into the waste-basket. A woman who has the support of beauty can always force a man to lower his gaze. James looked at his boots. His heart gave one great bound toward his throat, then sank what seemed to be fathoms deep in his breast. This was a thunderbolt out of heaven itself. Had she seen him, then? For a space he was tempted to utter a

falsehood; but there was that in her eyes which warned him of the uselessness of such an expedient. Yet, to give up that rose would be like giving up some part of his being. She repeated the question: "I ask you if you found it?"

"Yes, Miss Annesley."

"Do you still possess it?"

"Yes, Miss."

"And why did you pick it up?"

"It was fresh and beautiful; and I believed that some lady at the dinner had worn it."

"And so you picked it up? Where did you find it?"

"Outside the bow-window, Miss."

"When?"

He thought for a moment. "In the morning, Miss."

"Take care, James; it was not yet eleven o'clock at night."

"I admit what I said was not true, Miss. As you say, it was not yet eleven." James was pale. So she had thrown it away, confident that this moment would arrive. This humiliation was premeditated. Patience! he said inwardly; this would be the last opportunity she should have to humiliate him.

"Have you the flower on your person?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Did you know that it was mine?"

He was silent.

"Did you know that it was mine?" mercilessly.

"Yes; but I believed that you had deliberately thrown it away. I saw no harm in taking it."

"But there *was* harm."

"I bow to your superior judgment, Miss," ironically.

She deemed it wisest to pass over this experimental irony. "Give the flower back to me. It is not proper that a servant should have in his keeping a rose which was once mine, even if I had thrown it away or discarded it."

Carefully he drew forth the crumpled flower. He looked at her, then at the rose, hoping against hope that she might

relent. He hesitated till he saw an impatient movement of the extended hand. He surrendered.

"Thank you. That is all. You may go." She tossed the withered flower into the waste-basket.

"Pardon me, but before I go I have to announce that I shall resign my position next Monday. The money which has been advanced to me, deducting that which is due me, together with the amount of my fine at the police-court, I shall be pleased to return to you on the morning of my departure."

Miss Annesley's lips fell apart, and her brows arched. She was very much surprised.

"You wish to leave my service?" as if it were quite impossible that such a thing should occur to him.

"Yes, Miss."

"You are dissatisfied with your position?" icily.

"It is not that, Miss. As a groom I am perfectly satisfied. The trouble lies in the fact that I have too many other things to do. It is very distasteful for me to act in the capacity of butler. My temper is not equable enough for that position." He bowed.

"Very well. I trust that you will not regret your decision." She sat down and coolly resumed her work.

"It is not possible that I shall regret it."

"You may go."

He bowed again, one corner of his mouth twisted. Then he took himself off to the stables. He was certainly in what they call a towering rage.

If I were not a seer of the first degree, a narrator of the penetrative order, I should be vastly puzzled over this singular action on her part.

XXII

When a dramatist submits his *scenario*, he always accompanies it with drawings,

crude or otherwise, of the various set-scenes and curtains known as "drops." To the uninitiated these scrawls would look impossible; but to the stage-manager's keen, imaginative eye a whole picture is represented in these few pothooks. Each object on the stage is labeled alphabetically; thus "A" may represent a sofa, "B" a window, "C" a table, and so forth and so on. I am not a dramatist; I am not writing an acting drama; so I find that a diagram of the library in Senator Blank's is neither imperative nor necessary.

It is half after eight; the curtain rises; the music of a violin is heard coming from the music-room; Colonel Annesley is discovered sitting in front of the wood fire, his chin sunk on his breast, his hands hanging listlessly on each side of the chair, his face deeply lined. From time to time he looks at the clock. I can imagine no sorrier picture than that of this loving, tender-hearted, wretched old man as he sits there, waiting for Karloff and the ignominious end. Fortune gone with the winds, Poverty leering into his face, Shame drawing her red finger across his brow, Honor in sackcloth and ashes!

And but two short years ago there had not been in all the wide land a more contented man than himself, a man with a conscience freer. God! Even yet he could hear the rolling, whirring ivory ball as it spun the circle that fatal night at Monte Carlo. Man does not recall the intermediate steps of his fall, only the first step and the last. In his waking hours he always heard the sound of it, and it rattled through his troubled dreams. He could not understand how everything had gone as it had. It seemed impossible that in two years he had dissipated a fortune, sullied his honor, beggared his child. It was all so like a horrible dream. If only he might wake; if only God would be so merciful as to permit him to wake! He hid his face. There is no hell save conscience makes it.

The music laughed and sighed and laughed. It was the music of love and

youth; joyous, rollicking, pulsing music.

The colonel sprang to his feet suddenly, his hands at his throat. He was suffocating. The veins gnarled on his neck and brow. There was in his heart a pain as of many knives. His arms fell: of what use was it to struggle? He was caught, trapped in a net of his own contriving.

Softly he crossed the room and stood by the portière beyond which was the music-room. She was happy, happy in her youth and ignorance; she could play all those sprightly measures, her spirit as light and conscience-free; she could sing, she could laugh, she could dance. And all the while his heart was breaking, breaking!

"How shall I face her mother?" he groaned.

The longing which always seizes the guilty to confess and relieve the mind came over him. If only he dared rush in there, throw himself at Betty's feet, and stammer forth his wretched tale! She was of his flesh, of his blood; when she knew she would not wholly condemn him . . . No, no! He could not. She honored and trusted him now; she had placed him on so high a pedestal that it was utterly impossible for him to disillusion her young mind, to see for ever and ever the mute reproach in her honest eyes, to feel that though his arm encircled her she was beyond his reach. . . . God knew that he could not tell this child of the black gulf he had dugged for himself and her.

Sometimes there came to him the thought to put an end to this maddening grief, by violence to period this miserable existence. But always he cast from him the horrible thought. He was not a coward, and the cowardice of suicide was abhorrent to him. Poverty he might leave her, but not the legacy of a suicide. If only it might be God's kindly will to let him die, once this abominable bargain was consummated! Death is the seal of silence; it locks alike the lips of the living and the dead. And she might live in ignorance, till the end of her days, without

knowing that her wealth was the price of her father's dishonor.

A mist blurred his sight; he could not see. He steadied himself, and with an effort regained his chair, noiselessly. And how often he had smiled at the drama on the stage, with its absurdities, its tawdriness, its impossibilities! Alas, what did they on the stage that was half so weak as he had done: ruined himself without motive or reason?

The bell sang its burring note; there was the sound of crunching wheels on the driveway; the music ceased abruptly. Silence. A door opened and closed. A moment or so later Karloff, preceded by the girl, came into the study. She was grave because she remembered Mrs. Chadwick. He was grave also; he had various reasons for being so.

"Father, the count tells me that he has an engagement with you," she said. She wondered if this appointment in any way concerned her?

"It is true, my child. Leave us, and give orders that we are not to be disturbed."

She scrutinized him sharply. How strangely hollow his voice sounded! Was he ill?

"Father, you are not well. Count, you must promise me not to keep him long, however important this interview may be. He is ill and needs rest," and her loving eyes caressed each line of care in her parent's furrowed cheeks.

Annesley smiled reassuringly. It took all the strength of his will, all that remained of a high order of courage, to create this smile. He wanted to cry out to her that it was a lie, a mockery. Behind that smile his teeth grated.

"I shall not keep him long, Mademoiselle," said the count. He spoke gently, but he studiously avoided her eyes.

She hesitated for a moment on the threshold; she knew not why. Her lips even formed words, but she did not speak. What was it? Something oppressed her. Her gaze wandered indecisively from her

father to the count, from the count to her father.

"When you are through," she finally said, "bring your cigars into the music-room."

"With the greatest pleasure, Mademoiselle," replied the count. "And play, if you so desire; our business is such that your music will be as a pleasure added."

Her father nodded; but he could not force another smile to his lips. The brass rings of the portière rattled, and she was gone. But she left behind a peculiar tableau, a tableau such as is formed by those who stand upon ice which is about to sink and engulf them.

The two men stood perfectly still. I doubt not that each experienced the same sensation, that the same thought occurred to each mind, though it came from different avenues: love and shame. The heart of the little clock on the mantel beat tick-tock, tick-tock; a log crackled and fell between the irons, sending up a shower of evanescent sparks; one of the long windows giving out upon the veranda creaked mysteriously.

Karloff was first to break the spell. He made a gesture which was eloquent of his distaste of the situation.

"Let us terminate this as quickly as possible," he said.

"Yes, let us have done with it before I lose my courage," replied the colonel, his voice thin and quavering. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. His hands shone white and his nails darkly blue.

The count stepped over to the table, reached into the inner pocket of his coat, and extracted a packet. In this packet was the enormous sum of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in notes of one thousand denomination; that is to say, one hundred and eighty slips of paper redeemable in gold by the government which had issued them. On top of this packet lay the colonel's note for twenty thousand dollars.

(It is true that Karloff never accepted

money from his government in payment for his services; but it is equally true that for every penny he laid out he was reimbursed by Russia.)

Karloff placed the packet on the table, first taking off the note, which he carelessly tossed beside the bank-notes.

"You will observe that I have not bothered with having your note discounted. I have fulfilled my part of the bargain; fulfil yours." The count thrust his trembling hands into his trousers pockets. He desired to hide this embarrassing sign from his accomplice.

Annesley went to a small safe which stood at the left of the fireplace and returned with a packet somewhat bulkier than the count's. He dropped it beside the money, shudderingly, as though he had touched a poisonous viper.

"My honor," he said, simply. "I had never expected to sell it so cheaply."

There was a pause, during which neither man's gaze swerved from the other's. There was not the slightest, not even the remotest, fear of treachery; each man knew with whom he was dealing; yet, there they stood, as if fascinated. One would have thought that the colonel would have counted his money, or Karloff his plans; they did neither. Perhaps the colonel wanted Karloff to touch the plans first, before he touched the money; perhaps Karloff had the same desire, only the other way around.

The colonel spoke.

"I believe that is all," he said, quietly. The knowledge that the deed was done and that there was no retreat gave back to him a particle of his former coolness and strength of mind. It had been the thought of committing the crime that had unnerved him. Now that his bridges were burned, a strange, unnatural calm settled upon him.

The count evidently was not done. He moistened his lips.

"It is not too late," he said; "I have not yet touched them."

"We shall not indulge in moralizing, if you please," interrupted the colonel, with savage irony. "The moment for that has gone by."

"Very well." Karloff's shoulders settled; his jaws became aggressively angular; some spirit of his predatory forebears touched his face here and there, hardening it. "I wish to speak in regard to your daughter."

"Enough! Take my honor and be gone!" The colonel's voice was loud and rasping.

Karloff rested his hands on the table and inclined his body toward the colonel.

"Listen to me," he began. "There is in every man the making and the capacity of a great rascal. Time and opportunity alone are needed . . . and a motive. The other night I told you that I could not give up your daughter. Well, I have not given her up. She must be my wife."

"Must?" The colonel clenched his hands.

"Must. To-night I am going to prove myself a great rascal . . . with a great motive. What is Russia to me? Nothing. What is your dishonor or my own? Less than nothing. There is only one thing, and that is my love for your daughter." He struck the table and the flame of the student-lamp rose violently. "She must be mine, mine! I have tried to win her as an honorable man tries to win the woman he loves; now she must be won by an act of rascality. Heaven nor hell shall force me to give her up. Yes, I love her; and I lower myself to your level to gain her."

"To my level! Take care; I am still a man, with a man's strength," cried the colonel.

Karloff swept his hand across his forehead. "I have lied to myself long enough, and to you. I can see now that I have been working solely toward one end. My country is not to be considered, neither is yours. Do you realize that you stand wholly and completely in my power?"

He ran his tongue across his lips, which burned with fever.

"What do you mean?" hoarsely.

"I mean, your daughter must become my wife, or I shall notify your government that you have attempted to betray it."

"You dishonorable wretch!" The colonel balled his fists and protruded his nether lip. Only the table stood between them.

"That term or another, it does not matter. The fact remains that you have sold to me the fortification plans of your country; and though it be in times of peace, you are none the less guilty and culpable. Your daughter shall be my wife."

"I had rather strangle her with these hands!" passionately.

"Well, why should I not have her for my wife? Who loves her more than I? I am rich; from hour to hour, from day to day, what shall I not plan to make her happy? I love her with all the fire and violence of my race and blood. I can not help it. I will not, can not, live without her! Good God, yes! I recognize the villainy of my actions. But I am mad to-night."

"So I perceive." The colonel gazed wildly about the walls for a weapon. There was not even the usual ornamental dagger.

A window again stirred mysteriously. A few drops of rain plashed on the glass and zigzagged down to the sash.

"Sooner or later your daughter must know. Request her presence. It rests with her, not with you, as to what course I must follow." Karloff was extraordinarily pale, and his dark eyes, reflecting the dancing flames, sparkled like rubies.

He directly saw the birth of horror in the elder's eyes, saw it grow and grow. He saw the colonel's lips move spasmodically, but utter no sound. What was it he saw over his (the count's) shoulders and beyond? Instinctively he turned, and what he saw chilled the heat of his blood.

There stood the girl, her white dress marble-white against the dark wine of the portière, an edge of which one hand clutched convulsively. Was it Medusa's beauty or her magic that turned men into stone? My recollection is at fault. At any rate, so long as she remained motionless, neither man had the power to stir. She held herself perfectly erect; every fiber in her young body was tense. Her beauty became weirdly beautiful, masked as it was with horror, doubt, shame, and reproach. She had heard; little or much was of no consequence. In the heat of their variant passions, the men's voices had risen to a pitch that penetrated beyond the room.

Karloff was first to recover, and he took an involuntary step toward her; but she waved him back disdainfully.

"Do not come near me. I loathe you." The voice was low, but every note was strained and unmusical.

He winced. His face could not have stung or burned more hotly had she struck him with her hand.

"Mademoiselle!"

She ignored him. "Father, what does this mean?"

"Agony!" The colonel fell back into his chair, pressing his hands over his eyes.

"I will tell you what it means!" cried Karloff, a rage possessing him. He had made a mistake. He had misjudged both the father and the child. He could force her into his arms, but he would always carry a burden of hate. "It means that this night you stand in the presence of a dishonored parent, a man who has squandered your inheritance over gambling tables, and who, to recover these misused sums, has sold to me the principal fortification plans of his country. That is what it means, Mademoiselle."

She grasped the portière for support. "Father, is this thing true?" Her voice fell to a terror-stricken whisper.

"Oh, it is true enough," said Karloff. "God knows that it is true enough. But



Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"FATHER, YOU ARE ALL I HAVE," SHE CRIED, BROKENLY



it rests with you to save him. Become my wife, and yonder fire shall swallow his dishonor . . . and mine. Refuse, and I shall expose him. After all, love is a primitive state, and with it we go back to the beginning; before it honor or dishonor is nothing. To-night there is nothing, nothing in the world save my love for you, and the chance that has given me the power to force you to be mine. What a fury and a tempest love produces! It makes an honorable man of the knave, a rascal of the man of honor; it has toppled thrones, destroyed nations, obliterated races. . . . Well, I have become a rascal. Mademoiselle, you must become my wife." He lifted his handsome head resolutely.

Without giving him so much as a glance, she swept past him and sank on her knees at her father's side, taking his hands by the wrists and pressing them down from his face.

"Father, tell him he lies! Tell him he lies!" Ah, the entreaty, the love, the anxiety, the terror that blended her tones!

He strove to look away.

"Father, you are all I have," she cried, brokenly. "Look at me! Look at me and tell him that he lies! . . . You will not look at me? God have mercy on me, it is true, then!" She rose and spread her arms toward heaven to entreat God to witness her despair. "I did not think or know that such base things were done. . . . That these loving hands should have helped to encompass my father's dishonor, his degradation! . . . For money! What is money? You knew, father, that what was mine was likewise yours. Why did you not tell me? I should have laughed; we should have begun all over again; I could have earned a living with my music; we should have been honest and happy. And now! . . . And I drew those plans with a heart full of love and happiness! Oh, it is not that you gambled, that you have foolishly wasted a fortune; it is not these that hurt

here," pressing her heart. "It is the knowledge that you, my father, should let me draw those horrible things. It hurts! Ah, how it hurts!" A sob choked her. She knelt again at her parent's side and flung her arms around the unhappy, wretched man. "Father, you have committed a crime to shield a foolish act. I know, I know! What you have done you did for my sake, to give me back what you thought was my own. Oh, how well I know that you had no thought of yourself; it was all for me, and I thank God for that. But something has died here, something here in my heart. I have been so happy! . . . too happy! My poor father!" She laid her head against his breast.

"My heart is broken! Would to God that I might die!" Annesley threw one arm across the back of the chair and turned his face to his sleeve.

Karloff, a thousand arrows of regret and shame and pity quivering in his heart, viewed the scene moodily, doggedly. No, he could not go back; there was indeed a wall behind him: pride.

"Well, Mademoiselle?"

She turned, still on her knees.

"You say that if I do not marry you, you will ruin my father, expose him?"

"Yes," thinly.

"Listen. I am a proud woman, yet will I beg you not to do this horrible thing . . . force me into your arms. Take everything, take all that is left; you can not be so utterly base as to threaten such a wrong. See!" extending her lovely arms, "I am on my knees to you!"

"My daughter!" cried the father.

"Do not interrupt me, father; he will relent; he is not wholly without pity."

"No, no! No, no!" Karloff exclaimed, turning his head aside and repelling with his hands, as if he would stamp out the fires of pity which, at the sound of her voice, had burst anew in his heart. "I will not give you up!"

She drew her sleeve across her eyes and

stood up. All at once she wheeled upon him like a lioness protecting its young. In her wrath she was as magnificent as the wife of Æneas at the funeral pyre of that great captain.

"She knew! That was why she asked me all those questions; that is why she exacted those promises! Mrs. Chadwick knew and dared not tell me! And I trusted you as a friend, as a gentleman, as a man of honor!" Her laughter rang out wildly. "And for these favors you bring dishonor! Shame! Shame! Your wife? Have you thought well of what you are about to do?"

"So well," he declared, "that I shall proceed to the end, to the very end." How beautiful she was! And the mad desire that urged him to spring to her, crush her in his arms, and force upon her lips a thousand mad kisses!

"Have you weighed the consequences?"

"Upon love's most delicate scales."

"Have you calculated what manner of woman I am?" with subdued fierceness.

"To me you are the woman of all women."

"Do you think that I am a faint-heart-

ed girl? You are making a mistake. I am a woman with a woman's mind, and a thousand years would not alter my utter contempt of you. Force me to marry you, and as there is a God above us to witness, every moment of suffering you now inflict upon me and mine, I shall give back a day, a long, bitter, galling day. Do you think that it will be wise to call me countess?" Her scorn was superb.

"I am waiting for your answer. Will you be my wife, or shall I be forced to make my villainy definitive?"

"Permit me to take upon these shoulders the burden of answering that question," said a voice from the windows.

Warburton, dressed in his stable clothes and leggings, hatless and drenched with rain, stepped into the room from the veranda and quickly crossed the intervening space. Before any one of the tragic group could recover from the surprise caused by his unexpected appearance, he had picked up the packet of plans and had dropped it into the fire. Then he leaned with his back against the mantel and faced them, or rather Karloff, of whom he was not quite sure.

(To be concluded)

TIME

By Theodosia Garrison

WHEN I think sometimes of old griefs I had,
Of sorrows that once seemed too harsh to bear,
And youth's resolve to never more be glad,
I laugh—and do not care.

When I think sometimes of the joy I knew,
The gay, glad laughter ere my heart was wise,
The trivial happiness that seemed so true,
The tears are in my eyes.

Time—Time the cynic—how he mocks us all!
And yet to-day I can but think him right.
Ah heart, the old joy is so tragical
And the old grief so light.

HIS NEW START

THE LAST RECORDED INCIDENT IN THE INTERESTING CAREER OF MR. DECK MELTON

By Wood Levette Wilson

THE Consolidated Aluminum stock book showed that one thousand shares were owned by Decker Melton. Interested financiers who went to the trouble to obtain this information grunted in perplexity when they noted the dates of the transfers.

"I can't make out," said the spare-built, fishy-eyed and coolly calculating Jeremiah Watson, head of the Watson syndicate, "whether that man Melton is a remarkably shrewd investor, or—"

"Merely blessed with more than his share of fool luck?" suggested Elliott Parker, the skeptical—skeptical enough even to doubt the infallibility of the great Watson at times.

"Who is he and what is he?" asked George Carrington, who played the financial game much after the manner he played polo—for the fun there was in it, and expecting a good many hard knocks by the way. "I never heard of him."

"I never did either until quite recently," said Watson. Despite the magnitude of his operations Mr. Watson never neglected details. Suspecting that Decker Melton might prove a detail of interest in the matter of securing control of the Consolidated Aluminum property, he had caused some inquiries to be made. "He isn't anybody or anything—yet."

"Just a rank outsider?" Carrington was addicted to "sets."

"Well, yes. He is a recruit added to our ranks," Watson went on, with an increase in the number of furrows in the sides of his face by way of a smile, "through the industry and energy that marked the early part of Mr. Jerome's

term in office. Mr. Melton was a gambler who was forced out of business during our last wave of civic virtue. Now he is interesting himself in stocks."

"Not such a radical change, eh?" suggested the irrepressible Parker.

"How he got a start is somewhat of a mystery," Watson went on, ignoring Parker's cynical frankness. "I suppose it was through the possession of a few dollars and what our young friend Parker so aptly designates as fool luck. Although he has been remarkably fortunate in his investments, or rather his speculations—as his Aluminum is the only investment I have chanced to hear of—he is far from being what could be called a capitalist, but—"

"Might get a good start in that direction if he handles his Aluminum shrewdly?" suggested Parker.

"It would hardly be politic to discuss that outside our own meetings, gentlemen. Meantime we shall try to convince Mr. Melton that it would be wise to avoid further risks and be satisfied with the large profit his investment will now net him."

The record showed that of the Melton block of stock, one hundred shares had been transferred to the present holder early in the previous September, when it was quoted at about forty, and nine hundred shares in June, just after the Jarnegan failure, which, for a brief interval staggered the whole market and sent the entire Jarnegan list completely to pot. Jarnegan's transactions had been as bold, as brilliant and as comprehensive as the wreckage of them was complete and disastrous. An examination of the scant de-

bris showed that the Jarnegan enterprises were of a largely elemental character in that they consisted principally of air and water. After the failure, certificates of the Jarnegan stocks were chiefly of value to the junk man, with one exception. That exception was Consolidated Aluminum. While the erratic financier's other stocks had shrunk to nothingness and disappeared as completely as if they had never been, Consolidated Aluminum had dropped to seven and three-quarters, and stopped. For several weeks it wavered near this low point, at which nine hundred shares of the Melton block had been bought in. Then it began to recover slowly, for of all the Jarnegan investments, this was the only one of intrinsic worth, the solitary property that had more than a speculative value. This fact was presently discovered, when the scare concerning everything Jarneganesque had worn off somewhat, and a venturesome disposition to take flyers in Consolidated Aluminum had sent it steadily upward. Recent marked advances indicated strong buying, and what had for some time been a rumor was now beginning to be accepted as a fact—that there was a struggle for possession of the property between two important interests.

If those who were wise in the ways of finance could have examined the stock book, they would have felt no doubt concerning the situation, nor any hesitation about investing in the stock if it had been for sale. Amid the few holdings there indicated, they would have had no trouble in picking out those controlled by the Watson syndicate, and those of the less powerful Dale interest. They could also have made a shrewd guess as to the leaning of the other holders not openly identified with either side. The one block that might have puzzled them was that credited to Decker Melton.

Consolidated Aluminum was now quoted at seventy-seven. None of the actual stock was for sale, and the specula-

tive interest was shy of it because of the problematical maneuvers of the two parties who sought its control. The buying, at first secret and cautious, and then open and determined, by brokers who represented unidentified principals, had cleaned up all the more or less weakly held shares, and at this stage the market was merely nominal.

Knowing the liability of stock rumors to err, Deck Melton did not assume to know what was going on in Consolidated Aluminum.

"I suppose I'm as well informed about it as any man who just occasionally edges a small check into the big game," he thought, "but the dealers never tell anybody how they've fixed the cards."

He had contemplated the course of the market, however, with a good deal of satisfaction, and now that his flyer was worth something like ten times what it cost him, was content to let his information come from developments. If there were a modicum of truth in the rumors that were flying about, it was not likely that it would be worth less, and there was a cheering prospect of its being worth a good deal more.

"I'll just let them do all the work and worrying, and I'll share the profit," he thought, as he dropped off a stage, and walked into the park; "first, because that's the easiest way; and, second, because I couldn't do anything else if I wanted to."

It was early October, and the thinning foliage was so freely splashed with reds and yellows and browns that there was little of the living green left. Deck sought his favorite bench, now laced by the low hung afternoon sun with the branch shadows of the nearby tree that had shaded him so often during the warm summer afternoons. With the cool autumn breeze blowing, the golden sunshine which vivified the chromatic foliage about him was not unpleasant. He lighted a cigar, and leaned back comfortably to think—but

not about Consolidated Aluminum. In fact, the thoughts that came to him under the charm of these park visits, which were not infrequent, were not those of the shrewd speculator thirty-seven years old; rather were they those that belong to the hope and confidence of the twenties; for they drew a picture fair to look upon, clear and distinct, but far away, always far away. With almost unseeing eyes his glance carelessly swept the scene before him, unconscious of its beauty, until they rested on a sharp bend in the path thirty yards away. Then he suddenly straightened up; the dreamy look left his eyes in a flash, and they shone with eagerness.

Around this bend in the path walked slowly, yet with the elastic step of healthy and energetic youth, a tall slender woman with large brown eyes and brown hair. Behind her, in leash as the law requires, plodded in ponderous dignity a huge St. Bernard with drooping tail and lowered head.

A nervous toss sent Deck's cigar into the grass behind him, and he watched the approaching figure with a yearning look. The young woman, who was evidently enjoying the scene, gazed up at the painted foliage with interest. Occasionally she spoke to the dog, who responded with a slow sweep or two of his tail, but when she did so she turned her head from the place where Deck sat. On she came with her glances still on the frost's color work. Deck sat without moving. Would she see him? He almost hoped she would not, but still he hoped she would so that he might actually know—

Slowly she advanced until she was almost abreast of him. Then her glance dropped, and she stopped so suddenly that the dog walked clumsily into her before he realized it.

"Why, Mr. Melton!" she exclaimed, advancing with a cordially outstretched hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you!"

A smile of pleasure chased the anxious look from Deck's eyes as he stepped forward eagerly.

"So am I, Miss Bannister!" he responded with more heartiness than nicety of expression. "I haven't seen you since—since—"

"Not since you left Samoset, and that's over a year ago—"

"Fifteen months," he declared, in the tone of a man absolutely confident of his facts.

She looked up quickly, and then dropped her eyes.

"Fifteen months is a long time, sometimes, you know," he went on, more lightly.

"Yes, of course. You know we went abroad right after we got back from Samoset last fall—mother and brother and I—and we only got back last week; that is, mother and I did." There was an undertone of apology in her explanation. "Tom came back in June, you know, on some business matter."

Deck did know that Tom Bannister had been home some months, as he had taken what little care as was necessary to avoid him; but he did not know that June had been the date of the return, and the knowledge of it now sent a new thought quickly through his mind. The Jarne-gan failure had occurred in June. It was plain, however, that Agatha Bannister did not connect the two events even if she knew of the collapse.

The St. Bernard, which had been sniffing suspiciously, raised his head, and, without preliminary indication of his intentions, licked Deck's hand. The caress was so wholly unexpected that Deck jerked his hand away quickly, and then looked down and laughed.

"Why, Thor, you very bad-mannered old dog!" exclaimed Miss Bannister, giving him a light box on the ear. "How could you do such a thing?"

The dog licked his chops, blinked up at her and wagged his tail slowly. He did not seem to regard the slap as punishment.

"That's all right, old fellow!" exclaimed Deck, patting the dog on the

head. "I guess I ought to feel favored. You and I will get along all right, won't we?"

"You must be a friend of dogs," she said, sitting down on the bench.

"Always! That is, of course, when I get a chance," he responded, sitting down beside her. "But I don't get a chance to meet many good dogs, you know."

"That's unfortunate."

"For me, yes."

Thor, who had sat down in front of them, now lifted a huge paw and dropped it heavily on Deck's knee. Agatha laughed.

"That settles it!" she exclaimed. "He never does that with anybody except his most intimate friends. You're elected!"

"It's a bargain, old fellow," said Deck, taking the big paw in his hand and shaking it, and putting it back again on his knee. "We're chums for keeps now. And," he went on in a more serious tone, "I hope we shall have lots of good times together."

Agatha looked off into the distance a moment without speaking. Then she sighed a little.

"It's good to be home once more," she said. "Especially from abroad, where everything is so—so different."

"Isn't it though?"

"You've been—"

"Only for three months, two years ago, but I was about the gladdest fellow to get home you ever saw. Which," he added, reflectively, "is a little strange, as it has been a good many years since I had a home."

"But," she said, quickly, "you live—some place."

"Exactly! That's the correct address of such misfits as I—some place."

"Oh, I don't think you bachelors deserve nearly as much sympathy as you try to claim," she said laughingly, as she rose. "Come, Thor, we must be going home; you've had a nice long walk now. Have you seen my brother?" she asked, turning again to Deck.

"No," he replied, simply. There was no reason he could truthfully give why he had not, so he did not attempt to give any.

"He has been very busy, I believe. Some complication about the markets or something. Good-by. Come on, Thor!"

Deck sat down again, and watched her move off down the path until the bend hid her from sight. Then he took a long breath, and lighted another cigar. The picture had become very plain now. He ran over in his mind what she had said, trying to find something on which hope could hang. She had said—Well, she had not really said anything at all. The only thing that he knew now that he did not know before was that she remembered him, and kindly—that was something; and he was on friendly terms with her dog—that was something, too. Deck was even thankful for straws.

Seated in his ten-by-twelve office, high up in a chimney-like sky-scraper, Deck Melton wondered at the change in his mental attitude and method of life, which had come within the last two years. In a worldly way he had been successful far beyond what he would have regarded as a possibility when he began to dabble in the big game, and he was much better off than he was even in the palmy days when the gambling rooms of Corrigan & Melton were most prosperous. And with the increase of capital and income had come, strangely enough, a decrease in expenditures. For though he hovered daily—and successfully—about the edges of the financial maelstrom, the old, uneasy feeling that it was necessary to be doing something all the time, the gambler's notion that he must play hard and fast, had passed from him, and he was now better satisfied to watch the procession than to take part in it. Even the little office so far removed—by elevator—from the hurly-burly was a development of this attitude, this yearning for stability, for a substantially fixed place in life. This office was not a necessity, but it gave him

a commercial habitation, a place where he could generally be found during business hours, a place where mail could be delivered. True enough, when a broker would occasionally make the long flight in the elevator, he more often found his transient principal immersed in a book than in imposingly business-like papers, but nevertheless it was D. Melton's office—the name modestly printed on the door testified unequivocally to that—and such men as he dealt with found that he much preferred to transact his business there. Two years ago he had been a gambler, and a successful one; now he had achieved a success that was much dearer to him—he was a business man.

"And," he thought, with a smile of satisfaction, as he reviewed the course of Consolidated Aluminum and the rumors concerning it, "it looks as if I were getting more so every day. I'm a lucky dog—about money."

The inferential exception here had to do with his park dreams. That chance meeting in the park, too, had—

The knob of the door rattled, and he turned from where he stood looking out of the window at the jagged line of roofs fading into the distant haze.

"Is Mr. Melton—Melton, old fellow, I'm glad to see you again!" exclaimed Tom Bannister, as he swung the door shut behind him, and stepped quickly across the room with outstretched hand.

In the flash of thoughts that passed through his mind between the time he recognized his visitor and Bannister spoke, Deck had stiffened a little, for he did not know just what the call meant; but when he gripped Bannister's hand he did so in the manner of a man who is glad—and relieved.

"My sister told me she met you in the park," began Bannister.

"Yes?"

"And that woke me up to the fact that, with all my good intentions, I hadn't looked you up again."

"I guess you've been pretty busy, haven't you? Sit down."

"Well, I should say I had!" exclaimed Bannister, as he took a chair. "But I decided to get around to see you to-day whether I had time or not."

"I'm mighty glad you did. Have a cigar."

"I've been wanting to see you ever since I got back, but the fact of the matter is that there was a good while that I couldn't see much of anything."

"Jarnegan slump?" asked Deck, with a smile.

"I should say so! That blamed break let me in over my head—that's the reason I hustled back from Paris—and I'm just beginning once more to see daylight ahead—and some of my friends."

"Did it throw you hard?"

"Um-m-m, well, yes, for a while. It looked at first as if it were all over except some formal proceedings in the federal court, but I managed to pull a few loose ends together, and things are getting into fair shape now, with a pretty good outlook for something better. Did it get you?"

"No." Deck smiled. "I guess I got it."

Bannister looked at him curiously.

"Consolidated Aluminum?" he asked.

"At the very bottom. How did you guess it?"

"I didn't. I've seen the stock book."

"Oh," said Deck, reflectively. "Then you must be interested yourself."

"Well, yes, I am. Interested enough to make you an offer for your block if you want to sell."

"Don't believe I do. It looks good to me as it is."

"It looks good to me, too. That's the reason I want it. But I thought perhaps as you had such a devil of a profit in it you'd like to close out on a sure thing."

"No, I guess not. I think I'll keep it for my old age."

"All right; but I wouldn't monkey with

the stuff on margins; there's no telling what it may do."

"That's what I suspected from the various rumors I've heard about it," said Deck, drily.

Bannister took up his hat.

"Well," he said, "I must be off. Drop into the office and see me."

"Your sister—and mother—are well?"

"Never better."

"And old Thor?"

"Oh, old Thor?" Bannister laughed. "That lazy old autocrat is well, of course. I hear that you and he got quite chummy. He's a queer old chap. Doesn't often make up with strangers."

"I might trade you that Aluminum for Thor," said Deck, laughingly.

"I'd be willing enough," replied Bannister, joining in the laugh, "but I don't believe Agatha would stand it. But I will ask you one favor. If you conclude to let go of your stock, give me first chance at it, will you?"

"Sure!"

When the door had closed behind Bannister, Deck once more looked out the window at the jagged jumble of roofs. He was glad to know that Bannister felt no enmity toward him. That was something—a good deal, in fact, it seemed to him, on second thoughts—even though he had to admit that his headway was slow.

Another turning of the knob caused Deck to look around again—with a frown this time; he did not want to be disturbed.

It was Sanders—Sanders, young, energetic, quick-witted; with the world before him, and a determination to have his full share of it, amply supported by thorough confidence in his ultimate success in attaining it. Sanders was a broker for the love of the game and the stakes to be won at it. He did much of Deck's business, and it was he who had bought in the block of Consolidated Aluminum.

"Mr. Bannister got into the elevator as I got out," he said, with the suggestion

of interrogation in his tone as he sat down.

"Yes," replied Deck, "he was just in to see me."

"Um-m-m," mumbled Sanders, as he drew in a whole chest full of smoke from his cigarette and blew it out slowly through funneled lips. "I don't want to ask questions about anything that is none of my business, but—"

"Well?"

"Didn't he make you an offer for your Aluminum?"

Deck looked up without showing the surprise he felt.

"Well, no, not exactly an offer," he replied; "that is, nothing definite, but he said he'd like to buy it."

Sanders slapped his knee in a hearty self-commendatory manner, as if he were thus indirectly patting himself on the back.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed, looking elatedly wise. "He's in with the Dale push!"

"How do you mean?"

"Against old Watson in the Aluminum game."

"Then you really think that Watson and Dale are on the mat?"

"Sure thing! It's got past being a rumor; people are beginning to know. And a nice quiet little match it is, too! So far it's a draw, I think. They're just about even, and I think it's all in but yours."

"That makes it look pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Good? Why, you hang on to that little block of Consolidated Aluminum till it gets just right, and you ought to be able to button all your clothes with the diamonds you'll make off the deal. Don't you see? If the thing's as I think it is, one side or the other has got to have your stock before anything can be done."

"Um-m-m," grunted Deck, thoughtfully.

"And if I were you, I'd make 'em pay

good and plenty for it. Well, that's what I wanted to put you on to, so I'll pull out. Going to take a little spin on the Speedway before dinner. Don't you forget it now,—one side or the other has got to have your stock before anything can be done, or—or, by jingo, one of 'em has got to have you!"

The door closed behind Sanders, and Deck turned once more to the contemplation of the masses of housetops. He smoked meditatively a long time with thoughts that were puzzling rather than pleasant.

"I wonder," he said to himself, finally, "whether Tom Bannister wanted most to see me, or to see that block of Consolidated Aluminum."

When, in the flickering glare of the corner arc lights, Deck climbed the stone balustraded steps that led to the Bannisters' door, he had, in his feeling of uncertainty, something of the sensation an explorer must experience on approaching a country he had long dreamed of. It was an unknown land to him, and one that he was visiting at the bidding of none of its people; but one that he hoped held the promise of a glorious future. As he pressed the bell button, a deep, bass bark came from within, and Deck smiled a little to himself. Unfriendly as it sounded, he was reminded that he was pretty sure of a cordial welcome from old Thor, at least. A maid opened the door, and a huge black-shaded muzzle pushed by her with curious suspicion. The dog gave a sniff or two, and then recognized the visitor. Unceremoniously shouldering the maid out of the way, he sprang forward and leaped up against Deck, who, braced as he was to meet this demonstrative greeting, was almost pushed off the step.

"Get down, Thor! Down, sir!" cried the maid, striving to seize the dog's collar. "He won't hurt you, sir."

"Oh, that's all right," said Deck, holding the animal's two big forepaws in his hands, while Thor tried to lick his face.

"He and I are old chums, and he's just glad to see me, that's all. Is Miss Bannister at home?"

With Thor reduced to more passive demonstrations of welcome by this time, the maid showed Deck into the drawing-room, and took his card. The dog lay down on the hearth-rug before the smoldering fire, and thumped the floor vigorously with his tail. As far as he was concerned, Mr. Melton was a very welcome guest.

Deck glanced about the room. It was not so very dissimilar in its appointments from some other rooms he had seen, but still there was a distinct difference; something strange—but pleasant; a matter of atmosphere, probably, that gave one a comfortable feeling in the place.

"It's because it's somebody's home," he thought.

"Miss Bannister will be down in a few minutes, sir," said the maid, reëntering. "Shall I take your hat and coat, sir?"

Left alone again, Deck examined the room in more detail—and was still comfortable. On a fragile little table between the windows—apparently the place of honor—stood the photograph of a woman. Deck stooped to examine it. It showed its original to be young, and undeniably beautiful in the innocence of youth rather than in striking perfection of feature; one of those girlishly-sweet faces that men past the conventional age of romance turn to in some flash of feeling and adore for the rest of their lives.

"She is pretty, isn't she?" said a low voice, and Deck turned to find Agatha Bannister almost at his side.

"I'm so glad you came this evening," she went on, as Deck took her outstretched hand.

"So am I," he responded, "because I find you at home. But why are you—"

"Because I am bored to death with myself, and was wishing for some one who would patiently bear with my irritability."

"Well, I'm it!" declared Deck, and then feeling that the expression did not exactly accord with the atmosphere of the place, added with a smile: "I think I should be able to do that very well."

Agatha dropped into a chair. She seemed to take Deck's call quite as a matter of course; and he found something extremely pleasant in this fact.

"Do you know," she said, "I think we all owe you an apology?"

"Owe me?"

"Yes, you. Oh, won't you please sit down? It makes me feel as if you were just waiting for a chance to get away when you stand up."

Deck drew up a chair with ostentatious alacrity and sat down before her. He had a feeling before he reached the house that he might not know just what to do; but it all seemed very easy and natural after Agatha had entered.

"What in the world did you think of me—of us—last fall, when we went away right after getting back from Samoset without seeing you?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know as I thought—anything—much. You see I felt—What a terrible big dog Thor is, isn't he? When he's stretched out on the rug there with his head down on his paws he looks like a lion."

"It was very shabby of us, and I've no doubt you felt like cutting us dead afterward. Now didn't you?"

Deck had been leaning down patting Thor's head.

"No," he said, raising his eyes until they met hers, "I should never feel that way."

The barest suspicion of a glow which came into her cheeks was not perceptible in the yellow light of the incandescents, but she turned her head away. Her eyes fell on the photograph on the little table. It offered an adaptable subject for conversation.

"Isn't that a pretty girl?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed!" he agreed, giving

Thor's ear a final vigorous rub and straightening up. "Is it just a picture, or is it—somebody?"

"I should say it was somebody! That's Mildred Vandegrift, as sweet a girl as ever lived."

"She—she looks as if she might be."

Deck found it rather difficult to devise suitable comments.

"We met her in Paris, and—well, really, it was quite the adventure of our trip."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

"Why, I mean to! I like to talk about it because she's such a dear, and because it is about the only adventure I ever had—except the time you swam out with me when I was about to go under at Samoset."

"But about Miss Vandegrift?" Talk of the surf at Samoset was always shunned by Deck as a subject that left him without words.

"You've been in the Place Vendôme?"

"A few minutes—once."

"Then you know what a terrible thing it is to cross that broad open space with crazy French cabmen and crazier automobiles plunging about, trying to run one down?"

"Yes; one doesn't have to be there long to notice that."

"Well, as Tom and I were just starting to cross one morning to walk to the Tuileries gardens, we noticed a young woman coming toward us—that is Tom noticed her first; he's so observant, you know, sometimes."

"Judging from the photograph, I should think that might very well have been one of the times."

"It was! Well, this young woman had got within just a little way of the sidewalk and safety—about the length of this room, I should think—when she slipped on something, and fell. There was a cab coming straight at her. The brute of a driver didn't pull up or turn his horse, but just cried out for her to

get out of the way. I think I screamed a little, but I'm not sure, as just about that time I became very unimportant. For just then Tom began to—to—What's that so effectively expressive phrase?"

"Get busy?"

"Yes! Tom got busy—very busy! I don't know just what he did, but it looked to me as if he jumped clear from the curbstone to that cab horse's head. Anyhow he struck the horse so hard that he threw it back on its haunches and stopped the cab so quick that it jerked the driver out of his seat and he nearly fell off."

"Good!" exclaimed Deck. "I wish I could have seen that!"

"It wasn't bad, really; only I was too much excited to appreciate it. Then Tom let go of the horse and picked up the young woman. When he got to the sidewalk where I stood she was protesting that she wasn't hurt, but he was still carrying her and didn't seem to want to put her down."

Deck glanced at the photograph, and laughed.

"Could you blame him?"

"No, I couldn't—and didn't. Well, of course, Tom had to put her down finally, and she wasn't hurt any more than I was, and not much more scared, I think. Just then the cabman came up and began talking excitedly and waving his hands. I couldn't understand him, but I suppose Tom did, as he told him to wait a minute."

"Take the young lady into the hotel, Agatha," he said. "I'll be there in a minute."

"It was only a few steps—we were at the Vendôme—and we started, leaving Tom listening to the cabman, who was talking all over as Frenchmen do when they're excited. When we got nearly to the entrance of the hotel, I looked back to see if Tom was coming. Just as I did that the cabman raised his whip as if he were going to strike Tom, and Tom hit

him—with his fist, you know. The cabman went—went—"

"Down and out?"

"Yes! That's what Tom called it afterward. Anyhow he lay where he fell for a while."

"And I should have liked to have seen that still better!" exclaimed Deck, laughing softly at the very richness of it.

"Well, it wasn't so funny in its after-effects. The *gens d'armes* arrested Tom, and he had to get the Consul General and do all sorts of things to get out of it, but he didn't seem to care."

"I should think not! The satisfaction of it was worth all the trouble it was."

"I guess Tom thought so. Of course, we all met Miss Vandegrift and her mother, who were staying at the hotel, and they made our party so much pleasanter that Tom was in a terrible state of mind when he found he had to go home till he learned that the Vandegrifts were just about to return, and that he could arrange to go on the same boat with them. Then he was the most cheerful young man about leaving his only mother and sister in a foreign land that you ever saw."

"And," Deck asked again with the same kind of a smile, "could you blame him?"

"I still don't."

When Deck had said good-night, and passed down the stone balustraded steps, he paused a moment on the sidewalk and looked up at the house—the house where he now felt that he might count on an occasional welcome from some one besides Thor.

"I only hope," he thought, "that I am as completely forgiven as Mademoiselle Celeste is forgotten. Maybe it wasn't the Aluminum, after all."

Then he turned and walked slowly homeward with a good deal more hopeful view of the future than he had known since those happy, careless days at Samoset when present and future were one.

Weeks passed with no developments in

the consolidated Aluminum deal. The stock was quoted nominally at seventy-seven and a half bid, but there were no transactions. Every one seemed to have forgotten it. Only once did the possibility of a transaction present itself.

As Mark Giles, the free lance, who, it was known, could be depended on in an irregular emergency, related the details of the occurrence to Watson and Parker in the former's office, the financier's face assumed, in spite of him, the annoyed expression of a man who feels he is being baffled by some one too insignificant for serious consideration.

"I went up to that little cubby of an office of his in the top row of bricks in the Chimney building," said Mark Giles, who, being one of those people blessed with a full name in two syllables, generally got the benefit of his appellation in its entirety, "and I must say I think he's got some notions of his own about the deal.

"Mr. Melton," says I, 'I understand you have some Consolidated Aluminum.'

"Well," says he.

"I've got a customer that I think would buy it at a fair price," says I.

"Yes?" says he.

"Yes," says I. 'You've got a thousand shares, I believe,' says I.

"Well," says he.

"I'm authorized to take the block at to-day's close," says I.

"Not from me," says he.

"Well," says I, 'just between us, I don't blame you for putting a good value on the stock,' says I.

"No?" says he.

"No," says I, 'but, between us, I've got a tip that it's about at the top,' says I.

"Yes?" says he.

"Yes," says I. 'There's something mighty queer about the stock, and my notion is that the support is going to be taken away from it, and you know what that means,' says I.

"What?" says he.

"That the pipe will go out, and it will be back to Jarnegan figures," says I.

"Why don't you advise your customer so, then?" says he.

"God knows I have, Mr. Melton," says I, 'and argued with him; but he told me he knew his own business best, and that if I didn't want to make the deal he'd get some one else, and a commission's a commission, you know, Mr. Melton,' says I.

"Mark Giles," says he, 'don't get the idea that because you're an ass I'm one,' says he.

"What's that?" says I, starting to get up.

"Sit down!" says he, giving me a shove. And I sat down to hear what else he had to say. You know what a big, husky fellow he is—he ought to be playing football.

"You go back to Watson," says he, 'and tell him my stock's not for sale,' says he.

"Why," says I, 'is Mr. Watson buying Aluminum?' says I.

"Not mine," says he—just like he did before, you know. 'You tell Watson that my stock's not for sale, but that if he has any to sell at the market I'll buy it,' says he. 'Good afternoon, Mark Giles,' says he.

"And, gentlemen, here I am without the stock; but I don't think you'll find anybody that will do any better for you. He's holding that stock for keeps, as I see it, and it looked to me as if he had some notions of his own about it."

Watson gently rubbed his long, thin, pike-like nose and bent his eyes down on the fingers thus engaged.

"All right, Mark Giles," he said, without raising his lids, "keep your eyes open. You may be able to do something yet."

When Mark Giles had left the room, Watson looked up at Parker, and relaxed his face into the vertical wrinkles which made up his smile.

"If we didn't need that block so bad,"

said Parker, "the thing would be funny, and it's surely nervy and impertinent. What are we going to do?"

"We shall have to devise some other method."

"We might scare him out."

"How?"

"By depressing the market."

"And have the Dale crowd buying on every break? No, I think not."

There were evident indications that, in this comparatively unimportant deal, the great Watson was stumped. Possibly this as much as his advices concerning the undeveloped value of the property held his attention to it. Watson generally did what he wanted to in stocks, and there were underbreath rumors that Jarnegan was a case in point.

Meantime Deck's ascents of the stone balustraded steps had become more than occasional. Thor was always glad to see him, and Agatha—after many misgivings that he might imagine more than her courtesy justified, Deck finally—well, why else should she smile and brighten so when she greeted him? Still—

Their friendship had ripened to the stage of many confidences and common interests—some, indeed, obviously created that they might be common interests, and others growing out of the easy possibility of each finding an interest in the other's interests. And Deck's fortunes prospered both behind the door at the top of the stone balustraded steps, and in the little office high in the towering pile of masonry down town.

An early December snow was heavy enough to powder Deck's shoulders plentifully between the time he had dismissed his cab and had been admitted to the Bannister home, only to be told by the maid that Miss Bannister was not well enough to see him that evening. A chill, foreign to the nipping air outside, passed through Deck's heart.

"The pipe's gone out," he thought, drearily, as he turned to go out.

"Hello, Deck, that you?" called Tom Bannister's voice.

"Yes," replied Deck, dully.

"Thought I recognized your voice. Come into my den. I want to have a talk with you."

Deck laid off his overcoat, and followed Tom slowly, filled with an apprehension somewhat akin to that of a man who feels that the next turn of the cards will leave nothing in the world for him but the irrevocable trigger and the unimpressible law's formal verdict.

"Have a cigar," said Tom, as they sat down.

Deck took one with a perfunctory "Thank you," and waited in silence.

"Beastly weather, isn't it?" said Tom.

"Rotten," Deck agreed, with no feeling of interest.

"You've still got that Aluminum, I suppose?"

"Yes; I told you, you know, that I'd let you know before I sold it."

"That's right; so you did. Had any offers?"

"Yes, Mark Giles was up to see me a few weeks ago."

"Ah, ha!"

"He was from Watson, I think."

"That's a good think."

"I told him to tell Watson that I wouldn't sell, but that I'd buy if he had any for sale."

"Well, that's pretty good, too?" laughed Tom.

Deck did not join in the laugh; the subject did not interest him.

Tom got up, and took a turn about the room.

"Look here, Deck," he said, "I owe you something—a good deal, I think."

"I guess not."

"Yes, I do. We won't say anything about the time you fished Agatha out of the surf at Samoset. That's past and gone."

Deck nodded. He was willing this should be past and gone. What he won-

dered now was whether it was a kick or a kind word that was coming to him.

"Well," Tom went on, "you know, I suppose—every one else does—that Mademoiselle Celeste threw me over?"

Deck said nothing.

"The first signs of it were right after she got back to New York from Samoset. She didn't write. I couldn't hear anything from her until finally—well, it was all off. Then came her marriage with old Harter, and I was pretty well cut up. I took mother and Agatha and went abroad. Since I got back I've heard more things about Celeste than I knew when I went away."

He paused, but Deck only nodded.

"And from what I've heard, and the friendly interest you've shown in me," Tom went on—it seemed to Deck that the language was enigmatical; "I think you had something to do with her dropping me. Did you?"

Tom spoke in the quiet tone of a man who has thoroughly threshed over his emotions until he has no desire except to get at the facts. Deck felt that his answer might cut the last tie that bound him to the future that he hoped for, but there was only one answer to give.

"Yes," he said, quietly.

He had risen with the natural instinct of a man to be on his feet when anything happens. The two men looked into each other's eyes a moment. Then Tom advanced slowly.

"Deck," he said, solemnly, as he extended his hand, "that was the best turn you ever did for me or ever will be able to do for me. Now, let's talk about something else."

Deck sat down again with a sigh of relief. There was a little pause, and then—

"Is your sister very sick?" he asked, diffidently.

"Agatha? Oh, no," replied Tom, carelessly. "She just caught a heavy cold that settled all over her and laid her up. She'll

be all right in a day or so. Better drop in and see her, as she may have to stay pretty close in the house for about a week."

Deck squinted up his eyes while in the act of lighting a fresh cigar.

"Rattling good cigars, these!" he said, when he had finished, with a cheeriness that was almost startling. "And now," he went on, as he slid down lazily in his chair and crossed his legs comfortably, "how about this Aluminum deal? I understand that the stockholders' meeting will be held on the fifteenth. Who's going to get it?"

"That," replied Tom, looking at him queerly, "is pretty hard to say—yet. It will depend on how certain stock is voted, of course."

"I see," said Deck, meditatively, as he looked at his watch, and then rose.

"Look here, Deck, suppose you drop in at the office to-morrow afternoon about three, and talk this matter over with some interested friends of mine. How does that strike you?"

"All right. I'll be there."

The interested friends Deck was to meet at Tom Bannister's office the next afternoon, he found to be only Harrison Dale. He felt that it was something of an advance in his new scheme of life to meet this man in a business way. For Dale was a man whose power was steadily growing on an almost unbroken line of successful operations. His very appearance bespoke the kind of force that directs and compels success. Thick shoulders, deep chest, massive head and heavy jaw all indicated vigor and determination. People disagreed about his reputation as an operator. Some regarded him as being of the most cautious and conservative type; others declared that he was a bull-headed plunger that stopped for nothing and nobody. Both were right. None was more cautious or conservative than Harrison Dale until he had all his plans well matured, and knew just

what he wanted to do and how to do it; then none plunged forward with more determination and few arrived more successfully.

"We have asked you to this conference, Mr. Melton," he said, when the preliminaries of the introduction were over, "to learn if you would care to join us in a little deal in Consolidated Aluminum."

Deck nodded. He was inclined to hear more details before he had anything to say.

"It is our purpose," Dale went on, "to secure control of the company, because we believe it is a good thing that is being neglected. Originally, Mr. Bannister and I hoped to do this ourselves, but we found certain obstacles in the way."

"And those obstacles, Deck," laughed Tom, "are, to put it plainly, your block of stock."

"It must be down to a pretty fine point then," suggested Deck.

"It is, and I'll tell you frankly that we need your stock on our side in the stockholders' meeting to make us sure."

"That was the reason you wanted an option on it then," Deck smiled.

"Exactly, but you made it pretty clear to me that you didn't want to sell. Then I explained to Mr. Dale that, knowing you, I was sure we couldn't either buy or scare you out, and that as I was under a good many obligations to you, I'd like to take you in with us if you cared to come."

"What's the scheme?" asked Deck.

"The whole thing is very simple," declared Dale, "though I must admit that there is not much originality about it. We are convinced from investigations we have made that the property is worth at least five and probably ten times its present capitalization, owing to the fact that the deposits are much richer and wider in extent than had been thought. At the next stockholders' meeting we propose to elect our own directory. Subsequently, we intend to organize a company which will make an offer to buy the Consolidated

Aluminum property outright. This offer will be accepted by the new directory, subject, of course, to the approval of the stockholders. As we shall hold a majority of the stock there will be no difficulty about that. Then we shall reorganize the company with an adequate capital, and proceed to develop it in a practical manner."

Deck chewed his cigar meditatively a moment before he spoke.

"Is it square?" he asked, looking straight into Dale's eyes.

"Square?" repeated Dale, with a smile. "Well, it certainly is! By our purchase the minority stockholders—who are Watson and two or three of his friends—will get a good deal more for their stock than they paid for it and more than it has ever been quoted for."

"But they're squeezed out, just the same?"

"No, not squeezed out, exactly; bought out. Of course, they won't have much to say about it, but they will make money. The difference is that we shall stay in, assume more responsibility and, I hope, make more money."

"And, Deck," said Tom, "after the squeeze I got in the Jarnegan slump I need to get on the right side of a good thing pretty bad, to give it to you straight."

Deck looked at him a moment absently. He was thinking of the discomfort that comes to the man who is broke, which he knew by personal experience; and he was thinking, too, of the effect Tom Bannister's depleted fortunes would have on Agatha. Might she not then—

"All right," he said, after the momentary pause. "I'm with you. What's to be done?"

"Mr. Melton," said Dale, offering his hand, "permit me to congratulate you on the fact that you will be elected a director of the Consolidated Aluminum company at the stockholders' meeting on the fifteenth."

Half a dozen men made up the stock-

holders' meeting on the day appointed. When the Melton shares were voted with the Dale interest on the first question of control, Jeremiah Watson reached for his hat.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he rose, "being convinced that I can be of no further service to you, I shall ask your leave to withdraw."

Then he walked out of the room and practically out of the company, for there was no hitch in the Dale program from start to finish.

"Tom," said Deck, as he walked into Bannister's office one day in the early spring, "how's business?"

"Never saw better prospects," was the hearty reply. "You know things moved fast in the field last winter, and it looks now as if we were going to have one of the best dividend payers in the list, and, thanks to our own good management, both of us have pretty good bunches of stock to draw dividends on, too."

"Do you still think we are going to need a western representative in Chicago?"

"We certainly are! In fact, we can't do business without one. We're going to need a good one, too."

"Do you think I'd do?"

"You!" Tom gasped. "You! What the—why, I didn't suppose the police could drive you out of New York."

"They came pretty near doing it once, and not so very long ago, either," responded Deck, smiling a little grimly.

"Oh, forget that!" Tom laughed. "What's that got to do with Mr. Decker Melton, second vice-president and member of the board of directors of the American Aluminum Company, Limited?"

"It's just one of the unpleasant biographical facts that bob up once in a while."

"Deck," Tom went on, seriously, "it isn't a good thing for you to think so much about those days. Don't you know you've got a record of development that any man might be proud of?"

"Well, then, maybe it's a good idea to remember some things to keep me from getting chesty. But what I want to know is if you think I'll do for Chicago."

"Do? Why, of course, you'll do—better than anybody I know. But it's so unnecessary. We can get a good man without any trouble. What put you in the notion of burying yourself out there?"

"Tom," Deck replied, frowning at the ash of his cigar, "there are a good many people in this town who haven't forgotten that Deck Melton used to be a professional gambler, and won't forget it, either, as long as they live and he lives. I want to go some place where people don't know quite so much about me, and get a new start."

"Nonsense, Deck, old man! You're morbid! Take something for your liver. You're morbid I tell you!"

"Well, if that's so I don't know anything better than Chicago hustle to knock it out of me. If I can have that Chicago job I want it."

And so it was settled that Decker Melton was to be the general western representative of the American Aluminum Company, Limited, with headquarters in Chicago.

As the time approached for his departure the process of uprooting became all the more unpleasant. Sometimes it was even painful. Deck felt the full force of the powerful hold that is fastened on the New Yorker, be he native or foster son, by the arrogant, self-satisfied big city, but he had no thought of changing his plans. He had studied his hand carefully, and would play it out in the manner that his judgment rather than his inclination told him was best.

Too many people knew he had been a professional gambler, he told Tom Bannister. Aye, too many by just one! For the others he did not care, but could a man who had been a professional gambler ask Agatha Bannister to—

He smoked much on the bench in the park those early spring days, watching

the rapid development of the verdure in a sunshine more beneficent than usually graces that season of the year. It was too early for many of the little tots who used to be his companions, but those who had prevailed upon their nurses to take them out, welcomed him with an enthusiasm that added to his sadness, for the old dream picture was fading and growing fainter with every day that took him nearer to his new life in Chicago.

But Time, the inexorable, passed, and the afternoon of the day before came with all the inevitability of the unwelcome.

"It's the best thing, it's the only thing I can do," he thought, as he walked slowly down the avenue on his return from his last afternoon on the park bench. "Such things are not for you, Decker, my boy. You got a wrong start in the deal. Though you're a pretty lucky dog about some things—like money—you were coppered in the beginning in the other game, and you can't win. Ah, well, maybe you'll get a chance some day to show that you meant mighty well, even if you didn't look very good in the record of past performances. You can brace up, and be a good loser, anyhow."

Then he took a long breath, and, straightening up firmly, finished his walk homeward at a brisk gait.

In spite of his determination to be a game loser, it cost Deck considerable effort to conceal the burden of his depression when he made his farewell call at the Bannister home that evening. He talked much to Thor and about Thor, while that majestic autocrat from his place on the hearth rug thumped his massive tail appreciatively on the floor with a happy lack of premonition of the coming loss of his chum. With Agatha, the conversation turned as far backward as their first meeting at Samoset, and the pleasant week that followed. Then it worked slowly down through the intervening time, with diversions touching on Agatha's trip abroad, on the inevitable toward which

Tom and Mildred Vandegrift were drifting, and on Deck's gradual and growing success in his new scheme of life-building.

"I've got to admit," he said, "that I've been extremely fortunate—about money matters."

"Admit?" Agatha laughed. "I should think you might almost be justified in boasting."

"I'm not sure that it is a matter to boast of."

"Most men would be. Don't you feel that it is fine to succeed in the things you have tried to do?"

"But I have not succeeded in everything."

"No?" She looked at him in some surprise.

"There are other things, you know, besides mere financial success."

"Yes, of course. But you have succeeded in other things, too. You have left behind you for ever—" She paused and a momentary confusion showed itself in her slightly increased color.

"You mean the old life?" he said, quickly and frankly. "The old life before I knew you—and your brother? Well, yes, I hope so; I trust so."

"Isn't that something; something fine, something great; something not many men could do, or, at least, would do?"

"Yes, perhaps so. I wasn't thinking about that exactly, though."

"What else, then?" She stooped to pat the sleeping Thor on the head.

"Oh, I suppose it's nothing but a morbid imagination," he said, giving himself a slight shake as if to rid himself of the burden. "I wish old Thor could go with me," he added, abruptly.

It was the first direct mention that had been made of his going away, and she looked up quickly.

"It does seem too bad that such good chums as you and Thor should be separated by mere sordid business," she smiled. "He will certainly miss you. You leave to-morrow?"

"At noon."

"And when will you come back?"

"I'm not coming back."

"Not at all?"

"Oh, an occasional flying trip, perhaps. I'm going there to live, you know."

"Well, there are great possibilities in the west, they say."

"And it is one of those possibilities that I am going after, Agatha," he said, gravely.

Once more she looked up quickly, and then immediately dropped her eyes, while a flash of color came and went in her cheeks. It was the first time he had ever called her Agatha, but she was not offended. Rather than that there passed over her a glow of satisfaction, almost of happiness. He had spoken the name naturally, unconsciously, as if, in his thoughts, she had long been Agatha to him.

"You know we all want you to succeed in whatever you undertake there." Again her hand was smoothing the silky head of the sleepily blinking Thor, grateful for the attention even at the expense of an interrupted nap.

"Agatha," he said—and again the glow of something indefinably sweet passed over her—"I hadn't intended to do so, but I feel that I want to tell you why I am going to Chicago."

"I shall be glad to hear," she said, softly.

"It isn't for the—the worldly advantages that are in it. I've got enough of them—for me; more than I ever expected to have; more than I need. It's—something else. I want to get a new start. There are always a lot of people who remember things that are not pleasant—and it seems to be a great satisfaction to them. And there are a good many people in this town who haven't forgotten that Deck Melton used to be a professional gambler and won't forget it as long as they live and he lives, either." They were the same words he had used in speaking to Tom, and they had an unpleasant

hackneyed ring in his ears. "It isn't pleasant or easy to say this—to you—"

"But," she interrupted, "that was so long ago, and—"

"It will never be long ago for those people. And the better I succeed here, the better they will remember it. It is all past and gone, now, I know—I promise you; and I want to go to a new place where the people will know me for what I am now, and not for what I was once."

"That is another one of your great successes," she said, looking into his eyes, "if you could only realize it."

"I hope it will be," he said, earnestly.

"And I hope it will be," she said simply; "not because I feel that it makes the difference you think, but because—because you wish it."

There was a pause. Deck got up and walked across the room and back. From under drooping lashes she watched him with a new light in her eyes. He stopped in front of her, and leaned his back against the shelf of the mantel.

"Agatha," he said, "I'm very weak, very foolish. I came here this evening to say good-by to you cheerfully, as—as good friends say good-by; and to have the satisfaction of hearing you say that you wished me luck."

"You know that I wish you all the good fortune that you could wish for yourself."

"That's a great deal," he said, with a sigh. "But—but I'm not satisfied with that—now. I can't go away until I've told you something—something that I oughtn't to, I know."

She did not speak, but sat slowly smoothing her handkerchief between her fingers.

"Agatha," he went on—there was something in his voice that she had never heard in it before—"if it were not for that which other people will remember so long and so well, I should have something else to tell you—something to ask you."

She rose suddenly from her chair, dropping her handkerchief to the floor.

"Oh, please don't be offended!" he exclaimed, apprehensively, as he stooped to pick up the handkerchief, which he continued to hold in his hand. "I know I should not have said it, but—but I couldn't help it. Don't make me go away with the feeling that you are angry with me. It was foolish, it was—presumptuous, I know, and I was weak to—to pain you. But please be charitable. Remember I am going away to-morrow—to stay."

"I am not offended," she said, with the peculiar steadiness that marks suppressed emotion, as she took the handkerchief from his hand. He released it reluctantly, as if he had hoped to keep it, unnoticed.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said, earnestly. "For now I can go away with better courage, and with a memory that will be dear enough to me to help take the place of hope." He took a long breath, and shook himself a little. "I couldn't persuade you to let me take old Thor with me, could I?" he went on, trying to speak more lightly.

"I might," she said, smiling up at him, while Thor, hearing the mention of his name thumped his tail on the floor soci-

ably. "He would be company for you, wouldn't he?"

"Wouldn't he! He would save me many a fit of blues, I'm sure."

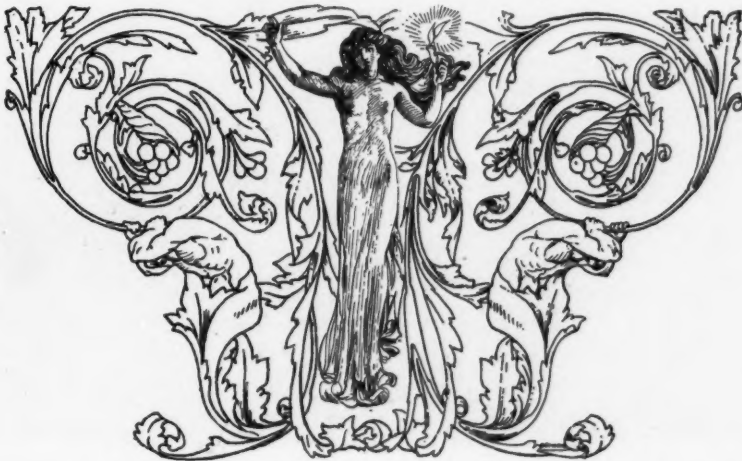
"But what should I do without old Thor? He is my best companion."

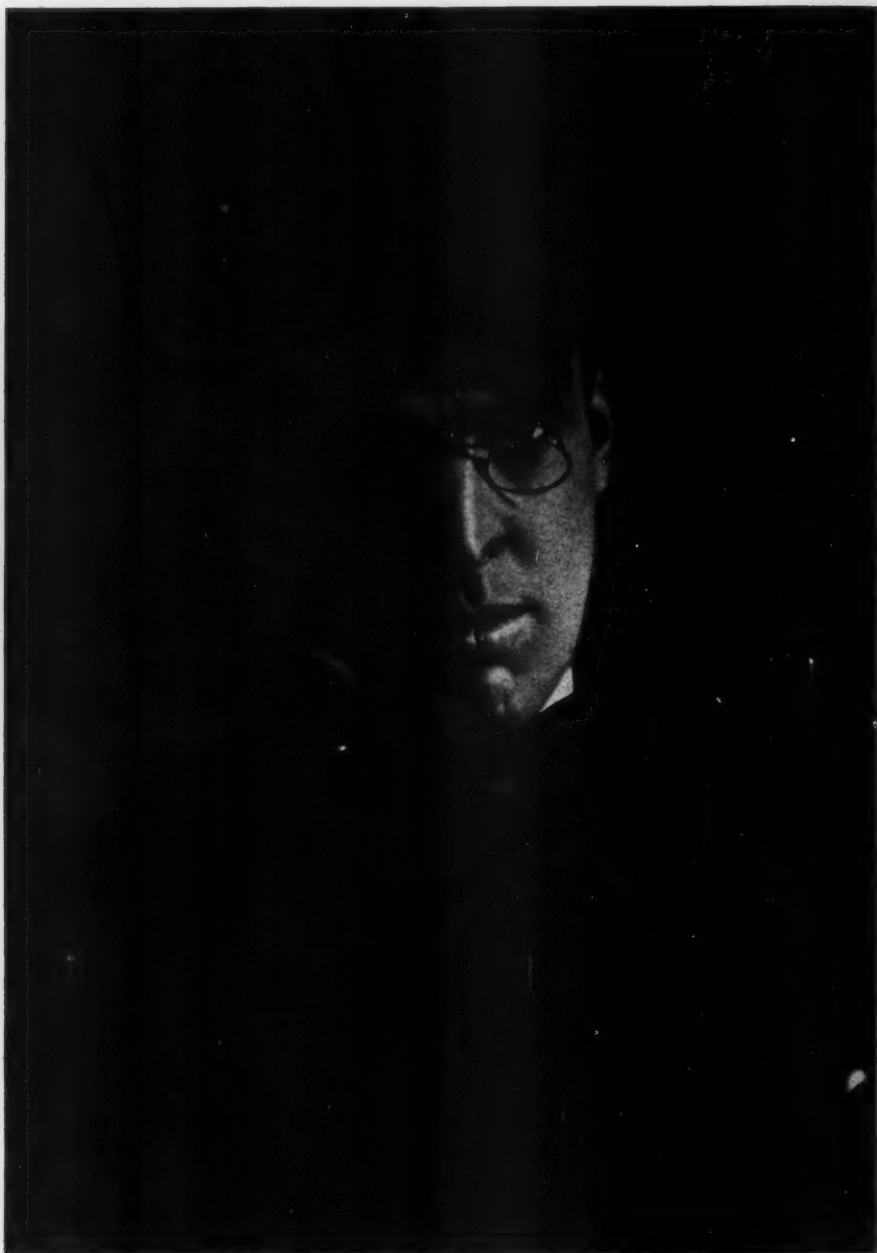
"Oh, of course, I understand. I was only joking."

"Suppose I were to say that you might take Thor with you—" She paused. There was something in her tone and expression, although she did not look directly at him, that set Deck's pulse to throbbing and made him lean toward her as if he could hardly restrain himself from gathering her in his arms.

"Yes?" he said, in an eager whisper.

"If you took Thor with you," she looked up at him with the new light shining brighter than ever in her eyes, "how long should I have to wait before you came back—" she paused again; her eyes were cast down now and the long lashes veiled them completely; she caught her breath a little and the color flamed in her face, as, in a whisper that was very soft and low, but clearer to him than the sweetest music, she said, "before you came back—for me?"





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WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE READER MAGAZINE

WRITERS AND READERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

MR. Horatio Sheafe Krans, the enthusiastic critic of William Butler Yeats, admits, in the pleasing volume which he has recently contributed to the "Contemporary Men of Letters Series" that Mr. Yeats may, at times, be obscure even to his admirers. "After all allowances have been made," Mr. Krans writes concerning the lyrics of Yeats, "there remains a not inconsiderable part of his work that is darkened by recondite imagery, which for him no doubt has a meaning—for no one would dare to appear so meaningless unless he felt he meant a great deal—but to the rest of mankind conveys no idea, induces no mood, and is at most a perspicuous gloom." And he confesses that even Mr. Yeats' commentaries, provided as an accessory of his verses, appear to need a glossary.

A contrast is drawn between the poetry of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Yeats which is interesting, even if the general reader should quarrel with Mr. Krans to the extent of thinking him not fully appreciative of Kipling's inner meaning. He writes: "Mr. Kipling is too often hard, flashy and materialistic; is the celebrator of imperialism. He loves the tumult of war and the din of labor, and sings of them with a rough and gusty energy, and in a language so plain that he who runs may read its whole meaning. He is too often an indifferent artist, speaking in the slang of the camp, and in accordance with the standards of the music hall. Mr. Yeats is the reverse of all this. He, and with him the men of the revival, stand opposed to the encroachments of a uniform civilization that is destructive of national and provincial variations of every kind. He shuns the distractions of the workaday

world and courts the solitary delights of the spirit. His poems are full of thought, spirituality, and lyric phantasy, and have a music that is subtle, sweet and beguiling. They are the product of an exacting artistic conscience, and everywhere wrought with the utmost care. If Mr. Kipling seeks too eagerly to catch the ear of the crowd, Mr. Yeats tends, on the contrary, to address himself to a cult, that understands the content of his art and speaks its language."

Well, well, a quarrel over poets is unprofitable! Let us thank heaven we have them, whether their words be for dreamers or for common men, for the sad-eyed lotus eaters in a decadent mood, or the men of energy and hope who swagger down the dust of the middle road! If some of us like to listen to the beat of "The Feet of the Young Men" that is no reason, perhaps, why we should worry because Mr. Yeats should, if he pleases, amuse himself with vision of the boar without bristles that had come from the west and rooted the sun and moon and stars out of the sky and lain in the darkness grunting and turning to his rest. If it is really true that any such creature as that was in the west, it is just as well, no one will deny, that he has found his way into that shadowy limbo where Mr. Yeats' heroes and heroines live their illusive lives.

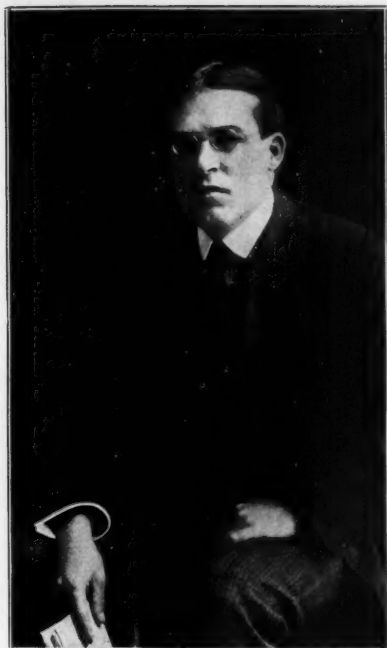
THERE has not grown up, as might have been expected, an automobile school of fiction. There was "The Lightning Conductor," which is still extremely popular, and now we have "The Motor Pirate," and there have been many short stories dealing with the most fashionable and exhilarating form of locomotion, but

fascinating as the sport is, it has not yet aroused the novelists to their best efforts. Even Mr. Kipling, who has a knack for machinery, and who plays games, so to speak, with engines of one sort and another, has not felt inspired to try his peculiar mode of story-telling with an automobile as a hero. But this is, upon reflection, not a matter over which to grieve. Mr. Kipling has sung his song of steam quite magnificently, but to have him singing a song of gasoline would be almost more than even the most enthusiastic among us could endure.

COINCIDENT with the national campaign will come the publication of "The President," the new novel by Alfred Henry Lewis, whose story, "The Boss," drew such attention to the methods of Tammany Hall. Little is known of how Mr. Lewis will treat the new subject, but there is no other writer of fiction at present better equipped to write so intelligently of national political life than he. Mr. Lewis has been an observer of politics for twenty years and his services as Washington correspondent for several years, added to his close connection with state and city politics in the West, in Chicago and New York City, combine to fit him peculiarly for the work of embodying his observations in convincing fictional form. Politics is becoming more and more a part of American life and even women know more or less of its devious ways in cities, although it will be long before it absorbs the people to the extent that it does in England. There have been some excellent political novels in the last few years, notably those by Booth Tarkington, Elliott Flower, Brand Whitlock and others, and even such a reticent gentleman as Ex-President Cleveland has not thought it injudicious to set upon them publicly the seal of his approval. Mr. Lewis writes forcibly, but his admiration for Thomas Carlyle leads him into the coinage of some remarkable words.

A CLEVER article on "The Humors of Advertising" recently illumined the pages of the *Atlantic*. The fun of the article was at times so uproarious, that one could not help imagining the struggle which must have accompanied its acceptance in the dignified if not solemn editorial conclave at No. 4, Park Street, Boston. The author was Rollin Lynd Hartt, who is connected with the literary department of the *Transcript*, of that city. He will be remembered as the author of a number of articles or stories which appeared several years ago in the *Atlantic*, all dealing with the psychology of place. Each one brought out the characteristics of a particular city or district and they showed an engaging originality of observation. Mr. Hartt writes a deal of matter for the *Transcript*, and also translates many articles from European reviews. He has a never-failing wit and a keen satire which sometimes puzzle his staid fellow Bostonians. He is, however, only Bostonian on sufferance, or, as he says, "by lease," for he hails from Western New York. It is to be feared that he is more diverted by Boston than its people would approve. It is whispered at the *Transcript* office that he was once known to speak disrespectfully of Bunker Hill monument, but his acquaintances have succeeded in all but hushing this up. The State House, the Common, the Sacred Codfish, the Public Library, and other venerated landmarks, excite him to flippant remarks, and he once shocked the community by referring to a distinguished and exclusive family as: "The Cabots, a small tribe inhabiting a suburb of Boston, having many customs and no manners."

BERT Leston Taylor, who is now regularly engaged on *Puck*, has been spending his vacation at Grand Marais, on Lake Superior, where he goes each year. On the comic weekly his lines have fallen in pleasant places, and he has



BERT LESTON TAYLOR

abundant time for outside work if he cares to do it. In his particular line of newspaper paragraphing, which made him famous in Chicago, he seems to have been succeeded by F. P. Adams, who writes the "Little About Everything" column in the *Journal*. Mr. Adams began by voluntary assistance to Mr. Taylor, but now he is doing this work on his own account in the other newspaper. His wit has a quaint tang, but is thoroughly modern, and he is facile at verse-making. He has, indeed, published a little book of verse of the lighter sort, which contains some charming things. Some of his imitations of Horace are quite up to what Field used to do. He has several volunteer assistants whose work compares favorably with his own. His particular column of paragraphs is unique. There is nothing like it anywhere else, and it may be doubted if it would flourish in the peculiar soil of New York and Boston.

THERE is a point in criticism where facetiousness should stop. Perhaps what will harm the future value of G. K. Chesterton's "Robert Browning" more than anything else is his smartness of phrase that tickles but does not wholly convince. However, Mr. Chesterton has critical sympathy and most decided views. One of the dangers of smartness in literature is the difficulty of escaping the "trade-mark" when you wish. The public mind will not disassociate you from its first impression.

Probably Mr. Alan Dale has found what we say true in his dramatic work, which, since 1887, has appeared in the *New York Evening World* and the *New York American and Journal* (since 1895). In New York, Mr. Dale, as critic, stands peculiarly alone. He writes in an amusing conversational style; his comments on current plays are marked by a facetiousness, popular with the general reader; the cartoonist's view-point is very often Mr. Dale's. His critical arrows are frequently wreathed in smiles; his paragraphs readily lend themselves to pencil sketches of the humorously-minded newspaper artist. In the same spirit in which



ALAN DALE

Mr. Dale approached Bernhardt's "Hamlet" by calling it "Mademoiselle Hamletina," does he approach all things dramatic. Praise may be given in humor, so may censure: by humor Mr. Dale seeks to gain his effects.

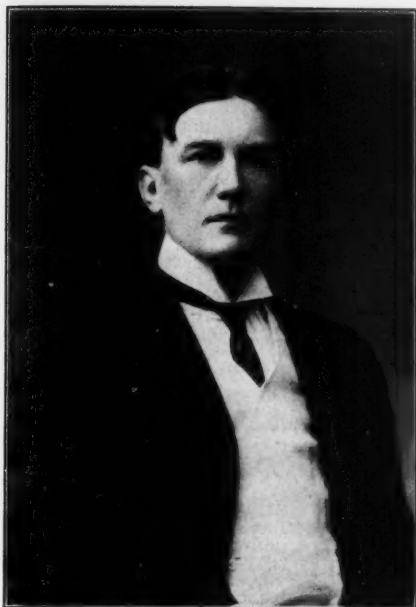
THE provincialism of the Canadians drove from their shores Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who settled in another country and received knighthood, not so much for his literary achievements, however, as for his political attitude. His countrymen across our northern borders resented his depiction of Canadian types and they were especially offended at his novel "The Right of Way." The writer then declared that he was done with Canada as a place of residence, and that he would never write another novel the scene of which was laid in that country. He has kept his word. The two romances which he has written since settling in London have been utterly different from those he wrote while in Canada, and they have Europe for their scene. It will be remembered that the Canadians took umbrage at Kipling when he referred to Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows." This was thought to cast aspersion on their salubrious climate. Stuart Edward White will probably soon be tried for *lèse-majesté*.

WHY is it impossible for paragraphers, novelists and other persons to refer to women's clubs without caricaturing them? Men's clubs are not caricatured, though they are sometimes condemned. But a frank denunciation is not nearly so insulting or irritating as misrepresentation.

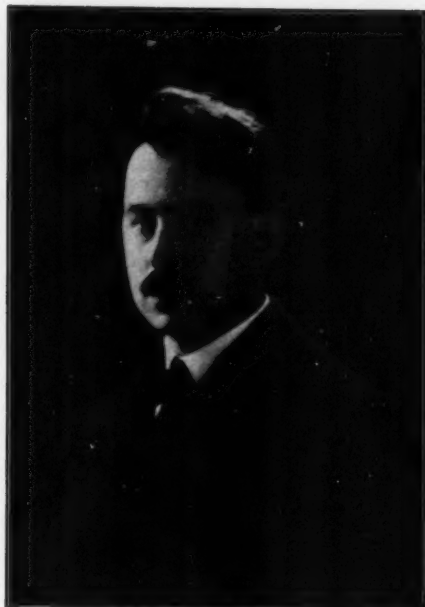
The latest offense of the sort is "The Confessions of a Club Woman," by Agnes Surbridge. This, as is invariably the case, represents a woman of no social position, ambitious and vigorous, seeking to find social distinction by means of the club. She refuses to consider her hus-

band's wishes in the matter, neglects her children, and is so weaned from good sense and moral responsibility as to imperil her reputation as a faithful wife. Now all this is not worth scolding about, perhaps. But it is so far from representing the truth, in regard to the clubs, that it is difficult for one who likes fair play not to make a protest. The book is advertised as "a very real novel," but indeed it is anything but real. The writer does not appear to understand the spirit that animates the clubs, the simple good fellowship of them, the pleasing, if mild intellectual stimulus, and the good will that pervades them. The cheap quality of the women represented by this author, the poverty of their ambitions, and the vulgarity of their manners are really a libel on the clubs as they exist. There have been, probably, women who neglected their children for clubs, as there have been men who neglected their homes for the same reason. But that there are women who go to the club when their children are dangerously ill, one is much tempted to doubt. Such unnatural Thenadier creatures may exist, but the writer has never heard of one.

The clubs are very simple institutions, democratic, aspiring, friendly and with a look to high things. They have done much to break down class prejudice and sectional dislike. They have lifted many a woman out of lonely bitterness and smallness of feeling into a stirring community interest. They are the sources of innumerable good and enduring friendships. Why it should be the purpose of authors to malign them, the writer can not see. True, they are sometimes amusing, but so are all human institutions. That they are dangerous to any save women who are eager to neglect their home duties, one feels at liberty to deny. The writer of the book in question entirely misrepresents the ease with which it is possible to enter a good club; nor could a woman of the quality of her heroine



CHARLES LOUIS HINTON



EDWARD B. EDWARDS

TWO WELL KNOWN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

make the success she is represented as having made in any club of good standing. The true spirit of democratic neighborliness ought to be and often is fostered by the woman's club, and to inveigh against pleasure so innocent and indeed so ethical, is to commit an injustice. It is not chivalrous to ridicule the pleasures of others when those pleasures are meant to be fine. The very fact that the clubs take in the women who need social opportunity and intellectual intercourse, is the reason why, by all rules of *noblesse oblige*, the women of unusual ability and social position should be courteous in their attitude toward them.

MARY Stewart Cutting, the author of "Heart of Lynn," is a woman, who, having a family of fine children to comfort her widowhood, and the necessity of providing for them, set about writing as a profitable employment which would

permit her to remain at home, and superintend her duties there. She claimed no vision and offered nothing unique. She possessed a good education, a quick humor, ready sympathy, and a talent for simple, graphic English. She had seen a good deal of men and women, and she wrote of what she knew, trying nothing out of the way, attempting no unheard of romance, and merely telling simple tales of men and women living the ordinary lives of to-day.

With her method, no writer can, by any chance, run out of material. No more plot is required than life itself has to offer. No extraordinary imagination is needed. The facts suffice. Not that one means to say that Mrs. Cutting reproduces facts or serves up her friends on a platter for the appetites of the magazine readers. This is far from being the case. But she keeps within probabilities. Her sketches are a reflex of life in a gen-

eral sense. She has used her acquaintance with men and women to build up her characters with verisimilitude and her situations which have the effect of being social history.

"Little Stories of Married Life," her first published volume, appearing first in the magazines, was reproduced in book form. The *Youth's Companion* has published numerous interesting, humorous tales for young people, which have not yet found their way into covers. "Heart of Lynn," Mrs. Cutting's first novel, deals with the life of a young girl. It is a simple story, sweetly told, which makes an appeal to the young and the lovers of the young.



JOHN CECIL CLAY

Whose portrait sketch of President Roosevelt appears in this number

THE American Indian has been a much more useful member of society than he has been given credit for being. Our fighters made their reputations by means of him in times which but for him would have been those of piping peace; our sutlers have enriched themselves through

his commercial credulity; our spiritualistic mediums would not think of setting up in business without his assistance, and our novelists and poets have found him a fruitful theme. He has sometimes been treated humorously, but more often has melancholy history touched into epic eloquence the pen of a Longfellow, appealed to the love of romance of a Chateaubriand or a Cooper or awakened to fervor the justice-loving soul of an H. H.

Of late years the fictionists have passed the Indian by. They have been of the opinion that he is no longer a subject for romance. Acquaintance with him in his state of perpetual slovenliness, with his newly aroused commercial sense exhibiting itself in base ways, with his sullen reserve which for ever effronts his benevolently inclined white neighbors, which his devotion to grease and squalor and superstitions, have worn to a thin edge the picturesqueness which writers once saw in him. Only two writers of the present day still devote their pens successfully to an exposition of the Indian. One is Jack London, who writes of the Alaskans, who are not, probably, of the same racial family as the North American Indian. Moreover, London, however faithful he may be in depicting the jungles of the City of Dreadful Night, or in dealing with dogs, or creating a child of the Californian desert, does not write truly of his Indian. He imbues him with ideas and aspirations which are of a different sort from those he really experiences.

The one honest and sympathetic pen now dealing with the Indian is that of Mary Austin. Mrs. Austin is married to a man who represents the government in some capacity down near Death Valley, California. He has to do with the Paiutes, whose land adjoins that of the Shoshones, and Mrs. Austin, who has no friends of her own intellectual quality near at hand, lives a life there among sage-brush and silence which would be solitary were it

not for the Indians. To these she is a sort of mother. She is present when their little brown babies come into the sunny world of the Southern desert, she helps prepare the old for their burial, she dresses the wounds of those who are injured, she adjudicates certain quarrels, and gives advice and help in every way in which she may. And she has herself acquired certain of the habits of the Indian. She does not, for example, talk for the sake of talking, but bears herself with silent dignity and speaks only when she has a definite thing to say. She does not smile idly. Her feelings of sociability refuse to express themselves by a continual disturbance of the facial muscles. Her eyes, kind, grave, clear and reticent, look at one calmly, making no interrogations, bothering one with no personal confidences. That curious occult lesson of the sanctity of the soul has been taught her there in the desert among her sad people, whom she has tried to bestir into activity by encouraging them to keep alive their ancient beautiful arts of basket weaving and of clay modeling. For their craft she endeavors to find a market, and she has caused their work to be exhibited at places where it is appreciated, till it has become celebrated, and the Indians know that their handicraft is held in regard.

In writing of these people, Mrs. Austin endeavors to paint them as they are. She tells their tales, which are human tales tintured with the peculiar flavor of aloes which is the Indian acrid drink. She makes them admirable by telling the truth about the best of them, picking out the most dignified, or the saddest, or the most masterful, even as she would do were she writing about the men and women of our own race. She does not make preposterous claims for these primitive people, but when she translates their love songs, she does it with fine sympathy, and presents an impassioned and mystic lyric with a spirit not unlike that that

Shelley knew when he haunted the perfumed night dreaming of his love.

Thus the methods of the fine realist, applied to the modern Indian, have succeeded in producing romance, the genuineness of which outshines completely that spurious romance of the old method. The truth, at its best, enters proudly, and by the central portal, the fair edifice of romance.



MME. REJANE IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

ONE of the failures of last year's dramatic season was a special performance of "A Doll's House," inadequately interpreted by a company that turned subtle development into broad farce, at which the audience did not refrain from laughing openly. Yet the critics learned a lesson from this fiasco: they realized that plain talk and naked truth—that problems backed by every-day situations—are hard to handle except through the highest art. There are no dependent accessories in Ibsen, no background other

than an ordinary living-room. Into "A Doll's House," emotions, problems, causes, effects—all become evident through conversational language. The psychology is keen, and so much a part of what in Ibsen we term naturalness that it is illusive. Nora is a composite study—fragments of several types welded into concrete form; she is not, strictly speaking, a character. What the French interpretation will be when Mme. Rejane brings the part to America this season, will form interesting comparison with the work of Mrs. Fiske, Blanche Bates, and others who have acted the same rôle. None of Ibsen's plays will stand shallow work; there can be no outside posing, since Ibsen is the pastmaster in the use of inward cause.

EVANSTON, Illinois, has long enjoyed a reputation for the life literary, but the intensity of this life has not been really appreciated until lately. The following episode will give some idea of the sincerity of this interest, reminding one, as it does, of the days when warring factions made the nights of "Hernani" violent at the Paris theater. A young lady met a young gentleman—quite by accident—at the railway station. She had a book in her hand, and he inquired what it was. She confessed to a belated reading of Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger."

"And which do you think the hero chose?" inquired the man.

"The lady," promptly responded the other.

"That is what I would expect a woman to say!" he retorted.

"I suppose a woman's view is entitled to as much consideration as a man's, isn't it?"

"Not in these circumstances," retorted the other. And he began to say why. The young lady was resentful. The man grew violent. In the heat of argument he—chose the lady. That is to say, he

slapped her in the face. He was arrested and fined—and literary discussions are avoided in public places in Evanston just now. The good old Methodist town may be a little behind the times—its gear is not a humming one—but it knows what it knows and feels what it feels.

WALTER Savage Landor is succeeded by a grandson of tastes worthy of him, in the person of A. Henry Savage Landor, who has written "The Gems of the East," in which he has made record of his travels in the Malay Islands. Mr. Landor was born at Florence, and studied art there and at Julian's, Paris. A journey, casually undertaken, was pursued with enthusiasm. He visited Japan, China, Korea, South Mongolia, Tibet, America, Australia, and the north of Africa. His appetite for travel grew by what it fed on, and in his "In the Forbidden Land" he told strange, scarcely believable, tales of his imprisonment and torture in Tibet. His is the honest boast that he is the first white man to reach both sources of the Brahmaputra River. He marched with the allied troops to Peking in 1900, and was the first Anglo-Saxon to enter "The Forbidden City." London and New York are the cities which Mr. Landor does most affect.

JOHN T. McCutcheon's cartoons illustrative of Bird Center have received a unique compliment. They have been dramatized! This event justifies Mr. McCutcheon's admirers in the opinion which they have held that Bird Center represented a new idea—a novel after the manner of the kinetoscope, so to speak. Oddly enough, Mr. W. D. Howells, who is ordinarily the first to grasp at a new idea and to award applause to the talented neophyte, did not respond to this idea, and his dissent troubled, to some extent, those who had seen in this picture-story a charming and original form of serial

fiction. The dramatization by Glen McDonough of the cartoons is excellent confirmation of the durability and fascination of the whimsical delineation of village life. The story has been slightly elaborated, but the original characteristics of the personages have been retained, and the result is a humorous and appealing drama of the general type of *The Old Homestead*, but with more delicacy of wit and less hackneyed situations.

AMONG the writers who have made a locality their own is Mr. Holman Day, author of "Up in Maine," "Pine Tree Ballads," and now, but recently, "Kin o' Ktaadn." This has a very Japanese sound, but it is, in reality, only ultra-Maine, and signifies the kinfolk of Mount Katahdin.

It is a story of the plain people, as Abraham Lincoln liked to call them, and it has humor, homeliness, and pathos. Ordinarily the people cast out their prophets—Mr. Cable has never been forgiven by New Orleans, nor Mr. Kipling by the Anglo-Indians—but Mr. Holman enjoys much popularity. The school children speak his ballads, and the people have taken him into their hearts, and rewarded his presentations of their lives and environment with their warm regard.

THE departure from life of George Edward Watts has brought into print the frank criticisms of the man's work—work which has, for years, been the occasion of discussion. He held to that class of ideas which M. Taine characterized long since as distinctly Anglo-Saxon—the ideas which comprised both ethics and art. These ideas are unfashionable at times, and our own day has seen a fierce protest against them. Even when they are tolerated in literature, they are inveighed against where painting and sculpture are concerned. The truth is, Mr. Watts had a way of looking at life as a whole. His consci-

entiousness was not a thing of shreds and patches, but it impelled him to live well, and to paint well—more yet, it induced him to paint in such a manner that the observer would know the work to be produced by a man of good moral as well as good artistic intention. The critics and the other artists have chosen to stigmatize this point of view and consistency of action as "Middle Victorian," and they employ the words very opprobiously.

But Mr. Watts had genius, and genius will justify even morals. His imagination set to work with great subjects. Technique was always an incident with him. Like the mediæval painter, he put himself and his convictions into his work. He was a man who believed in inspiration, and, in a hurrying time, he had the courage to wait for it. While other men stuck to their studios, he went dreaming. They may have thought him a profligate with his time, but he had the faith to await the larger, more revealing hour. Industry, he must have believed, was the handmaid, but not the mistress of the painter. When his ideas came they had significance. This was considered heretical, and upset the men who had been taking lessons from the French, where devotion to art means, and always must mean, rather a different thing than it does to the Englishman or the American. Watts wanted to direct the passions of men, their love of beauty, their truant thoughts, into the paths where he himself walked with fine dignity and expectation of good. He did a great painting, gratuitously, for Lincoln's Inn Fields. He wanted to decorate the walls of one of the London railway stations, but was refused permission by the owners. He desired to serve the people; he held a monastic view of patience, inspirational labor, and service to men. His egotism—all great men are egotists—took the form of a sense of responsibility. He trifled with nothing—certainly not with his own gift. Conduct, on his part, meant, very

largely, painting. And in his essentially protestant and ethical day, conduct was three-fourths of life. He was not satisfied with a visible and material world, but endeavored to express by visible and material signs, those feelings, half-shaped hopes, vague wonderments and eternal questionings which are, to many of us, a more vital part of life than bread and meat, bed and work, getting and spending can ever be. He was a mystic in the ancient, not in the pre-Raphaelite sense of the word. Mysticism was not with him a fashion, but a part of his temperament, a fundament of his belief. He will not ever be utterly understood, because mysticism can speak only in cryptic accents, and must be interpreted darkly. But he aroused in men both interest and worship, and so succeeded in doing what he aimed to do. A painter of intense conviction, of indomitable determination, of independent imagination, he will impress himself upon all those generations to come who shall have heed to history, and give consideration to the great men of the Victorian reign.

GALIGNAN'S *Weekly Messenger*, the English newspaper which every American traveling abroad must have seen, has suspended. It appears to have expired of old age. It has had many distinguished contributors—Byron and Thackeray among the rest. It was a queer-looking sheet, with cheap, brittle paper, wretched type and vile ink, but it was eminently respectable, and it stood out among the native journals of Paris like a prayer-book dropped in a muck heap. The Galignanis had a publishing business at one time, and about 1821 issued an edition of Byron. They did much to give the poet his popularity with Frenchmen of his time. There are frequent references to them and their journal in English books of travel. The widened circulation of London and New York newspapers on the continent and

the increased publication of cable news did away with the need of the *Messenger*. It delivered its message with dignity and leisure and died decently, without any fuss.

MR. Opie Read has acknowledged that he wrote "The Confessions of Marguerite," a book, which for reasons unknown, he chose to have published anonymously. This is a curious trick for an author who has endured much publicity, even to the vignettes and posting of the Hearst papers. "The Confessions of Marguerite" had a somewhat feminine quality not altogether to be expected of a writer who has understood the dramatic qualities of arrant masculinity.

Mr. Read is a picturesque and curious figure. His large frame, carelessly, but appropriately clad, his wide-brimmed white hat, his easy stroll down the crowded city streets, all mark him a man who has his own way and keeps it. He has never made his novel and play writing subsidiary to any more certain employment, but ventures all on his pen, and takes no risk apparently, in so doing. His royalties keep the wolves far from the door and enable Mr. Read to indulge his passion for white hats without stint. As one looks at the width of the brim of these hats, one feels the wearer knows nothing of the pinch of writer's poverty. They are so wide, so free, so splendid, that they suggest, somehow, pampas plains and half-broken bronchos. It can be surmised that a gentleman with these tastes does not hobnob with the tea-drinkers of Chicago's "Little Room," that unorganized organization of artists, authors and musicians who gather in pale twilights in the studio of Mr. Ralph Clarkson, and move around surreptitiously in the cozy corners fashioned of Mr. Clarkson's old Spanish brocades. Mr. Read would probably be tempted to break the china, overset the samovar and tear down the old brocades.



JEROME K. JEROME AND HIS DAUGHTER ROWENA

Mr. Jerome's new humorous story announced for early publication is to be entitled "Tommy and Co."

"OCTAVE THANET"

A LITTLE BIOGRAPHY WHICH WILL BE FOLLOWED FROM TIME TO TIME BY OTHER SKETCHES OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE WRITING TO-DAY

WHEN, a decade ago, some one asked "Octave Thanet" to state where she would like to live, her reply was: "Nowhere all the year round." And if you care to make an attempt to trace Miss French's whereabouts you will very likely discover that she is living up to her declaration.

A modern captain of industry is not more at home anywhere than this delightful writer of short stories—a literary lapidary she might well be termed, so absolutely clean-cut and brilliant is her work. Miss French has been complimented by pastmasters of the art of literary criticism for work of a widely diversified character. She shows a remarkable familiarity with life in our bustling west, as well as with that of our less assertive south. We marvel at this, when we consider that her birth and education is of New England. However, the fact that fate compelled her to take up residence in Iowa, and inclination led her to spend a part of the year in the south, accounts for those characteristics in her work that are reflective of the sections, and which might possibly puzzle an unsophisticated reader concerning the personality of the author.

Miss French was born at Andover,

Massachusetts, in 1850, and was educated at the Abbott Academy in that town, though her residence at the beginning of that period was Davenport, Iowa, to which place her father had gone because of failing health—a man of education, and keenly appreciative of literature and art.

Mr. French was descended from William French, a colonial legislator and Indian fighter. On her maternal grandmother's side, Miss French is descended from the Endicotts, the Richardsons, the Danforths, and other historic families of New England. Her education predisposed Miss French to the fascinations of economics and philosophy, and she early dabbled in matters which would have warped her nature and placed her in the ranks of the blue-stockings. Happily, editors stood between the ambitious young



MISS ALICE FRENCH

woman and what would have been a mere avocation, and when she turned her attention, after polite admonitions, to stories which reflected something of her naturally sunny disposition and a keen insight into human nature, they began to take notice of her talents. Little wonder, then, that when asked: "Who are your heroes in real life?" Miss French answered with promptness: "Magazine editors!"

It was in 1878, about, that Miss French sent her first story in the line of her newly realized vocation to *Lippincott's Magazine*, which the editor accepted and for which he sent her a check for \$42. This was "A Communist's Wife," and really marks the starting-point in Miss French's literary career, which has since largely devoted itself to realistic portraiture. This faculty is discernible in an extraordinary degree in those stories founded on her sojourns on the plantation at Clover Bend, on the Black River of Arkansas. This plantation and incidents connected therewith have been described with painstaking exactness in her stories called "Otto the Knight," "Whitsun Harp, Regulator," "Ma' Bowlin'" and "The Mortgage on Jeffy."

The final critical estimate of "Octave Thanet's" genius will rest on an article of thirty pages in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, written some years ago by Mme. Blanc, the gifted French author and critic who, in a visit to this country, sought out Miss French and formed her acquaintance. "It has only been since I have myself visited the west and the new south of the United States," wrote Mme. Blanc, "that I have been able to realize fully the minute fidelity in the description of things and people which makes each of the short stories of 'Octave Thanet' a little masterpiece of honest and piquant realism. But a long time previously, in Paris, without yet knowing either their setting or the characters which had inspired them, I had been conscious of the true fineness of what these stories gave us; that warm, broad, and sincere heartbeat of true human life which filled them from one end to the other." No doubt Mme. Blanc was amazed, too, at the fact that the "Stories of a Western Town," with which she had become acquainted in her own far-away Paris, were to stand her in stead of a guide book when she visited "Octave Thanet's" western preserves. And she was delighted, we may well believe, in visiting

Alice French at the Black River plantation to discover how, away off in the land of Nowhere, one may live the idyllic life and at the same time engage in useful pursuits. It was here, as has been said, that Miss French gained that intimate knowledge of the phase of human nature which stands out so vividly in her southern stories. She is a close observer of people and customs, and anything out of the ordinary is sure to attract her attention. As an instance of this faculty of observation and application, a newspaper paragraph concerning the mortgaging of a child was the basis of "The Mortgage on Jeffy," one of her most striking productions.

"Octave Thanet's" personality is of that character which appeals to enthusiastic admiration, and she makes friends easily by reason of a fusion of qualities more or less rare in her sex—judgment, tact, sympathy, tolerance, and tenderness—with true feminine fondness for all those things in social life which distinguish the gentlewoman. Society makes large demands upon her time, and whether in Chicago, Indianapolis, Memphis, New York, or Boston, Miss French necessarily responds to its exactions, so that one wonders how she finds time to accomplish her literary work. A striking phase of "Octave Thanet's" kaleidoscopic quality is the possession of a keen sense of the genuinely humorous, an attribute commonly ascribed to the exclusive possession of man—humor which "softens with mirth the inequalities of existence," of which we have striking proof in the testimony of one of her intimate acquaintances: "It is impossible to convey in words the impression she makes upon one; her humor and pathos are both elusive, and exist largely in her personality and manner. One can no more catch and cage them for inspection than one can cage the fragrance of wild grape blossoms in spring, or the rollicking 'chink' of the bobolink, rioting in

June meadows. To get an epitome of her qualities, one should have seen her, of a summer evening, clad as Mrs. Jarley, covered with decorations from every crowned head in the world—all carefully purchased at Siegel-Cooper's—and reading testimonials, local and otherwise, to the value of her waxworks, when her voice was not utterly drowned by the shouts and screams of laughter from her audience. The point of this will be appreciated when I say that the audience was largely composed of factory girls from New York City, and the performance was Miss French's way of adding to their pleasure during their vacation."

Alice French belongs to a long list of women's clubs in various parts of the country as well as to the Women's Industrial and Educational Union of Boston,

the classification of which Miss French passes up as a companion problem to that which has to do with the age of Ann.

For the most part, the books published by Miss French consist of short stories, many of which have appeared in the magazines. The complete list would be a long one. She has, however, published nine volumes, as follows: "Knitters of the Sun" (1887—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "Expiation" (1890—Scribners); "Otto the Knight" (1893—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "Stories of a Western Town" (1893—Scribners); "An Adventure in Photography" (1893—Scribners); "The Missionary Sheriff" (1897—Harpers); "A Book of True Lovers" (1898—McClure); "The Heart of Toil" (1898—Scribners); "A Slave to Duty" (1900—H. S. Stone & Co.).

A MODERN ADVANTAGE

By Charlotte Becker

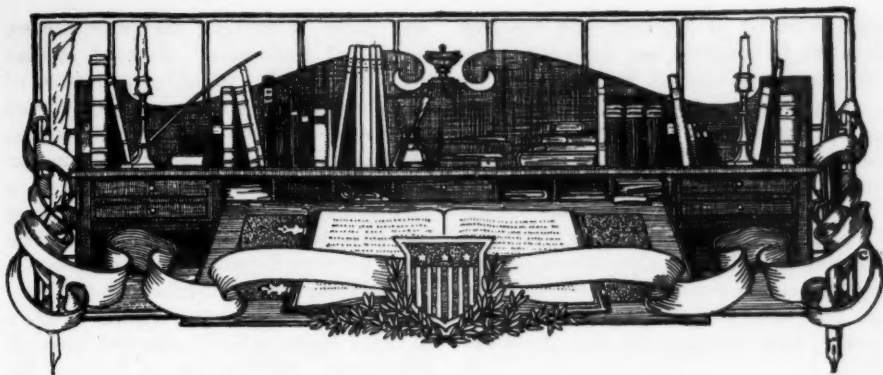
ONE morning, when the sun shone bright
And all the earth was fair,
I met a little city child,
Whose ravings rent the air.

"I lucidly can penetrate
"The Which," I heard him say,—
"The How is, wonderfully, come
To clear the limpid way.

"The sentence, rarely, rose and fell
From ceiling to the floor;
Her words were spotlessly arranged,
She gave me, strangely, more."

"What troubles you, my little man?"
I dared to ask him then,—
He fixed me with a subtle stare,
And said, "Most clearly, when

"You see I'm occupied, it's rude
To question of my aims—
I'm going to the adverb school
Of Mr. Henry James!"



THE READER'S STUDY

Will D. Howe, Editor

In this number of the magazine we invite our friends to **THE READER'S STUDY**, a department where we hope we may have an earnest and unbiased consideration of literary matters. To select periods and phases, to portray representative men and characteristic literary forms, to discuss these in a manner which will appear sane, interesting and authoritative, to lift a little the range of vision, to encourage an interest broader and deeper than that merely of the passing moment, to give glimpses of the great truth that quickens literature—this is the high aim of those who wish success to **THE READER'S STUDY**. Many of the ablest of American critics will contribute from time to time to this department, which will appeal, we trust, to all who love literature as the lasting record of the thoughts and deeds of men and women. The first series of articles will deal with American literature—its beginnings, its great men and its distinguishing characteristics.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

ANY discussion of American literature begins naturally with certain trite statements as to the length of its continuance, its lack of great world-writers and its dependence upon the literature of the mother country. None of these statements can be gainsaid and yet, in the three centuries which have seen a dozen generations pass upon this continent, men have lived and wrought with words that have carried deep meaning to those that read. Very humbly must we stand in the presence of a literature that spans ten centuries, from Alfred to Tennyson, or of Germany

with her Goethe, Italy with her Dante six centuries ago, or Spain with her Cervantes and Calderon. Nay, rather, we are grateful for this heritage, thankful that our literature is not entirely distinct from that of Old England and proud that with the new Republic there should be born a new literature, nurtured in the ideals of a free land, grown to older years full of promise and hope. Those early babblings will possess an abiding interest for all Americans, who will more and more learn to admire and love the early struggles of settlement, the first attempts at prose and verse, our

highest ideals of freedom and unselfish devotion to country, our mountains, rivers, plains, our life and literature.

In treating our literature, then, we shall assume the position not that we have produced a literature greater or less great than that of another country, but that from our first days we have a worthy expression of our country's life, which at first was crude but has always been ascending and not descending. In other words, the literary expression of our people has always been inspired by the American ideals.

English literature opens with a hymn of praise. Caedmon sings of the great Keeper of heaven, the glory Father, the almighty Lord. As we follow the line down the twelve centuries since that first call, we find the same reverence and faith. So, William Bradford, our first historian of New England, writes of the Pilgrims landing on the eleventh of November, 1620, "Being now passed the vast ocean and a sea of troubles, before their preparation unto further proceedings as to seek out a place for habitation, they fell down upon their knees and blessed the Lord, the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean and delivered them from all perils and miseries thereof again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element." This first note is truly a fitting start for a people "freighted" as Edward Everett says, "with the destinies of centuries."

We often forget what these Puritans and Cavaliers left behind them in the England of the seventeenth century. The Elizabethan Era was shining with splendor. Shakespeare had proved that a drama that had come from the people might, without adhering to classical forms, express all the complex feelings of living men and women; he had taught a new patriotism in awakening an interest in the story of the past. Spenser in musical verse enshrined the legends of knights

and ladies, preaching therein the stern lessons of Puritanism. Richard Hooker set forth in lofty prose his principles of church polity, and Francis Bacon turned the world from its mediæval conception of science founded on tradition and superstition to a new science based upon reason and experiment. Moreover, all the land was alive to the possibilities of the world of which they began to feel themselves a part. From Queen Elizabeth to the humblest subject, the people wished to know of other lands, other things and more of themselves. Not the age of Pericles, the era of Augustus, the great dawn of the Italian renaissance—none of these surpassed in spontaneity and brilliancy the epoch that was just drawing to a close when Smith, Bradford and Winthrop and their fellows weathered the storms of the Atlantic and founded the new Republic. Such were the immediate surroundings of the men whom we now like to own as our forebears, our first pioneers.

It is not our purpose to note in detail the differences in those two settlements—Virginia in 1607 and New England in 1620. Suffice it to say that the Southern consisted, generally speaking, of the Cavaliers, and that their settlements were the manor house and the plantation. Providence seems to have favored them, for with the wide valleys of Virginia and the fair climate, they were able to ascend the stream, acquire large tracts of land, and live in comparative luxury. Their apparently less fortunate brethren who touched the bleak northern coast were compelled to fight their way inch by inch over the hills back into the forest. Their life fostered the community spirit, set up the meeting-house and made possible the successful struggle for religious toleration and a war of civil liberty.

However different these settlements were, all the colonists became American and began to work out the problems of the new country, proving to the world that the American spirit could perform

wonders in welding together peoples who were radically so dissimilar.

In the midst of the building of houses, the sowing of seed and harvest of crops, the repelling attacks of Indians, the quelling of insurrections, these people wrote down accounts of their life and country, and these books have a vital interest. They are not distinguished by literary excellence, but they are full of the red blood of life, and pulsate with earnest purpose, curious endeavor and sincerity. It is not the wonder that there are not more books,—rather are we astonished at the complete records of well nigh all the phases of colonial existence. They lack the graces of Jeremy Taylor, the dignity of Milton, the versatility of Dryden, but to such men as these the divine call did not come bidding them join in the struggle for religious freedom or to seek riches and adventure across the sea.

The first period of our national literature covers the years of our colonial existence (1607-1765). In these one hundred and sixty years, perhaps a dozen figures stand out more or less boldly as distinguished among their fellows.

It is not strange that the first book is the work of the chivalrous young John Smith. England had other such heroes who were at once bookmen, swordsmen, sailors and courtiers—Sidney, Bacon, Raleigh—but she could not have sent to us a more daring, more ambitious and more boastful adventurer than this young man of twenty-seven, verily a knight picked from the early romances. No one is surprised that such a hero should forthwith rush into print with bragging and exaggerated accounts of bold deeds and wonderful exploits. Captain Smith sent his first book across the sea in June, 1608, and later in that same year from a little book shop in London, "A True Relation of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as hath Happened in Virginia," started on its journey to tell the people of the wonders of the New World. This

volume describes the voyage, the first meetings with the Indians, the various Indian attacks, the exploration of the James River, and narrates the incidents of Smith's capture and subsequent release. The style does not show the skilful handling of detail of Defoe, or the eloquence of Macaulay, but it is pure English. Smith looked at things and could describe and narrate them with picturesqueness. Smith is no artist but simply sent his budget of news back to the Virginia Company, highly spiced, perhaps, but yet absolutely clear and intelligible to everybody.

Mention must be made of one other of the early Virginian writers. In 1660 William Strachey sent to England "A True Reportory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the islands of the Bermudas, had coming to Virginia," etc. For eleven months the little band of colonists breasted the fury of the sea, experienced all the horrors of expected death, were driven upon the rocks of the Bermudas and there made from the pieces of the wrecked ship two pinnaces in which they reached Virginia. We may believe that this picture of the awfulness of a storm at sea, the blackness of the heavens, the horror on the faces of those at death's door, and the gratitude to a Father that brought his people to a fair haven did not fade at once from the mind of Shakespeare, and that under its inspiration he wrote the "Tempest." We can fancy how the English of that day awaited breathlessly a new story from America or applauded the conception of the barbarian of the forest in the character of Caliban.

Captain Smith and William Strachey fairly represent the writers of Virginia and the South of colonial days. New England, with its greater earnestness and the determination of its people to abide in the country and work together toward a common purpose, naturally became the vital center of our first literature. That

such should be true will be observed by any one who notes the difference between the Virginian and the New England settlements.

In approaching the writings of New England, we are impressed with the variety of the product. It is all serious, stern, severe, yet in form it varies from the historical accounts of Bradford, Winslow, Winthrop, the descriptions of nature and people of Francis Higginson, Wood, Josselyn, to the Calvinistic teachings and homilies of Hooker, Cotton, Bulkley, the Mathers, Roger Williams, the crude attempts at verse of the Bay Psalm Book, Anne Bradstreet, Michael Wigglesworth, almanacs, diaries, journals, all culminating in the really splendid work of Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin.

We may give the prominence, at least the priority to the annalists. The first accounts by William Bradford describe the sensations of the Pilgrims landing in 1620 and continue to tell the events of the years to 1657, during which Bradford served almost continuously as Governor of the Plymouth Colony. The history of this precious manuscript from the South Church, Boston, to its discovery in England in the middle of the last century and its return to America in 1897 is but another evidence of the good-will now existing between Old England and New England. One reads this work of Bradford and his continuator, Winslow, with a kind of reverence. The prose, noble in places, impresses one with the sincerity and candor of the writer. Bradford did not write as the modern philosophical historian, yet he tried to get a proper perspective for his work and to set down that which represented the spirit of his time. Passages like the following attest kinship with the solemn and stately periods of Thomas Browne:

"So they left that goodly and pleasant citie, which had been their resting place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims and looked not much on

those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest countrie and quieted their spirits."

Besides being an executive, Bradford was a scholar and wrote a prose surprisingly free from the crudeness and awkwardness of his time. His history is grave and wonderfully impressive, and certainly bears some of the qualities that have characterized the best American prose since his day—a manly directness, a sense of justice and a clear note of independence.

On Easter Monday, March 29, 1630, John Winthrop put out to sea and almost simultaneously began his journal. Winthrop is usually serious and looks upon the least happenings as the works of the Lord, trusting in miraculous escapes and appearances, but he recorded faithfully the incidents of the voyage, the court sessions, the fast days, the health of the people, little bits of gossip, mingled now and then with scraps of superstition that show the character of the writer. "But it was an evident judgment of God upon them for they were wicked persons," explains many a strange event.

Monday 24, * * * "So we heard the company was in health in the Jewel, but that two passengers were dead in the Ambrose and one other cow."

"A cow died at Plymouth and a goat at Boston, with eating Indian corn. M. Rossiter, one of the assistants, died."

From the pages of Bradford, Winslow, and Winthrop, the reader may find relief in the "New England Rareties" of John Josselyn or the "New England's Prospect," by William Wood. Many beside Longfellow have laughed at the inquisitive scientist Josselyn, who, while poking about in the wood to find new things, came across the wasps' nest. "I wandered till I chanced to spy a fruit, as I thought, like a pineapple plated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat. I made bold to step unto it. * * * By the time I was come into the house they hardly knew me but by my gar-

ments." This tells the story. The temptation to quote from these two books is strong. They are interesting because so frank and naïve. There are many crude passages, and yet the authors sometimes describe in pleasing prose, objects or scenes of the great wild country and unwittingly attest to the fact that nature must have been very wonderful and impressive to many of these pilgrims.

The inscription on the gate of Harvard College is evidence of the need of the minister in the New England community. It is not strange then that the list of our first writers comprises names of so many of the clergy. Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, John Cotton, Peter Bulkley, forefather of Emerson, Roger Williams, Nathaniel Ward, Jonathan Edwards and four Mathers, Richard, Increase, Cotton, Samuel, whose lives extended in direct line from 1596 to 1785. Because these men were not only ministers and writers but often fighters, orators, statesmen as well, and were closely connected with the varied life of New England, it would be impossible to interpret their life and influence in small compass. They frankly believed that they had the only true light, and therefore the only true doctrine. They believed earnestly in the letter of the law and in Providence, and were frequently as intolerant toward each other as had been their persecutors in England.

Of the group just named, Nathaniel Ward certainly has the palm for eccentricity in his book published in 1647.

"The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam
willing

To help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in upper leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take.

And as willing never to be paid for his work, by old English wonted pay.

It is his trade to patch all the
year long, gratis.

Therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your
purses.

By Theodore de la Gard
London.

Printed by J. D. and R. I. Stephen
Bowtell, at the sign of the
Bible in Popes Head Alley,—1647."

One of the features of the book is an attack upon the talk and dress of women. He must have been well informed in his charges, for he frankly states: "I have been a solitary widdower almost twelve years purposed lately to make a step over to my native country for a yoke-fellow: but when I consider how women there have trip-wived themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, least their nauseous shapes and the sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach." Unlike Chaucer, who seems to have repented for harsh things he had said about women, Ward adds: "I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more than I ought." Despite the prevailing drollery and foolish cynicism of Ward's book, it shows that the man does not fear to speak out what he believes and that he has real hatred for snobbery and hypocrisy.

In some respects the greatest man in the New England of the Colonial period was Roger Williams. The comparison has sometimes been made between him and Milton. Williams was born in 1607, Milton in 1608. In education, style of writing, strength of conviction, independence of thinking, they have many points in common. Though much reviled in his day, Roger Williams has continued to grow in fame. Williams wrote much, his most powerful work being, "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience" (1644). But more than a clear, logical and convincing writer, Williams was a man with real human sympathy. He was no hypocrite or flatterer. He appreciated the failings of the weak and

yet stood for all that was clean, honest and magnanimous.

The great family of Mathers extended in unbroken line for almost two centuries, the lives of Richard, Increase, Cotton and Samuel reaching from a time coincident with the early years of Shakespeare's active work almost down to the dawn of the nineteenth century. American history can show no parallel to this family, so remarkable for industry, learning, and prolific authorship. Cotton was the greatest of the family in precocity and in authorship, having to his credit three hundred and eighty-three separate writings published during his lifetime. And besides the continuous bookmaking, he seems to have observed some fast or other religious service for almost every hour of the day. Cotton Mather and his best known work, "Magnalia," are excellent types of the seventeenth century scholasticism.

Before passing to the most salient figures of the closing years of Colonial New England, we should make the acquaintance of some of those who worshiped at the shrine of the muses. Indeed, the reward is small to one who seeks among these early writers for some strong poetic thought or line. It is hard to find. Offer any explanation which may please, the truth remains that the America of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gave to the world no true poetry. Only the curio-hunter is happy when he comes across the Bay Psalm Book, the first book ever printed in America (1640), the "Four Seasons, Four Elements, Four Humours," and miscellaneous poems of Anne Bradstreet and the "Day of Doom," of Michael Wigglesworth. For the curious we quote the version made by Eliot and Mather in the Psalm Book of the fifty-first Psalm—

"Create in me cleane heart at last
God: a right spirit in me new make.
Nor from thy presence quite me cast,
thy holy spright not from me take.

Me thy salvation's joy restore,
and stay with thy spirit free.
I will transgressors teach thy love,
and sinners shall be turned to thee."

Do we regret that they wrote so little?

Much of what Anne Bradstreet writes is personal, telling of her children, her love of them, her rambles in the woods and along the Merrimac.

"I Had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
"Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,

"I nurst them up with paine and care
"Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
"Till at the last they felt their wing,
"Mounted the Trees and learned to sing:

* * * * *
"One to the Academy flew
"To chat among the learned crew;
* * * * *

"My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone
"Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,
"And as his wings increase in strength,
"On higher boughs he'l perch at length.
"My other three, still with me nest,
"Untill they're grown, then as the rest
"Or here or there, they'l take their flight
"As is ordain'd, so shall they light."

Auspicious beginning of American poetry! And yet Mrs. Bradstreet, our first poet, numbers among her descendants, William E. Channing, R. H. Dana, Oliver W. Holmes, Wendell Phillips.

No verse was more popular in New England than Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," published in 1662. The poem is mediæval in its grotesqueness. It describes briskly and picturesquely the awakening of the sleeping sinners, the appearance of Christ, the Judge, the rising of the dead from their graves, the parting of the sheep and goats, and the final conflagration.

"Then might you hear them rend and tear
"The air with their outcries;

"The hideous noise of their sad voice
 "Ascendeth to the skies.
 "They wring their hands, their caitiff
 hands,
 "And gnash their teeth for terror;
 "They cry, they roar, for anguish sore,
 "And gnaw their tongues for horror."

And so on for two hundred and twenty-four stanzas. No reader needs to be told that this is mere doggerel with plenty of fire and brimstone.

This review may close in no more fitting manner than by the mention of two names typical of the two periods meeting in the eighteenth century—Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Both are men of whom any nation might be proud. As a profound and original thinker, Edwards, though living in the eighteenth century, has not been excelled by any American. Born in 1703, he graduated at Yale in 1720, became pastor, missionary, and finally was installed as president of the College of New Jersey in the year of his death, 1758. Like fiction runs the story of his precocious youth, his intellectual encounters with his boy friends, his insight into spiritual things. At twenty-four he has the mind of a mature man and plays with subjects that tax the profoundest intellects. It is remarkable to find among the casuistry and quibbling of the early writers the work of the great mind. In the work of Edwards we approach more nearly to a fine poetic prose than in any of the writings before 1800. His description of Sarah Pierrpont, his graphic pictures of the beauty of the world, the image of the Creator, have real power.

Connecticut produced Edwards and educated him, Massachusetts brought forth Franklin and sent him out early into the world. One was mystical, profound, logical, metaphysical; the other

practical, shrewd, inventive, scientific. Edwards was trained in the languages, history and philosophy of the past; Franklin was nurtured in the society, travel, and diplomacy of the present. The former might have been the companion of St. Augustine, Calvin, Locke, Berkeley; the latter would have been in good fellowship with Defoe, Johnson, Frederick the Great, Voltaire.

Franklin's life, typically an American career, is familiar to the schoolboy. He was a great, versatile man—inventor, writer, diplomat, statesman, always awake to the conditions and needs of his day. He looked not back for his inspiration and culture but into the future with its hope and promise. As a writer, Franklin began the line of those who with Lincoln and Grant as prominent examples have said things in clear and simple English speech. His Autobiography is not only one of the American classics, but a world classic, telling in plain, unostentatious fashion the life of a great soul.

We have now briefly sketched the literary development during the first period of national existence. It is true that these are but beginnings, that there are only two or three names whom we may call really world characters, that there are no original literary forms, and yet a literature that opens with the racy accounts of John Smith, the dramatic scenes of Strachey, the impressive annals of Bradford and Winslow, the graphic sketches of Winthrop, the independent arguments of Roger Williams, the profound thought of Edwards and the simple directness of Franklin—has a beginning not altogether to be despised. So far we have found no poetry, no drama, no novels, but what has been written shows that men of America were mightily in earnest, that they did things and told about them, though the telling may be blundering and awkward.



REVIEWS



RACHEL MARR

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

THOSE who like serious—this does not mean stupid—fiction will like "Rachel Marr." It is distinctly a story of to-day, in a small English village, and it deals frankly and openly, undisguisedly and persistently with the sex question. This is not saying that it is a problem novel—for it is not; there is no specific problem proposed, or speciously settled. It deals with the great universal question of sex; not with divorce, nor with the woman with a past; but with the impulses of all women and all men, and it deals with them in the big manner, sanely and humanly.

Specifically it shows the growth of the body, the mind, the love, the soul of Rachel Marr, who, in the beginning, is a perfectly pure and innocent young girl, though inheriting a curiously passionate nature. The first knowledge of sex and sin, brought to her through a village girl, comes with so terrible a shock to Rachel that it overthrows her entire personality. Soon she realizes the sex attraction, and that it exists between her and Anthony Perran—another shock, but one which enables her to find herself. Though knowing his love for Rachel, Anthony, on account of a Puritan conscience, persists in marrying a woman to whom he has long been betrothed. Tragedy, soul-rending, without physical sinning, ensues till the end. There are, of course, other characters, and there is much violent action; but all tends to one thing—the development of Rachel.

Not a cheerful story! No. But it is extremely powerful, and so well written that it is beautiful, not depressing. Nothing outside of Hardy is better in its descriptions of nature and the influence of nature on man. Mr. Robert's style is elaborate and

picturesque, though it is occasionally too lyrical for good prose. But, despite certain faults (notably the one of too great length), and whether one cares, or not, for this sort of work, the final judgment must be that "Rachel Marr" is a real book; that it contains real literature.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

A MEDIAEVAL PRINCESS

BY RUTH PUTNAM

IT is a bold, high-colored page of history that confronts us in "A Mediaeval Princess," the story of Jacqueline or "Dame Jake," last Daughter of Holland, last independent sovereign of the kingdoms of Holland, Zealand and Hainut. Around the short, eager, ineffectual life of this fifteenth century girl much of European pomp and pageantry gathered. Miss Putnam thoroughly knows her subject and she writes as one uttering the final word. Her point of view is more than ordinarily interesting. It is frankly feminine, and for that reason possesses distinctive charm. It reminds one of the Honorable Emily Lawless's recent biography of her countrywoman, Maria Edgeworth. Like Miss Lawless, Miss Putnam has turned her attention to the little things, so called, that masculine biographers and historians seem not to account worth noting. And so she gives us those intimate and personal details that make all the difference between a costume sketch and a likeness. Her portrait is very, very human.

She has touched ground as yet neglected. There has been no dearth of literature on Jacqueline's contemporary, Jeanne d'Arc, but about Jacqueline almost nothing has been written. The peasant has fared royally, the princess meanly. And while the princess did no one deed that can challenge

comparison with the peasant's glory, she had a stressful, pathetic life that in the long gallery of Time merits its niche.

It was surely ill-luck to have been born at an hour when the preservation of kingdoms demanded in royal houses the effacement of every personal preference. Before Jacqueline could walk alone the subject of her marriage was under discussion. Before she was five she was formally betrothed to the nine-year old son of mad Charles VI of France. Four years later the wedding took place, but it was not long until the youthful bridegroom died—the "weeks of white bread," as the honeymoon was called, were scarcely over. Soon Jacqueline's father, Count William, died also. Quickly the wolves of kinsfolk, eager to devour her patrimony, closed in about her, Philip of Burgundy leading, John the Pitiless, lending aid. Rich in titles, Jacqueline, now Duchess of Touraine, was poor in everything else unless it was in the number of her husbands, no one of whom could defend her inheritance. In the effort to do so she rode at the head of her army, but the effort was of no avail. What wonder that driven to bay, she retaliated fiercely, even cruelly?

There are many quaint, many appealing touches in this narrative. Jacqueline could hardly have been lovable; the set, narrow eyes and the thin, masterful lip revealed in Van Eyck's painting of her check our sympathy. But in an age of strife and faction and amid an atmosphere of intrigue, mystery and poison, loveliness does not find the best nourishment. Jacqueline's humble folk were true to her and they could not have been wholly blind. This careful study of a minor Mary Queen of Scots should interest all who like the by-ways of history and the dim, dusty cloisters of libraries. It comes chastely bound and richly illustrated with reproductions of missals and etchings.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York
Price \$2.25 net

THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN

BY DOLORES M. BACON

WIDELY varying verdicts will be passed on "The Diary of a Musician." "Fascinating," many will pronounce it, "utterly crazy," it will prove to others. And yet the two opinions are by no means

irreconcilable. The heart of a genius throbs in it to the wild measures of the czardas. It is an intimate revelation in passionate, abrupt, naïve phrases, of an artistic temperament, of all temperaments the most attractive, and the one that most often approaches insanity. This young Bohemian, who fiddles his way from swine herding to fame and fortune, does not draw a sane, normal breath: he eats, drinks, sleeps, walks, composes, plays in a frenzy. The world forgives his ravings, his infidelities, his ingratitude; it forgives, and more, it adores, for the notes that he draws from his violin are golden notes.

Few real diaries are so steadily interesting as Madame Bacon has made this one of X—. The reader will hardly find fault with it on that account. If X— writes rather too brilliantly and effectively for a Hungarian peasant's son, his journal is all the better reading. The pages bristle with exclamation points. X— longs to go to Prague to study, but the most that his father could promise him was "Sometime, perhaps." He puts his longings into a tune that "marches straight on to Prague, sometime, some-time, some-time, da, da." There is no "perhaps" in the march!

The book has humor in plenty. The entries in which the boy describes his care of his father's swine are deliciously humorous despite the pathos between the lines. He writes: "I help feed the swine. I chop wood. I am sick." Was ever logic simpler or more incontrovertible? But after it is decided that he shall go to Prague, his pen exclaims rapturously, "Little pink pigs that shall carry me to Prague! I shall write an idyl to little pink pigs, and the old sows shall have a *Schlummerlied*."

The life of X— in the great world of music and fashion is the characteristic life of a man of utter irresponsibility and unchecked indulgence. The book strikingly illustrates the declaration of George Bernard Shaw that toward women artists are perfectly conscienceless, using them as emotional stimulus, nothing more. X— considered no one but himself in his successive infatuations, now with a countess, now with a peasant girl. He met, loved and remorselessly cast away the object of his love. Yet he was tenderly affectionate

with children and was exalted to the seventh heaven when he learned that he had a daughter, although for the life of him he could not recall her mother! He was anything but manly, but he was precisely what Madame Bacon has drawn him, a genius, an abnormality, capable of no real love for anybody or anything on earth but his art.

This study of a neurotic, impatient, gifted nature is bound to offend many, all in fact who demand that in every book the moral standard shall be positively presented. But those who accept it as a frank, full, unapologetic portrait, must grant its intense fidelity and its literary grace. We are not called on to take X— as a hero. To recognize the truth of his extravagant, reckless story is not necessarily to applaud his conduct.

Throughout, Madame Bacon is gratifyingly correct in all matters of musical detail, a field in which so many writers, even famous ones, have blundered. Her strokes of satire on American lion-hunters, whom X— encountered when he went touring to "New York America," are keen to biting. The book is novel and it is clever. More women than men will like it since women are more given to introspection, soul-analysis and sentiment. Obviously, it is not for young people.

Henry Holt & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

EMILE ZOLA, NOVELIST AND REFORMER

BY ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY

IT is not unfitting that something on the subject of Emile Zola should be written for English readers by a Vizetelly; it is especially appropriate that Mr. E. A. Vizetelly, who was so closely associated with the later years of the Frenchman's life, should be the writer. Through the Vizetellys, Zola became known to England—garbled, it is true; maimed, vulgarized and otherwise adapted to the demands of English modesty beyond accurate understanding or just criticism; but at least brought to the attention of English readers, who could thereafter inform themselves fully or speak ignorantly and without truth. That the great British public chose the latter course was natural enough: Englishmen have ever

covered their eyes with their hands in the face of truth. But they have peeped through their fingers. It is for this reason that Mr. Vizetelly's book is of peculiar significance now, when the tide has turned and M. Zola is being disclosed and not enveloped by a wave of popular interest.

Mr. Vizetelly was in a position to command readers, whatever he wrote about Zola. He chose to appeal to the popular taste rather than to a permanent audience; his book is neither exhaustive biography nor discerning criticism, but rather mere chatty chronicle and comment, written in a refined newspaper style, easy to read, of interest for the entirely personal attitude taken toward the subject and valuable as an estimate of the words of Zola by one thoroughly familiar with the matter of which he writes. A sense of humor would have prevented certain exaggerations of expression, more impersonality would have lent the book a greater permanent value and perhaps even unity. But nothing could have added much to the curious charm of the work nor have improved the excellent sources from which the facts are taken.

It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Vizetelly, for all his acquaintanceship with the man, has reached a just estimate of his works. He classifies Zola as novelist and reformer, and claims a certain immortality for him in both fields. Yet it is plain that if the evils which Zola describes are reformed by being pictured, the pictures will preserve only the curious interest attaching to matters which have ceased to exist. On the other hand, if, as is much more probable, Zola's descriptions of life in France under the third emperor partake of the characteristics of life everywhere and for all time, he is a novelist and not a reformer.

Whether there is immortality for him in either case is a question. The dual rôle which he did indeed adopt will be more likely to prove his undoing than the distinction which his commentator believes it. To accomplish both ends he was put to the adoption of a peculiarly unreal and unconvincing method of handling his characters: to emphasize the importance of certain influences and tendencies, he exhibited men and women dominated throughout their

lives by a few motives that might have controlled periods, but scarcely an entire human existence. For the same purpose he deprived some of his figures of essential human qualities, attaining an average by creating other persons to supply the whole with the characteristics lacking in his central figures. In this way his examples became exceptions, and the power which Mr. Vizetelly holds that he exercised by an appeal to the individual was vitiated through the very minute devotion to detail which was at once the means to his end as a reformer and his most imperative claim to literary distinction.

He was, indeed, as Edmondo de Amicis has said, a great mechanic; but in the thoroughness of his materialism he too often denied his human beings the romance that is theirs, at least subjectively, and deprived them of the soul with which he endowed Lison, the engine.

These things are not hidden to Mr. Vizetelly, but their significance is clouded, for him, by his knowledge of the man and his purpose. But the books of Emile Zola will not be measured by the author's personality or his intentions. It is in the fact that Mr. Vizetelly bears testimony to the other matters also—matters which can not but have much to do with the ultimate judging of Zola—that much of the value of his book lies, as well as no little of its interest.

John Lane, New York
Price \$3.50 net

NANCY STAIR

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

MACHINE-made fiction of pretty and engaging patterns is so frequent and so easily obtainable at the present date that all but the dukes and duchesses of the mental world sometimes indulge. Many people use no other sort, and still others can not tell the difference between the imitation and the real, the hand made and the manufactured. To the class "manufactured" distinctly belongs the pretty piece of fiction, Nancy Stair, a thin, bright colored, pleasing fabric of a well warranted old pattern, and meant for summer uses only, appropriate to a time when the mind is idle and not too exacting about its entertainment.

The book is a romance, not romance of a

firm fine texture and fast color, but loose in weave and of that *couleur de rose* which turns to gray if one stares at it hard. It will not, however, be generally subject to second glances, and the first is complimentary to its charm. Its splashes of love and sentimental adventure have an impressionistic grace and spontaneity. Something is doing from the first page to the last, and at the end of this pleasant stir, one says goodbye to a heroine married to the right man.

According to our novelist, Nancy Stair was that rhyme-making daughter of Lord Stair for whom "Bobby Burns" cherished a futile passion. The "Burns" episode forms a small part of the story here given, but it serves, somehow, by reason, perhaps, of a truth behind it, to give color to the whole. The scene in which "Burns" and the "lovely Nancy" met at a wayside inn, spend the evening capping rhymes, is a capital one of its sort and perhaps the best the book affords.

The book suggests the "resorter" and the piazza of a summer hotel. It will be popular with the brides and grooms. One can fancy them carrying it about at Coronado, Atlantic City and Palm Beach.

D. Appleton & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

IN "The Singular Miss Smith" Mrs. Kingsley dashes into the field of domestic service and bears away a full harvest of humor. Her hitherto slender and oftentimes bathetic tales have hardly hinted at the possession of enough audacity for the sally; it comes, therefore, with the additional force and pungency of surprise. The plot is simply constructed, but it has more body than anything else that she has written, and more scope. Her light, glancing treatment of a problem sodden with difficulties, buoys and heartens. She does not solve it; she does not attempt to solve it. Whatever practical observations she records are wholly by the way. In this pleasant household comedy the story's the thing. And a diverting, sprightly story it is! Incidents rather than events make it up; there is a sunshiny atmosphere and much bright talk, and the pages turn quickly.

The opening chapter, picturing a woman's club meeting, is assuringly clever.

Anne Smith had been labeled at college "a girl of character." Born to money and a house on Beacon Street, these things did not satisfy her. She was not pretty and her debut was a failure. A discussion at the Ontological Club of the question, "Why do American women as a rule decline to enter domestic service?" determined her to investigate for herself. Life on the top shelf of the china closet had palled, anyway; on a lower shelf it might have more zest. If she could have no cake of her own, she would at least like to see other people eat theirs.

The notion of such a girl adventuring in strange kitchens appeals to the adult imagination much as detective stories appeal to boys. Who has not wished to don the tarn-helm or to sprinkle himself with magic fern-seed and thus become an invisible spectator of other men's lives? Anne Smith adopted means of disguise more prosaic: she became Annie Smith, speaking with a brogue, and wearing a \$9.38 bargain suit, but the transformation was just as complete and the results are quite as interesting. All the while the reader vicariously enjoys a lark, for that is just what Miss Smith's incursion into service amounts to.

The types of mistress that Mrs. Kingsley has selected for her heroine are excellent, being at once familiar and humorously inviting. The unreasonable type is graphically portrayed in Mrs. de Puyster-Jones, who was accustomed to hire for her frowsy suburban home a maid "to do whatever she wanted done," which, during Anne's incumbency, included cooking, serving, washing, ironing, sweeping and marketing, each of which, she emphatically insisted, could not wait an instant. When Anne, at the end of the first day inconsiderately left, she registered in her note-book a conviction that the trouble with general housework is that it is too awfully general. In the tiny flat, to which she next went, she found a helpless child-wife, who puckered her pretty brows over "Instructions to Young Housekeepers," and ordered five pounds of chops for luncheon. The meals that she and untrained Anne between them prepared must have been like Anne herself, singular. Besides these two experiences in home kitch-

ens, Mrs. Kingsley glimpses for us Anne's life in a cheap boarding-house.

The deductions that Anne draws from her dip into the under world are not novel, but they are pointedly put. For the first time she realizes "how tempting it is to the average feminine mind to drop any given problem of domestic life and begin a brand new one on a fresh slate." She discovers, also, from an unlooked for personal test, that the girl above stairs in love and the girl below stairs in love feel strangely alike. The last half of the book is not so happily managed as the first half. Nevertheless, the sentences continue to sparkle, and the denouement is natural, although explanations between Anne and her lover are delayed over long. Altogether, here is a story light enough to be read without the least effort and strong enough to hold attention from cover to cover.

The Macmillan Company, New York
Price \$1.35

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

THOSE who wish to gain, in the guise of fiction, a notion of the way in which trusts are formed, may do so by reading Robert Shackleton's novel, "The Great Adventurer." The rush and the clamor of Wall Street fill it. All existing trusts are to be organized into one gigantic trust with a capital stock of only two and one-half billions! The author has firm grasp of his idea and projects it consistently toward a sure climax. So far he has planned well and executed well. But the love story interwoven with the financial story does not match it either in kind or in quality. The financial story is extravaganza, pure and simple; the love story is based on actual, every-day conditions—the two do not hang together. In Mrs. Atherton's "Rulers of Kings," money is handled on the same scale of magnitude that Mr. Shackleton has handled it, with the love story on an equally impossible plane. The whole book is a "study in superlatives;" "The Great Adventurer" is half-superlative, half-positive.

The love element hinges on a divorce. The situations developing it are original, but in their description the author frequently offends by lack of delicacy. Many of the

characters show a degree of untrained strength of delineation, especially Lorenzo Carter, whose mills were his children, Thomas Heath, a New York banker, and Newbury Linn, the bold combiner of trusts. The author would have us accept, however, as his real hero, John Kelborn, an ascetic and unconvincing young clergyman and a rival with Newbury Linn for the love of Katharine, the unhappy wife of Heath. Katharine herself is the weakest character in the book. She is not for a moment real to the reader; one suspects that she was never real to Mr. Shackleton. There is a great deal of rhetoric here that does not fly very high nor burn very bright. The author is often wordy, obscure and cumbersome, and he constantly betrays a weakness for such odd, forced expressions as "amaze" for "amazement," "a drear day," "a pleasurable cry," "pressly espionage." The framework of his story shows mechanical skill, but the texture is crude and charmless. One feels a certain resolution and force in its blocking out but misses the shaping up and rounding out, the color and individuality that make a page glow, in short, the life touch.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE BLUE GRASS COOK BOOK

COMPILED BY MINNIE C. FOX

HERE is a cook book that proves Shakespeare mistaken, for to read it is "to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast." It is to enjoy the storied hospitality of Kentucky, to see again the leisurely gentlemen sipping their juleps and to smell the mint; to admire the gracious ladies presiding with equal charm over their tureens of gumbo soup or over the process of curing hams; and above all it is to bow in awe and admiration before the black genius of the kitchen.

The more carefully one reads the receipts the more one's awe of the cook fades, however, for it is evident that with the directions here given any one can achieve the triumphs that have made the cooks and cooking of the Blue Grass region famous. The book therefore combines the practical and the artistic—to do which in any line of endeavor is the world's perpetual effort.

John Fox, Jr., has written an introduction that alone is worth the price of the volume.

Fox, Duffield & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE PRICE OF YOUTH

BY MARGERY WILLIAMS

IN the midst of a desert of fiction, flattering the unreal and false in human nature, it is interesting to come across a little oasis of truth like "The Price of Youth," limited as this is in scope and occasionally crude as it is in treatment. The story is of the relation which grows up between a young man down in Jersey for his health and the daughter of the combined saloon-keeper and hotel proprietor, at whose house the young man "puts up." Some of the elements in the progress of this relation are the dry and cynical nature of the young man, who is also good, and a certain wildness of spirit in the girl, "the reaction of unrestricted youth against the monotony of her surroundings." She, too, is essentially good but faulty, and gossip women, encouraged to malice by her somewhat defenseless condition, misconstrue her actions. There are insinuations, innuendoes about her, and these come to the young man, already two-thirds in love with her. He does not believe them nor yet does he entirely repudiate them. He offers her marriage, but he does not offer himself wholly. She feels the limitations of his affection, the hesitation in his attitude. She refuses him and he goes away.

This is all and yet nothing of the story. It would have been an easy matter to make a tragedy out of the thing, to sink the real issue in hysteria. Into this pit Miss Williams does not fall. Her story is serious, but it is not sad; thoughtful, but not mournful. One leaves the heroine richer, not poorer, through experience; thankful and self-respecting because she has had a good man's liking, ready to take up the new life awaiting her with a brother in the West, a life where a fairer chance offers than has yet been hers. Without any statement to that effect on the part of the author, the reader is yet left with the feeling that in this new country, the girl's heart as well as her activities may revive, and this effect is

accomplished without casting any doubts upon the reality and sincerity of the love affair to which the story serves as chronicle.

A finely discriminating quality, a descriptive talent exercised with caution and with taste, make themselves apparent in the characterization of people and of place. The folk concerned are nicely identified and are brought into relations with skill. The scenic touches are particularly good and are never superfluous. There is indeed nothing superfluous about the production and that may be its chief claim to praise. Something there is in its sparse sufficiency that reminds one of a New England house-keeper, whose religion it is to provide enough and to have nothing left over. A little arid the book is and not in any sense a stimulant of the emotions. It is also sane and tonic.

The Macmillan Company, New York
Price \$1.50

TWO PLAYS OF ISRAEL. DAVID OF BETHLEHEM AND MARY OF MAGDALEN

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE courage of a young woman who projects two plays on two mighty subjects of Biblical literature is worthy of note. If Miss Wilkinson's success can not be said to be commensurate with her courage, a large margin still remains for praise. Her themes are heroic. Her treatment of them is not heroic, though it indicates a charming adaptability. The figures of her pieces are reduced from grand stature, but symmetry and proportion they retain. The lines of her plots lack the simplicity and freedom of ancient life as seen through the medium of classic literature. They are marked rather by ingenuity, by device, by a certain sense of contrivance for making the ends meet. Poetic and imaginative as is the interpretation of life, it yet has a too distinctly modern cast. In the case of the first play, David of Bethlehem, this aspect is thrown into relief by the contrast in matter and manner between the paraphrased Biblical quotations and the author's own performance.

The poetical gift of the writer is not altogether obscured by the fact that most of the first play and somewhat of the second are written in prose. This gift shows itself in a singular sweetness and harmony of phrasing rather than in poignancy or power. The sentences glide one into another with a pleasing softness and grace. One finds few passages of quotable value, the beauty of the thought being dependent almost entirely upon context. The plays are notably free from "purple passages,"—a circumstance to be marked with some emphasis in the work of a dramatic novice. Nowhere is proportion, the beauty of the whole sacrificed for the sake of rendering conspicuous some meteor of thought. The author's stars are fixed stars with a definite relation one to another. In this connection is to be noted the brevity of the speeches employed, a brevity which goes farther perhaps than any other one attribute toward establishing the dramatic quality of the plays. Exactly what is their dramatic value, considered from the standpoint of stage representation, lies beyond the limits of a purely literary review. But it does lie within its province to comment upon the fact that the pleasure of the reader is often diverted from the music of the phrasing by the exceedingly bald stage directions given.

The verse sometimes shows feeling of an exquisite, though not vivid order. Take, for instance, the phrase of Cleo, the Greek, bereft of the hope that had been a candle to her path.

"The light gone out I shall not find my way," she says. It is in the quiet beauty, the restrained feeling of such phrasing that one meets with a degree of reward for reading these plays. Indicative as they are of appreciation of form, of grace of thought and expression, they are not sufficiently individual to give one fair ground for prophecy as to future achievements. The reader feels that the author's art is not yet detached sufficiently for concrete judgment. One awaits her freer movements with interest and a pleased expectancy.

McClure, Phillips & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month

Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy

MCLENNAN, WILLIAM, F. R. S., at Val-lombrosa, Italy, July 28, aged forty-eight. Author: *Songs of Old Canada* (translations); *Spanish John*; *Span o' Life* (in collaboration); *In Old France and New*.

STUDER, JACOB HENRY, at New York City, August 2, aged sixty-four. President Natural Science Association of America. Author: *Columbus, Ohio—Its History, Resources and Progress* (1873); *The Birds of North America* (1888); *Ornithology, or, the Science of Birds* (1888).

MORRIS, WILLIAM O'CONNOR, at Tullamore, Ireland, August 3, aged about seventy-eight. Author: *Great Commanders of Modern Times*; *Napoleon*; *Moltke*; *Memoirs and Thoughts of a Life*; *Irish History*; *Hannibal*; *Ireland, 1798-1898*; *The Campaign of 1815*; *Present Irish Questions*; *Wellington* (1904).

HANSLICK, DR. EDUARD, at Vienna, Austria, August 7, in his seventy-ninth year. Author: *Die Moderne Oper*; *Vom Musikalisch-Schönen*; *ein Beitrag zur Revision der Aesthetik der Tonkunst*; *Aus dem Concertsaal*; *Aufsätze über Musik und Musiker*; *Fünf Jahre Musik*.

BATEMAN, SIR FREDERIC, M. D., LL. D., at Norwich, Eng., August 10, aged eighty. Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France. Author: *Aphasia, and the Localization of Speech*; *Darwinism Tested by Language*; *The Idiot and His Place in Creation*.

WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, PIERRE MARIE, at Corbeil, France, August 10, in his fifty-eighth year. Former Premier of France. Author: *Discours Parlamentaires*; *Questions Sociales*; *Associations et Congregations*; *La Defense Republicaine*; *Discours prononces dans la Loire*.

THOMPSON, SEYMOUR D., at East Orange, N. J., August 12, aged sixty-two. Author: *Recollections of the Third Iowa Infantry*; *The Law of Negligence*; *Thompson on Homesteads and Exemptions*; *Thompson*

and *Merriam on Juries*; *Corporations* (in seven volumes); *Thompson on Trials*.

PERRET, PAUL, at Paris, France, about August 16, aged seventy-four. Author of romances and travels. His latest novel, *La Loi de Femme*, is now appearing in *Figaro*.

INGRAHAM, COL. PRENTISS, at Beauvoir, Miss., August 17, aged sixty. Soldier of fortune and author of six hundred romances. Among the better known are: *Afloat and Ashore*; *Montezuma*; *The Cuban*; *Zuleikah, a Story of Crete*; *An American Monte Cristo*; *Trailing With Buffalo Bill*; *Land of Legendary Lore*.

CHOPIN, MRS. KATE, at St. Louis, Mo., August 22, aged fifty-four. Author: *At Fault* (1891); *Bayou Folk* (1894); *A Night in Acade* (1897); *The Awakening* (1899).

McKINLEY, CARLYLE, at Charleston, S. C., August 24, aged fifty-seven. Author: *An Appeal to Pharaoh*.

SHIELDS, PROF. CHARLES WOODRUFF, at Newport, R. I., August 26, aged seventy-nine. Author: *Religion and Science in Relation to Philosophy*; *Philosophia Ultima*; *The Order of the Sciences*; *Essays on Christian Unity—the Historic Episcopate*; *The Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer*; *The United Church of the United States*; *The Reformer of Geneva*; *The Scientific Evidences of Revealed Religion*.

HOLE, REV. SAMUEL REYNOLDS, D. D., Dean of Rochester, at Rochester, England, August 27, in his eighty-fifth year. Author: *A Book About Roses*; *A Little Tour in Ireland*; *Memories of Dean Hole*; *A Little Tour in America*, and other books.

PHILLIPS, MORRIS, at Huntington, Long Island, N. Y., August 30, aged seventy. Author: *At Home and Abroad*.

RIDDING, RT. REV. GEORGE, D. D., Bishop of Southwell, at Nottingham, England, August 30, aged seventy-five. Author: *Visitation Charges and Sermons*; *The Revel and the Battle*.



THE READER MAGAZINE

MR. WILLIAM H. CRANE
AS GEORGE BREHM SEES THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN

